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THE FABLE OF THE BEES

Uniform with this volume

SWIFT'S POEMS
selected by Edgell Rickword

GEORGIAN SATIRISTS
edited by Sherard Vines

THE FABLE of THE BEES

or

Private Vices, Public Benefits

by

BERNARD MANDEVILLE

Edited, and with an Introduction by

DOUGLAS GARMAN

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TEXTUAL NOTE

The *Fable of the Bees* was first published in 1714, but from time to time various additions were made to it; and in 1729 a second Part appeared consisting of a Preface and Six Dialogues. As it was impossible to compress the resulting two volumes into the present one, I have chosen to reprint Part I (omitting only the *Essay on Charity and Charity Schools* and the *Vindication*), and the first Dialogue from Part II. The alternative would have been to reprint Part I in its entirety and nothing from Part II, but there were various reasons against this: the chief one being, that, while the *Essay on Charity* and the *Vindication* were easily detachable, it seemed preferable to give an example of the dialogue form so often used by Mandeville, not only here, but also in his other works. Moreover, the Dialogue here reprinted contains Mandeville's own explanation of his purpose, which is still as liable to misconstruction as it was in his own day.

The texts I have used are the 1723 edition of Part I and the 1733 edition of Part II, both of which contain slight alterations made during Mandeville's lifetime. I have, however, taken certain liberties with the punctuation, and modernized the spelling and the use of capital letters, in the conviction that superficial archaisms would only irritate the modern reader without adding anything of value.

I take this opportunity of acknowledging my very considerable indebtedness to the late F. B. Kaye. I first read Mandeville in his two-volume edition of the *Fable*, published at the Clarendon Press in 1924, and have constantly had recourse to his erudition and scholarship while preparing this volume. His edition will always remain the standard one, but it is expensive and, as Mandeville says, expressing a similar debt to Bayle's *Dictionary*, "not common but among men who have great libraries"—and that is the chief reason for the present one.

D. M. G.

INTRODUCTION

I

NOBODY, reading *The Fable of the Bees* for the first time, can fail to be surprised at the general neglect it has suffered, not only in public esteem, but also from the professed historians of literature. It is true this was not so in his own century, for even between its first appearance in 1714 and Mandeville's death in 1733, the *Fable* was republished six times and several further editions, besides French and German translations, were issued before the close of the century. But the fact remains that, in spite of a succession of intelligently appreciative readers from Dr. Johnson to Browning and Marx, and latterly the criticism of J. M. Robertson and F. B. Kaye, Mandeville has been denied the audience he deserves both as a writer and a thinker. Doubtless the nature of his thought is in large measure responsible. As he says in his *Letter to Dion*, which was a reply to Berkeley's embittered and inadequate criticism of the *Fable*: "You, sir, think it for the good of society that human nature should be extolled as much as possible: I think the real meanness and deformity of it to be more instructive. Your design is to make men copy after the beautiful original . . . mine is to enforce the necessity of education and to mortify pride." But an indulgent view of human nature does not assure inattention: Swift and La Rochefoucauld are two obvious examples of writers who have always retained a popular hearing, though nothing they wrote flatters the self-esteem of their readers. There must, therefore, be other causes for the neglect into which Mandeville has fallen, and those are to be found partly in the fact that the whole school of thought to which he belonged, the freethinking deists, was for more than a century consistently underrated and misunderstood;

partly in the circumstances of his life and certain personal characteristics which one can infer from his writings. To deal first with the latter serves as an opportunity to give the few biographical details which are known.

II

BIOGRAPHICAL

It is not certain where Mandeville was born, but it is known that he was baptized in Rotterdam in 1670, as Bernard de Mandeville (the particle is consistently dropped from the title-pages of his later works), and that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather were physicians of some repute. In 1685 he left the Erasmian School in the same town and matriculated at the University of Leyden, where for some time he read philosophy and later, in 1691, took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. He then set up practice as a specialist in nervous diseases; but soon left Holland and, possibly after travelling in Europe, came to England to learn the language, where having, as he says in the Preface to his *Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Passions* (1711), "found the country and the manners of it agreeable to his humour," he decided to settle down. Thereafter most of his life would seem to have been spent in London, for he was married there at Saint Giles-in-the-Field in 1698 and died at Hackney in 1732. By his will, headed London, 2nd April, 1729, he left everything to his wife and a son and daughter; expressing the wish that he might be buried "in as private a manner as shall be consistent with the cheapest decency."¹

Gossip has added but little to this bare skeleton of fact, and that these additions usually take the form of scurrilous reflections upon his manners and virtue is only what might be expected in view of the scandalous reputation earned by his principal work. Certainly they deserve no greater credence than the obituary notice which appeared immediately after his death in *Berington's Evening Post*, where, after men-

¹Such few biographical facts as are here given are taken unquestioningly from F. B. Kaye's *Introduction* to the edition of *The Fable of the Bees*, edited by him and published at the Clarendon Press in 1924.

tioning his literary work, the writer extols his "extensive genius, uncommon wit and strong judgement." The same notice adds that his accomplishments "rendered him a valuable and entertaining companion, and justly procured him the esteem of men of sense and literature"; an assertion borne out by existing evidence. In a letter to Sir Hans Sloane, one of the leading consultants of his day, he discusses the treatment of a patient in a tone which shows him to have been assured of his reader's respect; and another letter to Lord Macclesfield could only have been written to a friend whose sympathy he knew he could count upon.¹ His intimacy with the Earl, who was at one time Lord Chief Justice and, later, Lord Chancellor, has often been noted, and it is probable that Mandeville benefited from his patronage. That the Chancellor valued him as a wit, "loved his conversation and relished his humour," is stated by J. W. Newman in the *Lounger's Common-Place Book*; and Benjamin Franklin, in his *Autobiography*, referred to a meeting with Mandeville at a club in Cheapside "of which he was the soul, being a most facetious, entertaining companion." But these scanty references are far from achieving a portrait, and there is little of direct autobiographical interest to be found in his writings, though they suggest one or two generalizations as to his character.

In the first place it seems improbable that Mandeville was much concerned with literary fame; he had neither the defects nor the qualities of ambition, but preferred to write chiefly for his own entertainment. When his point of view was misunderstood, he was prepared to expound it further and to defend it, but he did so, even in the admirable *Letter to Dion*, with more of the amateur's self-detached interest in the ideas themselves than of the professional's insistence on their authorship. His first literary ventures, *Some Fables after the Easie and Familiar Method of Monsieur de la Fontaine* (1703), *Aesop Dress'd or a Collection of Fables Writ in Familiar Verse* (1704), *Typhon: . . . a Burlesque Poem in Imitation of the Comical Mons. Scarron* (1704) were the unpretentious work of a dilettante; exercises of little interest in themselves, though they certainly made possible the much

¹Both letters are reproduced in facsimile by Kaye.

more vigorous satirical verse of *The Grumbling Hive: or Knaves turned Honest*. This was the nucleus which later developed into *The Fable of the Bees*, but at the time, though it attracted enough attention to be printed and sold as a sixpenny pamphlet, Mandeville appears to have been unconcerned by its fate. Four years later he published *The Virgin Unmasked*, and here for the first time gave evidence of that profound psychological interpretation of human conduct which is one of the most striking elements of his mature thought. But his next book, *A Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Passions* (1711), was primarily a medical work, and it was not till 1714 that he achieved, with the *Fable*, a serious exposition of the opinions on which his fame rests. Even so, and though there was a second edition in the same year, it was only nine years later that the book, by this time considerably enlarged, attracted general attention; and then, rather on general political and religious grounds than from any critical understanding of the particular views advanced.

By this time, however, Mandeville had already passed fifty, and at that age it is unlikely that the outward circumstance of literary position and reputation had much power to attract him. He had the satisfaction of seeing his books frequently reprinted,¹ and for the last ten years of his life he was occupied in expanding the ideas contained in the *Fable* in a second volume, in the *Enquiry into the Origin of Honour*, and in one or two shorter pamphlets. For a man who was at the same time carrying on practice as a doctor there cannot, therefore, have been much leisure to engage in the kind of social life which is demanded of a "literary figure"; and there is, too, evidence in what he himself has written that he was not of an ambitious nature. In the *Treatise*, the character who throughout expresses Mandeville's opinions, says of himself—and it may be taken that what he says has a personal application—"I must own to you likewise, that I am a little selfish and can't help mind-

¹His *Free Thoughts on Religion, the Church and National Happiness* (1720) was, for instance, reissued in 1721, '23, and '29, besides four editions of the French version, and Dutch and German translations in 1723 and 1726 respectively.

ing my own enjoyments and my own diversion, and, in short, my own good, as well as the good of others. I can, and do, heartily admire at those public-spirited people that can slave at an employment from early in the morning till late at night, and sacrifice every inch of themselves to their callings; but I could never have had the power to imitate them: not that I love to be idle, but I want to be employed to my own liking; and if a man gives away two thirds of the time he is awake, I think he deserves to have the rest for himself." This reads like self-criticism, and there is a passage in Part II of the *Fable* (The Third Dialogue) which closely bears it out. Cleomenes, again Mandeville's spokesman, is comparing the indolent and the ambitious dispositions, in order to show that, though the former may often appear to be innocent of vices and crimes which the latter commits, they are both fundamentally acting from the same motive, regard to their inclinations. "It is a duty incumbent on all men, who have their maintenance to seek, to make known and forward themselves in the world, as far as decency allows of, without bragging of themselves, or doing prejudice to others. Here the indolent man is very deficient and wanting to himself; but seldom will own his fault . . . and though you convince him of his error, and that he has neglected even the most warrantable methods of soliciting employment, he'll endeavour to colour over his frailty with the appearance of virtue; and what is altogether owing to his too easy temper, and excessive fondness for the calmness of his mind, he'll ascribe to his modesty and the great aversion he has to impudence and boasting." This is admirable and typical psychological observation, and as such there is no reason to suppose that Mandeville is his own sitter, especially as the ambitious nature is sketched with an equal sureness: but a few pages later, in developing the same character, there are one or two touches which make it probable that it is, in part at least, self-portraiture. Horatio intervenes to ask if, after all, "this quiet easy temper, this indolence you talk of, is not what in plain English we call laziness?" To which Cleomenes replies: "Not at all: it implies no sloth nor aversion to labour: an indolent man may be very diligent, though he cannot be industrious. . . . If he be

a man of letters he'll study hard for a livelihood, but generally parts with his labour at a disadvantage, and will knowingly sell them at an under-rate to an obscure man who offers to purchase, rather than bear the insults of haughty booksellers and be plagued with the sordid language of the trade. An indolent man may by chance meet with a person of quality, that takes a fancy to him; but he will never get a patron by his own address; neither will he ever be the better for it, when he has one, further than the unasked for bounty and downright generosity of his benefactor make him." This at least tallies with the known facts. Mandeville, if no scholar, was certainly a widely and intelligently read man; the extent of his writings prove him to have been diligent; and his reference to a person of quality is in all probability an indirect allusion to Lord Macclesfield.

It is, therefore, a reasonable assumption that Mandeville, though, as he himself somewhere declares, "a great lover of company," was disinclined to seek for advancement by entering into the arduous intrigues of literary politics. He may well have preferred to support himself by his professional work as a doctor, and from that security to launch his free-lance criticism of society and human nature. Such would be the choice of the indolent disposition he describes; and it would in some degree account not only for the discrepancy between his contemporary reputation and the paucity of personal history, but also for a certain casualness, a lack of systematic finish in his work, to which reference will be made later.

III

THE FREETHINKING BACKGROUND

It is impossible to estimate Mandeville adequately without considering the tradition of thought to which he was allied, but though he is correctly reckoned amongst the deists, the specific interest of his work lies outside the main dispute they were engaged in. He was with them as far as they went in their general attack on revealed religion and their insistence on the necessity of freethought and scientific criticism, but the fact that he pursued their methods

more stringently than the majority of them could or dared, earned for him in his own day a sinister isolation, as it gives him now a sharper interest than most of his fellows. So much of what they contended for has since been tacitly accepted that their writings have lost their original vitality: Mandeville's retain it because the additional problems he raised are still in dispute.

The ancestry of freethought is, of course, as old as the history of philosophy, nor is it easy to define the starting-point of that particular branch of it, deism, which the wider term usually connotes. Herbert of Cherbury has sometimes been called the father of the English deists, and his *De Veritate* (1633) would seem to contain the first explicit statement of the incompatibility of revelation with reason. But if Herbert alone was explicit, there had been growing up throughout the seventeenth century a body of thought tacitly in agreement with him. The sceptical influence of Montaigne had made itself felt amongst a wider circle of readers than could be affected by the professional philosophers and theologians; and as, later, the teaching of Lord Bacon spread and the application of his methods became more general, the pressure of rationalism on the old theological fabric continuously increased. What is to-day chiefly surprising is that the issue did not earlier become clearly defined. It is true that Hobbes's orthodox contemporaries quickly realized the strength and shrewdness of the blow he had dealt at religion, and that he became, as J. M. Robertson says, the "typical atheist" of his generation; but Hobbes, for all his materialism, declared and implicit, could still make some claim, by virtue of his Erastianism, to be a loyal member of the church. Even later, in the last decade of the century, Locke's *Reasonableness of Christianity*, which reduced to a minimum the part played in religion by revelation, could be accommodated by the latitudinarianism of the generality of the clergy. If he was accused of being a Socinian, so also was Archbishop Tillotson, who, indeed, is quoted by Anthony Collins in his *Discourse of Freethinking*, with approval, and by no means without justification, as an eminent freethinker. But it was further in Locke's favour that from the Christian point of view, he was patently at-

tempting to establish a compromise favourable to the official creed, and both the weakness and vagueness of English orthodoxy made it preferable to overlook his inconsistencies rather than range him amongst the enemy.

With the deists proper, however, the position changed. The revolutionary nature of freethought must always be borne in mind, for deism was only the eighteenth century precipitation of sceptical and critical opinions which had for a century at least been present in stronger and stronger solution. If the publication of Toland's *Christianity not Mysterious* in 1696 is usually considered to be the starting-point of the deistic movement, it was not because Toland made any great advance on Locke in establishing a rationalistic attitude towards Christianity, but because he stated his case without any attempt to conciliate orthodox opinion. In the controversy which ensued it is, indeed, often difficult to ascertain wherein precisely the differences between the deists and their opponents lay. Broadly speaking the question at issue was the authenticity of revelation, but this was disputed by many who were bitterly opposed to deism, and there is often little to distinguish the manner and arguments of its orthodox defenders from that of its opponents. Even on specific questions, such as that of free-will, there was no unanimity of opinion. For though Leslie Stephen declares unconditionally that "dogmatic assertion of free-will became a mark of the whole deistic and semi-deistic school,"¹ so notable a deist as Collins gives, in his *Enquiry into Human Liberty*, an admirable statement of the case for determinism; and Mandeville devotes a chapter of his *Free Thoughts on Religion* to a vigorous criticism of the whole theory. Indeed, fully to realize just how equivocal the orthodox position became, we have only to remember that the author of *A Tale of a Tub* was amongst the most bitter opponents of this same Anthony Collins, although the latter's witty and excellently-argued *Discourse of Freethinking* would seem—barring the dread word *freethought*—so close to Swift in its support of reason and condemnation of metaphysics; or again we have only to realize that Pope, whose Christianity, though Roman Catholic, was rarely called in question by the orthodox, derived his ideas from such eminent free-

¹*History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, i. 33.

thinkers as Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury and Mandeville. His close acquaintance with the latter in particular has been proved conclusively by Elwin and Courthope in their edition of his *Works*, though they also show that Pope, with typical timidity, saw fit to tone down his mentor's views before making them public. In manuscript he wrote:

Hence passions rise, and more or less inflame,
Proportioned to each organ of the frame,
Nor here internal faculties control,
Nor soul on body acts, but that on soul.

[*Essay on Man*, ii. 129-132.]

which is a paraphrase of Mandeville's contention that the diversity of passions in different men "depends only upon the different frame—the outward proportion of the solids or the fluids": but the too outspoken materialism was cautiously pruned from the printed text. And the same manuscript provides an even more noticeable example of Pope's anxiety to dissociate himself from so dangerous an influence, for the last line of the quatrain,

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and each vice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice.

[*Ibid.* ii. 237-240.]

was originally, and much less ambiguously,

And public good extracts from private vice,

which is a direct reference to the sub-title of the *Fable*. In view of Pope's notorious disingenuousness, however, it is not altogether surprising that he acknowledges his debt only by a bare mention of Mandeville in his fool's gallery, *The Dunciad*. The point is, that his attitude is not only indicative of a personal idiosyncrasy, but is typical of the ambiguous relation of the major current of thought to the recently articulate free-thinkers.

To understand the situation, then, it is clearly necessary to see it in its social perspective. In the first place there were the ruling class and its dependents, the fashionable writers, the wits and the higher clergy, amongst whom religious

scepticism, if not openly avowed, was generally prevalent. Harvey was not overstating the case when he wrote: "Besides this fable of Christianity, as Leo X called it, was now so exploded in England that any man of fashion or condition would have been almost as much ashamed to own himself a Christian as formerly he would have been to profess himself none. Even the women who prided themselves at all on their understanding took care to let people know that Christian prejudices were what they despised being bound by."¹ For such a society interest lay, not in the Christian faith, but in the Church of England. The defence of the former it was prepared to leave contemptuously in the hands of its satellites, the clergy, contenting itself with the urbane view expressed by Pope:

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight:
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right,

—a view with which the cheerful optimism of Shaftesbury was entirely compatible. His theory of "natural" religion was not orthodox—was, indeed, undeniably deistical—but its elegant precepts were scarcely distinguishable from the watered Christianity of *honnêtes gens*, and if he criticized revelation, the tests he applied were only those of banter and laughter. It might be advisable for him to publish anonymously, but he could be read with impunity.

The deism of such men as Toland, Collins, Mandeville and Tindal was, however, a very different matter. They were not graceful exponents of a fashionable theory, but resolute opponents of dogmatism and superstition; and their attack on revealed religion did not stop short at the Church of England. Toland's blunt declaration that, "Whoever reveals anything . . . his words must be intelligible and the matter possible. This rule holds good, let God or Man be the revealer," could not be turned aside as a shaft directed only at the common enemy, Rome. It impugned just as directly the authority of the English divines, and so constituted a plea for a much wider tolerance than the partial one allowed by the Constitution. Collins and Mandeville carried the attack further, and outside the merely religious

¹Lord Hervey, *Memoirs of the Court of George II* (under the year 1728).

field. Their advocacy of freethought led them to question all *a priori* assumptions, not only in theology, but in history, psychology and metaphysics; and the new spirit of enquiry initiated by their writings was followed up by other deists in their specific subjects. Belief in miracles, in the inspiration and chronology of the Bible, in the immortality of the soul, were all assailed during the first thirty years of the century by various authors and with varying degrees of acumen and intelligence, and their works were eagerly and widely read. The arguments they advanced and the critical methods they used may often, now, seem inadequate, but it must be remembered that they were breaking new ground and that often in peril of their liberty.¹ At least it may be said that the performances of their opponents were no better. Though the deists produced no writer to equal Swift and no philosopher as profound as Berkeley, the contribution of these two men to the deist controversy was the least admirable part of their writings. Neither of them attempted to refute the major propositions of the deists. *Alciphron: or the Minute Philosopher*, though it purports to be an answer particularly to Mandeville and Shaftesbury, is a petulant caricature of the dispute, in which freethought is represented by dummies who defeat themselves as often as they are knocked down by Berkeley's mouthpiece, and the main issues are avoided. Swift does not even pretend to argue. He vaguely characterizes as freethinkers all who "endeavour to overthrow those tenets in religion which have been held inviolable in almost all ages,"² and indiscriminately turned on these the full force of his irony and contempt; but it is hardly in doubt that the real cause of his indignation was his realization that his own particular department of the state was in danger. His behaviour gives point to Hervey's further comment³ that "Those whose trade and interest it was to write against them [i.e. the

¹ Collins had to leave England for a time, and both he and Tindall found it expedient to publish anonymously: Whiston was deposed from his professorship; Woolston was imprisoned; Peter Anet pilloried and imprisoned. See Robertson's *A Short History of Free Thought*, Chap. XV.

² *A Project for the Advancement of Religion*.

³ *Memoirs of the Court of George II*, loc. cit.

deists] defended Christianity so ill that they left its ramparts to be guarded by some miserable subalterns who, having a zeal, but not according to knowledge, suffered breaches to be made unrepaired every day in the walls, whilst others who could have made a better fight, instead of endeavouring to defeat their opponents by argument, produced nothing in answer to these new doctrines but invectives against the authors of them and called for the secular arm in civil process to punish the publication of truths, to which the most learned and able ought to have been employed to reply."

This is the opinion of an intelligent contemporary, who had every opportunity to judge of the impact made by the new school of thought on contemporary society. It is very different from the impression to be gathered from the most authoritative recent work on the subject, Leslie Stephen's *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. The whole tendency of this book, in as far as it is concerned with the deist school, is to underrate their ability while stressing that of their opponents.¹ He refers to them as "a ragged regiment," as "children by the side of their antagonists," whereas the defenders of the orthodox position he considers to represent "all that were intellectually venerable in England." In this he is guilty of the same disingenuousness that has been noted in the case of Pope. How much his own liberal-rationalist standpoint owed to the pioneer work of the deists appears from his laborious analysis of their writings: his gratuitous denigration of them is due to his having realized that the implications of deism, if logically followed up, demanded a more thorough overhauling of society than his nineteenth-century complacency cared to contemplate. But it was in France, and not in England, that the influence of the deists achieved its full justification in practical accomplishment, for the connection between the deists and the *encyclopedistes*² is no less direct than that between the

¹This bias, which must constantly strike every reader of Stephen, is discussed at some length by J. M. Robertson (*op. cit.*). That it is an effect of social, rather than intellectual causes, seems, however, to have escaped him.

²Mandeville's influence in France is vouched for by the numerous editions of his translated works, particularly of the *Fable* and the *Free*

latter and the instigators of the Revolution. Only after the germ of deism had been strengthened by that contact did it re-enter the stream of English thought in the writings of the Benthamites and Utilitarians.¹

IV

THE FABLE OF THE BEES

It was this controversial atmosphere that formed the immediate background of Mandeville's thought, and in 1720 he made his one direct contribution to the dispute with his *Free Thoughts on Religion, the Church and National Happiness*. But this, though it is an intelligent and orderly statement of the main deist position, is in no way remarkable. It lacks the moral earnestness of a Toland; and Collins, in his *Discourse*, had already said as much with greater point and in smaller compass. By its nature, moreover, it does not allow the display of Mandeville's peculiar powers either as a writer or a thinker, for though it shows him fully capable of conducting the formal campaign of exposition, he is at his best, and most characteristic, when he is raiding and skirmishing. It is for this reason that the *Letter to Dion* and *A Search into the Nature of Society* are amongst the most effective of his writings, for in both he is confronted with an enemy position—in the one Berkeley's, in the other Shaftesbury's—and so without being constrained to an orderly advance is free to direct his attack where he will. But the ideal occasion for employing his unsystematic method is provided by the *Fable of the Bees*, which, begun in 1705 as a short Hudibrastic satire, did not reach its final form till nearly thirty years later, by which time, with the addition of a preface, extensive notes, several long essays and six

Thoughts. Voltaire's particular debt is shown by the article *Abeilles* in the *Dictionnaire*, and by his fable of *Le Marseillais et le Lion*. See also Kaye's Introduction, where there are many interesting instances of his influence, particularly on Helvétius and Montesquieu.

¹ James Mill has an excellent critique of Mandeville, defending him against the stupid attack of Sir James Mackintosh, who had coupled his name with that of Helvétius [See his *Fragment on Mackintosh*].

dialogues, it had attained the proportion of two solid volumes.

But if the varied interest of the *Fable* lies a little outside the main deist controversy, the connection between the two is direct. If the deists had not finally undermined the Christian superstition, they had at least carried their criticism so far that serious men were obliged to seek some alternative basis for society. The most readily acceptable was, as was to be expected, a compromise; and Shaftesbury was its exponent. The theory of a natural religion, to which his writings gave vogue, recurs throughout the century and, as one of the ideological sources of the romantic revival, is still operative. Shaftesbury was acute enough to realize that the rejection of revelation entailed the collapse of an absolute ethical standard, and sought to replace it by a belief in the natural goodness of mankind. "Sense of right and wrong, therefore," he says, "being as natural to us as natural affection, and being a first principle in our constitution and make; there is no speculation, opinion, persuasion or belief, which is capable immediately or directly to exclude or destroy it."¹ And what he meant by "natural" he defines later in the same passage: "Now nature may be known from what we see of the natural state of creatures, and of man himself, when unprejudiced by vicious education."² But this assumption of an innate knowledge of good and evil was as arbitrary as the belief in Adam's original ignorance of the distinction, and it was to disproving the truth of it that Mandeville devoted a great part of his critical energy.

He, too, was obliged to recognize that the accepted basis of morality had been demolished, but instead of attempting to substitute for it an equally *a priori* hypothesis, he undertook an empirical diagnosis of human conduct. It is not to be expected of him, therefore, that he should produce a systematic theory of morals: his function is rather that of the

¹*An Enquiry concerning Virtue*, Book I, Part II.

²The latter half of his definition spawned a numerous progeny. The Wordsworthian peasant, as well as *Mansfred*, can claim direct descent. To-day their descendants, finding the poetic Georgian countryside inhospitable, are reduced to taking shelter in *Beverley Nichols's Thatched Cottage*.

field-naturalist, collecting and classifying facts. His criticism of other investigators in the same field is a valid one, and is implied throughout all his writings: "What moralists have taught us concerning the passions, is very superficial and defective. Their great aim was the public peace, and the welfare of the civil society; to make men governable and unite multitudes in one common interest."¹ His own intention was quite different; and, again, he was consistent in carrying it out. As he says: "To detect the frailties and evil dispositions of man's heart in general, never was counted to be censorious. . . . My aim is to make men penetrate into their own consciences, and by searching without flattery into the true motives of their actions, learn to know themselves."²

Neither of these quotations is from the *Fable* itself. I have chosen them because, while they admirably express the underlying purpose of his most important work, they are evidence also of the consistency of Mandeville's attitude. It is not, therefore, surprising that the picture of human nature that he presents is an unflattering one. This in itself sufficiently accounts for the virulence of his more superficial critics, who, forced to admit the truth of Mandeville's portraiture, cry out, like Horatio in one of the Dialogues: "I'd give a hundred guineas with all my heart, that I did not know it. I can't endure to see so much of my own nakedness." For such, of course, Mandeville was not writing, but even less thin-skinned readers, while admitting the truth and penetration of his observations, allow themselves to be prejudiced by the ironical manner in which he states them. They miss the point of Mandeville's continual paradox and try to force upon him, though he declines it, a position which they can easily show to be untenable.

But the *Fable of the Bees* has a much profounder import than the posing of a dilemma. The initial paradox of the title-page, that private vices are public benefits, is primarily a formal framework chosen by Mandeville as offering the most suitable way to project his very original point of view.

¹*An Enquiry into the Origin of Honour and the Usefulness of Christianity in War* (First Dialogue).

²*Free Thoughts on Religion, the Church and National Happiness* (Chapter I).

As he says in *A Letter to Dion*, the true reason why he made use of this sub-title was "to raise attention"; and in this he was eminently successful. Actually, the paradox as he states it does not stand close scrutiny, for in order to maintain it he has to posit on one side the validity of a strictly ascetic, Christian ethic. He set up as a moral criticism, "what I have always so strongly insisted upon, viz. that no practice, no action or good quality, how useful or beneficial soever they may be in themselves, can ever deserve the name of virtue, strictly speaking, where there is not a palpable self-denial to be seen."¹ That he himself did not accept this rigorous standard, the whole utilitarian trend of his arguments is proof: but it served him admirably as a fixed point from which to apply his satire, and it represented a belief which it was extremely inconvenient for his orthodox opponents to deny. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that at the time Mandeville was writing, freedom of the press was even more illusory than it is to-day. His technical acceptance of orthodox standards had, therefore, the secondary purpose of saving him from legal prosecution, though it did not prevent the *Fable* from being presented by the Grand Jury of Middlesex.

But Mandeville's refusal to accept the Christian sanctions for morality by no means led him to acquiesce in the current rationalist explanation. For him the laws of right and wrong were neither immutable, as held by the followers of Locke, nor natural, as supposed by Shaftesbury. On the contrary, he insists throughout on their relativity, and his opinion is summed up in the opening passages of *A Search into the Nature of Society* (see p. 196), where he examines "into the reality of the *pulchrum et honestum*, the *τὸ καλὸν* that the ancients have talked so much of." His conclusion that it is impossible to find any test of morality independent of time and place is not original. He might have found it in Pascal or Montaigne, though both of them used it—the latter, maybe, ironically—as an argument for accepting the Christian revelation; and Bayle, the most powerful single

¹In the Preface to *An Enquiry into the Usefulness of Honour*, which is a development of ideas already expressed in the *Fable*.

influence on his thought, expresses it again and again.¹ What is peculiar to Mandeville, apart from his entertaining and brilliantly vivacious statement of it, is the further position to which it led him.

This was largely due to his quarrel with Shaftesbury, in whom, as the *Fable* was gradually taking shape, Mandeville more and more recognized the antithesis of his own views. Though certain of their premises were similar, there was a fundamental antagonism in their estimates of human nature. Where Shaftesbury believed the distinction of right and wrong to be an idea innate in natural man, Mandeville saw it as entirely dependent on experience and education: where the one found in altruism and the general benevolence of nature the fundamental motives of human conduct, the other was led by his acute psychological analysis to derive all human action from the interplay of the passions as expressed in self-love. Shaftesbury could, therefore, contrive an orderly and systematic universe in which men, merely by obeying their naturally beneficent instincts, might attain their full development as social creatures. This simple scheme of things was, of course, entirely incompatible with Mandeville's findings as to the essential "viciousness"² of humanity, and he was therefore driven, as he says, "to investigate into the nature of society, and diving into the rise of it, make it evident that not the good and amiable, but the bad and hateful qualities of man, his imperfections and the want of excellencies which other creatures are endowed with, are the first causes that make man sociable beyond other animals."³ He was thus led to formulate, with masterly

¹ *Pensées Diverses . . . à l'Occasion de la Comète*, in particular, though Mandeville was conversant with all Bayle's writings, and handsomely acknowledges his debt in the Preface to *Free Thoughts on Religion*.

² It is important to understand the peculiar meaning Mandeville attached to vice. He did not mean that all human actions were vicious; but only in so far as they failed to comply with the rigorous standard of virtue he insisted upon (see p. 16). As he is continually demonstrating that all human actions are finally reducible to some form or other of self-love, he proves them, by this test, not to be virtuous—and, in this sense, vicious.

³ *A Search into the Nature of Society*, p. 210. In this essay Mandeville states his main argument. It is, however, considerably amplified in Dialogues 5 and 6, vol. ii of the *Fable*, which it has unfortunately been impossible to include in this edition.

originality, a theory of the gradual rise of society, which, confirmed in its main thesis by the evolutionists of the nineteenth century, still holds good.

This aspect of Mandeville's thought, however, though in a sense the most original, is neither the most interesting nor the most influential. His most solid contribution is the penetrating psychological insight which he applies throughout the *Fable*—and indeed in the majority of his books—not only to the personal problem of good and evil but also to morality in its social significance. Many writers before him had insisted upon the priority of self-love as a motive to conduct, but Mandeville carried his analysis further, and in certain respects pointed the way to the most recent developments in psychology. For by his insistence on self-love he did not imply that men's actions were invariably governed by consciously selfish motives: what he contended was, that even the most sincerely altruistic actions could be shown to have their source, not in any conscious motive at all, but in the interplay of the primary passions. This was the unconscious mainspring of action, from which they then proceeded to rationalize, impelled by self-love and pride: "for we are ever pushing our reason which way soever we feel passion to draw it, and self-love pleads to all human creatures for their different views, still furnishing every individual with arguments to justify their inclinations."¹ This conception of the essentially sub-rational basis of human nature, at which he glances more than once in the *Fable*, is amplified in other works, noticeably in the *Enquiry into the Origin of Honour*, and foreshadows a theory of behaviour which is still being valuably developed by the psycho-analytical school.

There has also to be taken into account in this respect the pervading materialism of the *Fable*, constantly implied by Mandeville's rejection of all transcendental values. If he is nowhere so explicit as Hobbes in the reduction of all spiritual and mental processes to the action of matter upon matter, he at least commits himself, through his mouth-piece Cleomenes, to the view that materialism is not an untenable hypothesis. To Horatio's contention, that "After all, that self, that part of us that wills and wishes, that chooses

¹ *A Search into the Nature of Society*, p. 202.

one thing rather than another, must be incorporeal . . .," he replies: ". . . But its being incorporeal does not mend the matter. . . . That there must be a mutual contact between the principle, whatever it is, and the body itself, is what we are certain of *a posteriori*; and a reciprocal action upon each other, between an immaterial substance and matter, is as incomprehensible as that thought should be the result of matter and motion."¹ The possibility of applying this hypothesis to the subject of motivation he hints at repeatedly, though perhaps the most notable application is to be found in the *Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Passions*: ". . . good and ill tempers, passions of the mind, courage and the want of it, wit and foolishness . . . can be owing to, and depend on nothing else than, the difference in the texture of parts, tone, elasticity, or some other quality of that wonderful fluid, which we call the animal spirits." He admits this to be no more than a supposition, as yet not to be proved; but as a general statement it might well receive the approval of so recent an investigator as Pavlov. It is a striking example of the way in which a mind, freed from the obfuscations of theology and rejecting a metaphysical alternative, could foresee the problems which a thorough-going empiricism would eventually be faced with.

One more aspect of Mandeville's thought is deserving of comment; his preoccupation with economics. I have left it till the last because no reader of the *Fable*, even in this truncated edition, can fail to be impressed by it; and also because his views on the subject, systematized and expanded, found their classical expression in the *Wealth of Nations*. I do not suggest, of course, that Mandeville was the only, or even the primary influence on Adam Smith, but his work was certainly well known to the later writer² and it does at least adumbrate the theory of the division of labour:³ its defence of luxury is consistent, and its advocacy

¹*Fable*, vol. ii, Dialogue V.

²There is not only the long adverse criticism of Mandeville in *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* (Part VII, s. 2, Ch. IV), but see also Kaye's edition of the *Fable*, vol. i, p. cxxxiv, for full consideration of Smith's indebtedness.

³*A Search into the Nature of Society*, p. 220 and *passim*.

of *laissez-faire* is explicit. This last was the natural outcome of his general attitude. If, as he maintained so consistently and with such wealth of argument and illustration, man was governed by his essentially selfish passions, it might naturally be supposed that society must resolve itself into a state of universal anarchy. Yet not only was this not the case, but no one was more fully aware than Mandeville of the benefits of society. He was, therefore, obliged to explain this apparent inconsistency, and he does so by his brilliant demonstration of how government is achieved by the largely unconscious playing-off of one selfish passion against another.

It is not, however, by educating the various theories expressed or implied by Mandeville that his work is best to be appreciated. He was, as I have said earlier, rather a penetrating and observant critic than a formulator of systems, and the most valuable influence he has exerted on such minds as have been in contact with him is his constant provocation to think more closely and more daringly. Even critics, and they have been the majority, who like Johnson "took care always loudly to condemn the *Fable of the Bees*, but not without adding, that it was the work of a thinking man," admitted that "he opened my views into real life very much."¹ Mandeville is not good for delicate digestions: he was out to *épater le bourgeois*, especially *le bourgeois chrétien*, and his success can be measured by the indignation he aroused, not only in his orthodox contemporary critics, such as John Dennis and William Law,² but even in an agnostic like Leslie Stephen. For though the latter refers to Mandeville as "perhaps the acutest of the deists," and elsewhere³ discusses him at length with discernment and erudition, he does so, one feels, in spite of his teeth. He cannot stomach an estimate of human nature so disquieting to his urbanity and self-esteem, and while praising Mandeville for his dislike of

¹These quotations from Mrs. Thrale's *Anecdotes* and Boswell's *Life* are noted by Kaye.

²The first wrote a quite ineffectual reply to the *Fable, Vice and Luxury Public Benefits* in 1724. The latter's *Remarks upon a Late Book, etc.* (1726), though it gets in some shrewd blows and is written with much greater literary force and moral seriousness, fails to meet Mandeville's main arguments.

³In the long study published in *Freethinking and Plain-Speaking*.

hypocrisy, adds the qualification that "When a man includes amongst the humbugs everything that *passes* with others for virtue and purity, it is reprehensive." The word "passes" is revealing, but if the abuse which Stephen then proceeds to is unjustifiable, it must be owned that Mandeville occasionally seems to be inviting it; at least he wrote nothing to mollify his critics. He wrote with zest, for his own entertainment and for the approbation of "the few that can think abstractly and have their minds elevated above the vulgar," fully realizing, as he says in his *Vindication*, "that nothing would more clearly demonstrate the falsity of my notions than that the generality of the people should fall in with them." But his further declaration, in the same place, ". . . when I have advanced any uncommon sentiments, I have used all the precautions imaginable that they may not be hurtful to weak minds that might casually dip into the book," is made with his tongue in his cheek. The chief literary quality of his book, what gives it its salt and special flavour, is the realistic, downright style with which his paradoxes are clothed. His attitude to his readers, especially before the addition of the second volume, was intentionally provocative. Even those who could acquiesce in his ironical treatment of Christianity have boggled at his materialism and been shocked by his outspoken realism. Few have realized, as J. M. Robertson did,¹ that the "'real' answer, in so far as the book called for an answer, seems never to have been given in Mandeville's own time, and indeed is given in its entirety only by the most advanced social philosophy of to-day." This revolutionary aspect of his work peculiarly distinguishes him amongst the writers of his very conservative age: doubtless, also, it accounts in some degree for the antagonism he has aroused, for though his critics may attribute their bias to other causes, it is probable they are thus merely supplying fresh subjects for the mandevillian analysis.

DOUGLAS GARMAN

¹ His essay in *Pioneer Humanists*, though representing less special knowledge than Stephen's and though less exhaustive than Kaye's study, is the most discerning estimate of Mandeville I have read.

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THE FABLE *of the BEES*

or

Private Vices, Public Benefits

THE PREFACE

Laws and government are to the political bodies of civil societies, what the vital spirits and life itself are to the natural bodies of animated creatures; and as those that study the anatomy of dead carcases may see, that the chief organs and nicest springs more immediately required to continue the motion of our machine are not hard bones, strong muscles and nerves, nor the smooth white skin that so beautifully covers them, but small trifling films and little pipes that are either overlooked, or else seem inconsiderable to vulgar eyes; so they that examine into the nature of Man, abstract from art and education, may observe, that what renders him a sociable animal, consists not in his desire of company, good-nature, pity, affability, and other graces of a fair outside; but that his vilest and most hateful qualities are the most necessary accomplishments to fit him for the largest, and according to the world, the happiest and most flourishing societies.

The following Fable, in which what I have said is set forth at large, was printed above eight years ago¹ in a sixpenny pamphlet called *The Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest*; and being soon after pirated, cried about the streets in a half-penny sheet. Since the first publishing of it I have met with several that, either wilfully or ignorantly mistaking the design, would have it that the scope of it was a satire upon virtue and morality, and the whole wrote for the encouragement of vice. This made me resolve, whenever it should be

¹ This was wrote in 1714.

reprinted, some way or other to inform the reader of the real intent this little poem was wrote with. I do not dignify these few loose lines with the name of Poem, that I would have the reader expect any poetry in them, but barely because they are rhyme, and I am in reality puzzled what name to give them; for they are neither heroic nor pastoral, satire, burlesque nor hero-comic; to be a tale they want probability, and the whole is rather too long for a fable. All I can say of them is, that they are a story told in doggerel, which without the least design of being witty, I have endeavoured to do in as easy and familiar a manner as I was able: the reader shall be welcome to call them what he pleases.'Twas said of *Montaigne*, that he was pretty well versed in the defects of mankind, but unacquainted with the excellencies of human nature: if I fare no worse, I shall think myself well used.

What country soever in the universe is to be understood by the bee-hive represented here, it is evident from what is said of the laws and constitution of it, the glory, wealth, power and industry of its inhabitants, that it must be a large, rich and warlike nation that is happily governed by a limited monarchy. The satire therefore to be met with in the following lines upon the several professions and callings, and almost every degree and station of people was not made to injure and point to particular persons, but only to show the vileness of the ingredients that all together compose the wholesome mixture of a well-ordered society; in order to extol the wonderful power of political wisdom, by the help of which so beautiful a machine is raised from the most contemptible branches. For the main design of the Fable (as it is briefly explained in the moral), is to show the impossibility of enjoying all the most elegant comforts of life that are to be met with in an industrious, wealthy and powerful nation, and at the same time be blessed with all the virtue and innocence that can be wished for in a Golden Age; from thence to expose the unreasonableness and folly of those, that desirous of being an opulent and flourishing people, and wonderfully greedy after all the benefits they can receive as such, are yet always murmuring at and exclaiming against those vices and inconveniences that from the beginning of the world to this present day have been inseparable from all

kingdoms and states that ever were famed for strength, riches and politeness at the same time.

To do this, I first slightly touch upon some of the faults and corruptions the several professions and callings are generally charged with. After that I show that those very vices of every particular person by skilful management were made subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. Lastly, by setting forth what of necessity must be the consequence of general honesty and virtue and national temperance, innocence and content, I demonstrate that if mankind could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of they would cease to be capable of being raised into such vast, potent and polite societies, as they have been under the several great commonwealths and monarchies that have flourished since the Creation.

If you ask me why I have done all this, *cui bono?* And what good these notions will produce; truly, besides the reader's diversion, I believe none at all; but if I was asked what naturally ought to be expected from them, I would answer, that in the first place the people, who continually find fault with others, by reading them, would be taught to look at home, and examining their own consciences, be made ashamed of always railing at what they are more or less guilty of themselves; and that in the next, those who are so fond of the ease and comforts, and reap all the benefits that are the consequence of a great and flourishing nation, would learn more patiently to submit to those inconveniences, which no government upon earth can remedy, when they should see the impossibility of enjoying any great share of the first, without partaking likewise of the latter.

This, I say, ought naturally to be expected from the publishing of these notions, if people were to be made better by anything that could be said to them; but mankind having for so many ages remained still the same, notwithstanding the many instructive and elaborate writings by which their amendment has been endeavoured, I am not so vain as to hope for better success from so inconsiderable a trifle.

Having allowed the small advantage this little whim is likely to produce, I think myself obliged to show, that it cannot be prejudicial to any; for what is published, if it does

no good, ought at least to do no harm: in order to this I have made some Explanatory Notes, to which the reader will find himself referred in those passages that seem to be most liable to exceptions.

The censorious that never saw the *Grumbling Hive*, will tell me, that whatever I may talk of the Fable, it not taking up a tenth part of the book, was only contrived to introduce the *Remarks*; that instead of clearing up the doubtful or obscure places, I have only pitched upon such as I had a mind to expatiate upon; and that far from striving to extenuate the errors committed before, I have made bad worse, and shown myself a more barefaced champion for vice, in the rambling digressions, than I had done in the Fable itself.

I shall spend no time in answering these accusations; where men are prejudiced, the best apologies are lost; and I know that those who think it criminal to suppose a necessity of vice in any case whatever, will never be reconciled to any part of the performance; but if this be thoroughly examined, all the offence it can give must result from the wrong inferences that may perhaps be drawn from it, and which I desire nobody to make. When I assert that vices are inseparable from great and potent societies, and that it is impossible their wealth and grandeur should subsist without, I do not say that the particular members of them who are guilty of any should not be continually reproved, or not be punished for them when they grow into crimes.

There are, I believe, few people in London, of those that are at any time forced to go afoot, but what could wish the streets of it much cleaner than generally they are, whilst they regard nothing but their own clothes and private convenience; but when once they come to consider, that what offends them is the result of the plenty, great traffic and opulence of that mighty city, if they have any concern in its welfare, they will hardly ever wish to see the streets of it less dirty. For if we mind the materials of all sorts that must supply such an infinite number of trades and handicrafts, as are always going forward; the vast quantity of victuals, drink and fuel that are daily consumed in it, and the waste and superfluities that must be produced from them; the multitudes of horses and other cattle that are always daubing

the streets, the carts, coaches and more heavy carriages that are perpetually wearing and breaking the pavement of them, and above all the numberless swarms of people that are continually harassing and trampling through every part of them. If, I say, we mind all these, we shall find that every moment must produce new filth, and considering how far distant the great streets are from the riverside, what cost and care soever be bestowed to remove the nastiness almost as fast as it is made, it is impossible London should be more cleanly before it is less flourishing. Now would I ask if a good citizen, in consideration of what has been said, might not assert that dirty streets are a necessary evil inseparable from the felicity of London, without being the least hindrance to the cleaning of shoes, or sweeping of streets, and consequently without any prejudice either to the *blackguard* or the *scavengers*.

But if, without any regard to the interest or happiness of the city, the question was put, What place I thought most pleasant to walk in? Nobody can doubt but before the stinking streets of London, I would esteem a fragrant garden, or a shady grove in the country. In the same manner, if laying aside all worldly greatness and vainglory, I should be asked where I thought it was most probable that men might enjoy true happiness, I would prefer a small peaceable society, in which men neither envied nor esteemed by neighbours, should be contented to live upon the natural product of the spot they inhabit, to a vast multitude abounding in wealth and power, that should always be conquering others by their arms abroad, and debauching themselves by foreign luxury at home.

Thus much I have said to the reader in the First Edition: what I have further to say to him he will find in the additions I have made since.

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THE
Grumbling Hive:
OR
KNAVES turn'd Honest

A SPACIOUS hive well stocked with bees,
That liv'd in luxury and ease;
And yet as fam'd for laws and arms;
As yielding large and early swarms;
Was counted the great nursery
Of sciences and industry.
No bees had better government,
More fickleness, or less content:
They were not slaves to tyranny;
Nor rul'd by wild *Democracy*;
But Kings, that could not wrong, because
Their power was circumscrib'd by laws.

THESE insects liv'd like men, and all
Our actions they perform'd in small:
They did whatever's done in town,
And what belongs to sword or gown:
Tho' th' artful works, by nimble slight
Of minute limbs, 'scap'd human sight;
Yet we've no engines, labourers,
Ships, castles, arms, artificers,
Craft, science, shop, or instrument,
But they had an equivalent:
Which, since their language is unknown,
Must be call'd, as we do our own.
As grant, that among other things,
They wanted dice, yet they had kings;

And those had guards; from whence we may
 Justly conclude, they had some play;
 Unless a regiment be shown
 Of soldiers, that make use of none.

VAST numbers throng'd the fruitful hive;
 Yet those vast numbers made 'em thrive;
 Millions endeavouring to supply
 Each other's lust and vanity;
 Whilst other millions were employ'd,
 To see their handiworks destroy'd;
 They furnish'd half the Universe;
 Yet had more work than labourers.
 Some with vast stocks, and little pains
 Jump'd into business of great gains;
 And some were damn'd to scythes and spades,
 And all those hard laborious trades;
 Where willing wretches daily sweat,
 And wear out strength and limbs to eat:
 (A.) Whilst others follow'd mysteries,
 To which few folks bind 'prentices;
 That want no stock, but that of brass,
 And may set up without a cross;
 As sharpers, parasites, pimps, players,
 Pickpockets, coiners, quacks, soothsayers,
 And all those, that in enmity,
 With downright working, cunningly
 Convert to their own use the labour
 Of their good-natur'd heedless neighbour.
 (B.) These were call'd knaves, but bar the name,
 The grave industrious were the same:
 All trades and places knew some cheat,
 No calling was without deceit.

THE lawyers, of whose art the basis,
 Was raising feuds and splitting cases,
 Opposed all registers, that cheats
 Might make more work with dipt estates;
 As wer't unlawful, that one's own,
 Without a lawsuit, should be known.

They kept off hearings wilfully,
 To finger the refreshing fee;
 And to defend a wicked cause,
 Examin'd and survey'd the laws,
 As burglars shops and houses do,
 To find out where they'd best break through.

PHYSICIANS valu'd fame and wealth
 Above the drooping patient's health,
 Or their own skill: the greatest part
 Study'd, instead of rules of art,
 Grave pensive looks and dull behaviour,
 To gain th' apothecary's favour;
 The praise of midwives, priests and all,
 That serv'd at birth or funeral.
 To bear with th' ever-talking tribe,
 And hear my lady's aunt prescribe;
 With formal smile, and kind how d'ye,
 To fawn on all the family;
 And, which of all the greatest curse is,
 T' endure th' impertinence of nurses.

AMONG the many priests of *Jove*,
 Hir'd to draw blessings from above,
 Some few were learn'd and eloquent,
 But thousands hot and ignorant:
 Yet all pass'd muster that could hide
 Their sloth, lust, avarice and pride;
 For which they were as fam'd as tailors
 For cabbage, or for brandy sailors:
 Some meagre look'd, and meanly clad,
 Would mystically pray for bread,
 Meaning by that an ample store,
 Yet lit'rally receiv'd no more;
 And, whilst these holy drudges starv'd,
 Some lazy ones, for which they serv'd,
 Indulg'd their ease, with all the graces
 Of health and plenty in their faces.

(C.) THE soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
 If they surviv'd, got honour by 't;

Tho' some, that shunn'd the bloody fray,
 Had limbs shot off, that ran away:
 Some valiant gen'rals fought the foe;
 Others took bribes to let them go:
 Some ventur'd always where 'twas warm,
 Lost now a leg, and then an arm;
 Till quite disabled, and put by,
 They liv'd on half their salary;
 Whilst others never came in play,
 And stayed at home for double pay.

THEIR kings were serv'd, but knavishly
 Cheated by their own ministry;
 Many, that for their welfare slaved,
 Robbing the very Crown they saved:
 Pensions were small, and they liv'd high,
 Yet boasted of their honesty.
 Calling, whene'er they strain'd their right,
 The slipp'ry trick a perquisite;
 And when folks understood their cant,
 They chang'd that for emolument;
 Unwilling to be short or plain,
 In anything concerning gain:
 (D.) For there was not a bee but would
 Get more, I won't say, than he should;
 But than he dar'd to let them know,
 (E.) That pay'd for 't; as your gamesters do,
 That, tho' at fair play, ne'er will own
 Before the losers what they've won.

BUT who can all their frauds repeat?
 The very stuff, which in the street
 They sold for dirt t' enrich the ground,
 Was often by the buyers found
 Sophisticated with a quarter
 Of good-for-nothing stones and mortar;
 Tho' *Flail* had little cause to mutter,
 Who sold the other salt for butter.

JUSTICE herself, fam'd for fair dealing,
 By blindness had not lost her feeling;

Her left hand, which the scales should hold,
Had often dropt 'em, brib'd with gold;
And, tho' she seem'd impartial,
Where punishment was corporal,
Pretended to a reg'lar course,
In murder, and all crimes of force;
Tho' some, first pillory'd for cheating,
Were hang'd in hemp of their own beating;
Yet, it was thought, the sword she bore
Check'd but the desp'rate and the poor;
That, urg'd by mere necessity,
Were ty'd up to the wretched tree
For crimes, which not deserv'd that fate,
But to secure the rich and great.

THUS every part was full of vice,
Yet the whole mass a paradise;
Flatter'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
They were th' esteem of foreigners,
And lavish of their wealth and lives,
The balance of all other hives.
Such were the blessings of that state;
Their crimes conspir'd to make them great:
(F.) And virtue, who from politics
Had learn'd a thousand cunning tricks,
Was, by their happy influence,
Made friends with vice: and ever since
(G.) The worst of all the multitude,
Did something for the common good.

THIS was the statecraft, that maintain'd
The whole, of which each part complain'd:
This, as in music harmony,
Made jarrings in the main agree;
(H.) Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other, as 'twere for spite;
And temperance with sobriety,
Serve drunkenness and gluttony.

(I.) THE root of evil, avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful vice,

Was slave to prodigality,
 (K.) That noble sin; (L.) whilst luxury
 Employ'd a million of the poor,
 (M.) And odious pride a million more:
 (N.) Envy itself, and vanity,
 Were ministers of industry;
 Their darling folly, fickleness
 In diet, furniture and dress.
 That strange ridic'lous vice, was made
 The very wheel that turn'd the trade.
 Their laws and clothes were equally
 Objects of mutability;
 For, what was well done for a time,
 In half a year became a crime;
 Yet whilst they alter'd thus their laws,
 Still finding and correcting flaws,
 They mended by inconstancy
 Faults, which no prudence could foresee.

Thus vice nurs'd ingenuity,
 Which join'd with time and industry,
 Had carry'd life's conveniencies,
 (O.) Its real pleasures, comforts, ease,
 (P.) To such a height, the very poor }
 Liv'd better than the rich before,
 And nothing could be added more. }

How vain is mortal happiness!
 Had they but known the bounds of bliss;
 And that perfection here below
 Is more than gods can well bestow;
 The grumbling brutes had been content
 With ministers and government.
 But they, at every ill success,
 Like creatures lost without redress,
 Curs'd politicians, armies, fleets;
 Whilst every one cry'd, *Damn the cheats*,
 And would, tho' conscious of his own,
 In others barb'rously bear none.

ONE, that had got a princely store,
 By cheating master, king, and poor,
 Dar'd cry aloud, *The land must sink*
For all its fraud; and whom d'ye think
 The sermonizing rascal chid?
 A glover that sold lamb for kid.

THE least thing was not done amiss,
 Or cross'd the public business;
 But all the rogues cry'd brazenly,
Good gods, had we but honesty!
 Merc'ry smil'd at th' impudence,
 And others call'd it want of sense,
 Always to rail at what they lov'd:
 But Jove, with indignation mov'd,
 At last in anger swore, *He'd rid*
The bawling hive of fraud; and did.
 The very moment it departs,
 And honesty fills all their hearts;
 There shows 'em like th' instructive tree,
 Those crimes which they're ashamed to see;
 Which now in silence they confess,
 By blushing at their ugliness;
 Like children, that would hide their faults,
 And by their colour own their thoughts;
 Imag'ning, when they're look'd upon,
 That others see what they have done.

BUT, Oh, ye gods! What consternation,
 How vast and sudden was th' alteration!
 In half an hour, the nation round,
 Meat sell a penny in the pound.
 The mask hypocrisy's flung down,
 From the great statesman to the clown:
 And some in borrow'd looks well known,
 Appear'd like strangers in their own.
 The bar was silent from that day;
 For now the willing debtors pay,
 Ev'n what 's by creditors forgot;
 Who quitted them that had it not.

Those, that were in the wrong, stood mute,
 And dropt the patch'd vexatious suit:
 On which, since nothing less can thrive,
 Than lawyers in an honest hive,
 All, except those that got enough,
 With inkhorns by their sides troop'd off.

JUSTICE hang'd some, set others free;
 And, after gaol-delivery,
 Her presence be'ng no more requir'd,
 With all her train and pomp retir'd.
 First march'd some smiths with locks and grates,
 Fetters, and doors with iron plates:
 Next gaolers, turnkeys and assistants:
 Before the goddess, at some distance,
 Her chief and faithful minister,
 'Squire CATCH, the law's great finisher,
 Bore not th' imaginary sword,
 But his own tools, an axe and cord:
 Then on a cloud the hoodwink'd fair,
 JUSTICE herself was push'd by air:
 About her chariot, and behind,
 Were sergeants, bums of every kind,
 Tip-staffs, and all those officers,
 That squeeze a living out of tears.

THO' physic liv'd, whilst folks were ill,
 None would prescribe, but bees of skill,
 Which through the hive dispers'd so wide,
 That none of them had need to ride,
 Wav'd vain disputes, and strove to free
 The patients of their misery;
 Left drugs in cheating countries grown,
 And us'd the product of their own;
 Knowing the gods sent no disease
 To nations without remedies.

THEIR clergy rous'd from laziness,
 Laid not their charge on journey-bees;

But served themselves, exempt from vice,
 The gods with pray'r and sacrifice;
 All those, that were unfit, or knew
 Their service might be spar'd, withdrew:
 Nor was there business for so many,
 (If th' honest stand in need of any),
 Few only with the high priest stayed,
 To whom the rest obedience paid:
 Himself employ'd in holy cares,
 Resign'd to other's state affairs.
 He chas'd no starv'ling from his door,
 Nor pinch'd the wages of the poor;
 But at his house the hungry's fed,
 The hireling finds unmeasur'd bread,
 The needy trav'ler board and bed. }

AMONG the king's great ministers,
 And all th' inferior officers
 The change was great; (Q.) for frugally
 They now liv'd on their salary.
 That a poor bee should ten times come
 To ask his due, a trifling sum,
 And by some well hir'd clerk be made,
 To give a crown, or ne'er be paid;
 Would now be call'd a downright cheat,
 Tho' formerly a perquisite.
 All places, manag'd first by three,
 Who watch'd each other's knavery,
 And often for a fellow-feeling,
 Promoted one another's stealing,
 Are happily supply'd by one,
 By which some thousands more are gone.

(R.) No honour now could be content,
 To live and owe for what was spent,
 Liv'ries in broker's shops are hung,
 They part with coaches for a song;
 Sell stately horses by whole sets;
 And country-houses to pay debts.

VAIN cost is shunn'd as much as fraud;
 They have no forces kept abroad;
 Laugh at th' esteem of foreigners,
 And empty glory got by wars;
 They fight, but for their country's sake,
 When right or liberty's at stake.

Now mind the glorious hive, and see
 How honesty and trade agree:
 The show is gone, it thins apace;
 And looks with quite another face,
 For 'twas not only that they went,
 By whom vast sums were yearly spent;
 But multitudes that lived on them,
 Were daily forc'd to do the same.
 In vain to other trades they'd fly;
 All were o'er-stock'd accordingly.

THE price of land and houses falls;
 Mirac'lous palaces whose walls,
 Like those of *Thebes*, were rais'd by play,
 Are to be let; whilst the once gay,
 Well-seated household gods would be
 More pleas'd t' expire in flames than see
 The mean inscription on the door
 Smile at the lofty ones they bore.
 The building trade is quite destroy'd,
 Artificers are not employ'd;
 (S.) No limner for his art is fam'd,
 Stone-cutters, carvers are not nam'd.

THOSE, that remain'd, grown temp'rate, strive
 Not how to spend, but how to live,
 And, when they paid their tavern score,
 Resolv'd to enter it no more:
 No vintner's jilt in all the hive
 Could wear now cloth of gold and thrive;
 Nor *Torcol* such vast sums advance,
 For *Burgundy* and *Ortelans*;
 The courtier's gone, that with his miss

Supp'd at his house on *Christmas* peas;
 Spending as much in two hours' stay,
 As keeps a troop of horse a day.

THE haughty *Chloe*, to live great,
 Had made her (T.) husband rob the state:
 But now she sells her furniture,
 Which th' *Indies* had been ransack'd for;
 Contracts th' expensive bill of fare,
 And wears her strong suit a whole year:
 The slight and fickle age is past;
 And clothes, as well as fashions, last.
 Weavers that join'd rich silk with plate,
 And all the trades subordinate,
 Are gone. Still peace and plenty reign,
 And everything is cheap, tho' plain:
 Kind Nature, free from gard'ners force,
 Allows all fruits in her own course;
 But rarities cannot be had,
 Where pains to get 'em are not paid.

As pride and luxury decrease,
 So by degrees they leave the seas.
 Not merchants now, but companies
 Remove whole manufactories.
 All arts and crafts neglected lie;
 (V.) Content, the bane of industry,
 Makes 'em admire their homely store,
 And neither seek nor covet more.

So few in the vast hive remain,
 The hundredth part they can't maintain
 Against th' insults of numerous foes;
 Whom yet they valiantly oppose:
 Till some well-fenc'd retreat is found,
 And here they die, or stand their ground.
 No hireling in their army 's known;
 But bravely fighting for their own,
 Their courage and integrity
 At last were crown'd with victory.

They triumph'd not without their cost:
For many thousand bees were lost.
Hard'ned with toils and exercise,
They counted ease itself a vice;
Which so improv'd their temperance;
That, to avoid extravagance,
They flew into a hollow tree,
Blest with content and honesty.

The M O R A L

THEN leave complaints: fools only strive
(X.) To make a great an honest hive.
(Y.) To enjoy the world's conveniences,
Be fam'd in war, yet live in ease
Without great vices, is a vain
Eutopia seated in the brain.
Fraud, luxury and pride must live,
Whilst we the benefits receive:
Hunger's a dreadful plague, no doubt,
Yet who digests or thrives without?
Do we not owe the growth of wine
To the dry, shabby, crooked vine?
Which, whilst its shoots neglected stood,
Chok'd other plants, and ran to wood;
But blest us with its noble fruit,
As soon as it was ty'd and cut:
So vice is beneficial found,
When it's by Justice lopt and bound;
Nay, where the people would be great,
As necessary to the State,
As hunger is to make 'em eat.
Bare virtue can't make nations live
In splendour, they that would revive
A Golden Age, must be as free,
For acorns, as for honesty.

THE INTRODUCTION

ONE of the greatest reasons why so few people understand themselves is, that most writers are always teaching men what they should be, and hardly ever trouble their heads with telling them what they really are. As for my part, without any compliment to the courteous reader, or myself, I believe Man (besides skin, flesh, bones; etc., that are obvious to the eye) to be a compound of various passions, that all of them, as they are provoked and come uppermost, govern him by turns, whether he will or no. To show that these qualifications, which we all pretend to be ashamed of, are the great support of a flourishing society, has been the subject of the foregoing poem. But there being some passages in it seemingly paradoxical, I have in the Preface promised some explanatory Remarks on it; which, to render more useful, I have thought fit to enquire, how Man no better qualified, might yet by his own imperfections be taught to distinguish between virtue and vice: and here I must desire the reader once for all to take notice, that when I say men, I mean neither *Jews* nor *Christians*; but mere Man, in the state of nature and ignorance of the true Deity.

AN
ENQUIRY
INTO THE
ORIGIN
OF
MORAL VIRTUE

ALL untaught animals are only solicitous of pleasing themselves, and naturally follow the bent of their own inclinations, without considering the good or harm that from their being pleased will accrue to others. This is the reason that in the wild state of nature those creatures are fittest to live peaceably together in great numbers, that discover the least of understanding, and have the fewest appetites to gratify, and consequently no species of animals is without the curb of government, less capable of agreeing long together in multitudes than that of Man; yet such are his qualities, whether good or bad, I shall not determine, that no creature besides himself can ever be made sociable: but being an extraordinary selfish and headstrong, as well as cunning animal, however he may be subdued by superior strength, it is impossible by force alone to make him tractable, and receive the improvements he is capable of.

The chief thing therefore, which lawgivers and other wise men that have laboured for the establishment of society have endeavoured, has been to make the people they were to govern believe that it was more beneficial for everybody to conquer than indulge his appetites, and much better to

mind the public than what seemed his private interest. As this has always been a very difficult task, so no wit or eloquence have been left untried to compass it; and the moralists and philosophers of all ages employed their utmost skill to prove the truth of so useful an assertion. But whether mankind would have ever believed it or not, it is not likely that anybody could have persuaded them to disapprove of their natural inclinations, or prefer the good of others to their own, if at the same time he had not showed them an equivalent to be enjoyed as a reward for the violence, which by so doing they of necessity must commit upon themselves. Those that have undertaken to civilise mankind were not ignorant of this; but being unable to give so many real rewards as would satisfy all persons for every individual action, they were forced to contrive an imaginary one, that as a general equivalent for the trouble of self-denial should serve on all occasions, and without costing anything either to themselves or others, be yet a most acceptable recompence to the receivers.

They thoroughly examined all the strength and frailties of our nature, and observing that none were either so savage as not to be charmed with praise, or so despicable as patiently to bear contempt, justly concluded that flattery must be the most powerful argument that could be used to human creatures. Making use of this bewitching engine, they extolled the excellency of our nature above other animals, and setting forth with unbounded praises the wonders of our sagacity and vastness of understanding, bestowed a thousand encomiums on the rationality of our souls, by the help of which we were capable of performing the most noble achievements. Having by this artful way of flattery insinuated themselves into the hearts of men, they began to instruct them in the notions of honour and shame; representing the one as the worst of all evils, and the other as the highest good to which mortals could aspire: which being done, they laid before them how unbecoming it was the dignity of such sublime creatures to be solicitous about gratifying those appetites which they had in common with brutes, and at the same time unmindful of those higher qualities that gave them the pre-eminence over all visible

beings. They indeed confessed that those impulses of nature were very pressing; that it was troublesome to resist, and very difficult wholly to subdue them: but this they only used as an argument to demonstrate how glorious the conquest of them was on the one hand, and how scandalous on the other not to attempt it.

To introduce, moreover, an emulation amongst men, they divided the whole species in two classes, vastly differing from one another: the one consisted of abject, low-minded people that, always hunting after immediate enjoyment, were wholly incapable of self-denial, and without regard to the good of others, had no higher aim than their private advantage; such as being enslaved by voluptuousness, yielded without resistance to every gross desire, and made no use of their rational faculties but to heighten their sensual pleasures. These vile grovelling wretches, they said, were the dross of their kind, and having only the shape of men, differed from brutes in nothing but their outward figure. But the other class was made up of lofty high-spirited creatures, that free from sordid selfishness, esteemed the improvements of the mind to be their fairest possessions; and setting a true value upon themselves, took no delight but in embellishing that part in which their excellency consisted; such as despising whatever they had in common with irrational creatures, opposed by the help of reason their most violent inclinations; and making a continual war with themselves to promote the peace of others, aimed at no less than the public welfare and the conquest of their own passions.

*Fortior est qui se quam qui fortissima vincit
Mænia . . .*

These they called the true representatives of their sublime species, exceeding in worth the first class by more degrees than that itself was superior to the beasts of the field.

As in all animals that are not too imperfect to discover pride, we find that the finest and such as are the most beautiful and valuable of their kind, have generally the greatest share of it; so in Man, the most perfect of animals, it is so inseparable from his very essence (how cunningly soever some may learn to hide or disguise it) that without it the compound he is made of would want one of the

chiefest ingredients: which, if we consider, it is hardly to be doubted but lessons and remonstrances, so skilfully adapted to the good opinion Man has of himself, as those I have mentioned, must, if scattered amongst a multitude, not only gain the assent of most of them, as to the speculative part, but likewise induce several, especially the fiercest, most resolute, and best among them, to endure a thousand inconveniences, and undergo as many hardships, that they may have the pleasure of counting themselves men of the second class, and consequently appropriating to themselves all the excellencies they have heard of it.

From what has been said we ought to expect in the first place, that the heroes who took such extraordinary pains to master some of their natural appetites, and preferred the good of others to any visible interest of their own, would not recede an inch from the fine notions they had received concerning the dignity of rational creatures; and having ever the authority of the government on their side, with all imaginable vigour assert the esteem that was due to those of the second class, as well as their superiority over the rest of their kind. In the second, that those who wanted a sufficient stock of either pride or resolution, to buoy them up in mortifying of what was dearest to them, followed the sensual dictates of nature, would yet be ashamed of confessing themselves to be those despicable wretches that belonged to the inferior class, and were generally reckoned to be so little removed from brutes; and that therefore in their own defence they would say, as others did, and hiding their own imperfections as well as they could, cry up self-denial and public-spiritedness as much as any. For it is highly probable, that some of them, convinced by the real proofs of fortitude and self-conquest they had seen, would admire in others what they found wanting in themselves; others be afraid of the resolution and prowess of those of the second class, and that all of them were kept in awe by the power of their rulers, wherefore it is reasonable to think that none of them (whatever they thought in themselves) would dare openly contradict, what by everybody else was thought criminal to doubt of.

This was (or at least might have been) the manner after

which savage man was broke; from whence it is evident, that the first rudiments of morality, broached by skilful politicians, to render men useful to each other as well as tractable, were chiefly contrived that the ambitious might reap the more benefit from, and govern vast numbers of them with the greater ease and security. This foundation of politics being once laid, it is impossible that Man should long remain uncivilised: for even those who only strove to gratify their appetites, being continually crossed by others of the same stamp, could not but observe that whenever they checked their inclinations, or but followed them with more circumspection, they avoided a world of troubles, and often escaped many of the calamities that generally attended the too eager pursuit after pleasure.

First, they received as well as others, the benefit of those actions that were done for the good of the whole society, and consequently could not forbear wishing well to those of the superior class that performed them. Secondly, the more intent they were in seeking their own advantage, without regard to others, the more they were hourly convinced that none were so obnoxious to them as those that were most like themselves.

It being the interest then of the very worst of them, more than any, to preach up public-spiritedness, that they might reap the fruits of the labour and self-denial of others, and at the same time indulge their own appetites with less disturbance, they agreed with the rest, to call everything, which, without regard to the public, Man should commit to gratify any of his appetites, *VICE*; if in that action there could be observed the least prospect, that it might either be injurious to any of the society, or ever render himself less serviceable to others: and to give the name of *VIRTUE* to every performance, by which Man, contrary to the impulse of nature, should endeavour the benefit of others, or the conquest of his own passions out of a rational ambition of being good.

It shall be objected, that no society was ever anyways civilised before the major part had agreed upon some worship or other of an overruling power, and consequently that the notions of good and evil, and the distinction between *virtue* and *vice*, were never the contrivance of politicians,

but the pure effect of religion. Before I answer this objection, I must repeat what I have said already, that in this *Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue*, I speak neither of *Jews* or *Christians*, but Man in his state of nature and ignorance of the true Deity; and then I affirm, that the idolatrous superstitions of all other nations, and the pitiful notions they had of the Supreme Being were incapable of exciting Man to virtue, and good for nothing but to awe and amuse a rude and unthinking multitude. It is evident from history, that in all considerable societies, how stupid or ridiculous soever peoples received notions have been as to the deities they worshipped, human nature has ever exerted itself in all its branches, and that there is no earthly wisdom or moral virtue but at one time or other men have excelled in it in all monarchies and commonwealths that for riches and power have been anyways remarkable.

The *Egyptians*, not satisfied with having deified all the ugly monsters they could think on, were so silly as to adore the onions of their own sowing; yet at the same time their country was the most famous nursery of arts and sciences in the world, and themselves more eminently skilled in the deepest mysteries of Nature than any nation has been since.

No states or kingdoms under heaven have yielded more or greater patterns in all sorts of moral virtues than the *Greek* and *Roman* empires, more especially the latter; and yet how loose, absurd, and ridiculous were their sentiments as to sacred matters: for without reflecting on the extravagant number of their deities, if we only consider the infamous stories they fathered upon them, it is not to be denied but that their religion, far from teaching men the conquest of their passions, and the way to virtue, seemed rather contrived to justify their appetites, and encourage their vices. But if we would know what made them excel in fortitude, courage and magnanimity, we must cast our eyes on the pomp of their triumphs, the magnificence of their monuments and arches; their trophies, statues, and inscriptions; the variety of their military crowns, their honours decreed to the dead, public encomiums on the living, and other imaginary rewards they bestowed on men of merit; and we shall find, that what carried so many of them to the utmost

pitch of self-denial, was nothing but their policy in making use of the most effectual means that human pride could be flattered with.

It is visible then, that it was not any heathen religion or other idolatrous superstition that first put Man upon crossing his appetites and subduing his dearest inclinations, but the skilful management of wary politicians; and the nearer we search into human nature, the more we shall be convinced that the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride.

There is no man of what capacity or penetration soever, that is wholly proof against the witchcraft of flattery, if artfully performed and suited to his abilities. Children and fools will swallow personal praise, but those that are more cunning must be managed with greater circumspection; and the more general the flattery is, the less it is suspected by those it is levelled at. What you say in commendation of a whole town is received with pleasure by all the inhabitants: speak in commendation of letters in general, and every man of learning will think himself in particular obliged to you. You may safely praise the employment a man is of, or the country he was born in; because you give him an opportunity of screening the joy he feels upon his own account, under the esteem which he pretends to have for others.

It is common among cunning men that understand the power which flattery has upon pride, when they are afraid they shall be imposed upon, to enlarge, though much against their conscience, upon the honour, fair dealing and integrity of the family, country, or sometimes the profession of him they suspect; because they know that men often will change their resolution, and act against their inclination, that they may have the pleasure of continuing to appear in the opinion of some what they are conscious not to be in reality. Thus sagacious moralists draw men like angels, in hopes that the pride at least of some will put them upon copying after the beautiful originals which they are represented to be.

When the incomparable Sir *Rd. Steele* in the usual elegance of his easy style, dwells on the praises of his sublime species, and with all the embellishments of rhetoric sets forth the excellency of human nature, it is impossible not to be

charmed with his happy turns of thought, and the politeness of his expressions. But though I have been often moved by the force of his eloquence, and ready to swallow the ingenious sophistry with pleasure, yet I could never be so serious but reflecting on his artful encomiums, I thought on the tricks made use of by the women that would teach children to be mannerly. When an awkward girl, before she can either speak or go, begins after many entreaties to make the first rude essays of curtsying, the nurse falls in an ecstasy of praise: *There's a delicate curtsy! Oh fine miss! There's a pretty lady! Mama! Miss can make a better curtsy than her sister Molly!* The same is echoed over by the maids, whilst Mama almost hugs the child to pieces; only Miss Molly, who being four years older knows how to make a very handsome curtsy, wonders at the perverseness of their judgment, and swelling with indignation, is ready to cry at the injustice that is done her, till, being whispered in the ear that it is only to please the baby, and that she is a woman, she grows proud at being let into the secret, and rejoicing at the superiority of her understanding, repeats what has been said with large additions and insults over the weakness of her sister, whom all this while she fancies to be the only bubble among them. These extravagant praises would by any one, above the capacity of an infant, be called fulsome flatteries, and, if you will, abominable lies; yet experience teaches us, that by the help of such gross encomiums, young misses will be brought to make pretty curtsies, and behave themselves womanly much sooner, and with less trouble, than they would without them. It is the same with boys, whom they'll strive to persuade that all fine gentlemen do as they are bid, and that none but beggar boys are rude, or dirty their clothes; nay, as soon as the wild brat with his untaught fist begins to fumble for his hat, the mother, to make him pull it off, tells him before he is two years old, that he is a man; and if he repeats that action when she desires him, he's presently a captain, a lord mayor, a king, or something higher if she can think of it, till, egged on by the force of praise, the little urchin endeavours to imitate Man as well as he can, and strains all his faculties to appear what his shallow noddle imagines he is believed to be.

The meanest wretch puts an inestimable value upon himself, and the highest wish of the ambitious man is to have all the world, as to that particular, of his opinion: so that the most insatiable thirst after fame that ever hero was inspired with, was never more than an ungovernable greediness to engross the esteem and admiration of others in future ages as well as his own; and (what mortification soever this truth might be to the second thoughts of an *Alexander* or a *Cæsar*) the great recompense in view, for which the most exalted minds have with so much alacrity sacrificed their quiet, health, sensual pleasures, and every inch of themselves, has never been anything else but the breath of Man, the aerial coin of praise. Who can forbear laughing when he thinks on all the great men that have been so serious on the subject of that Macedonian madman, his capacious soul, that mighty heart, in one corner of which, according to *Lorenzo Gracian*, the world was so commodiously lodged, that in the whole there was room for six more? Who can forbear laughing, I say, when he compares the fine things that have been said of *Alexander*, with the end he proposed to himself from his vast exploits, to be proved from his own mouth, when the vast pains he took to pass the *Hydaspes* forced him to cry out? *Oh ye Athenians, could you believe what dangers I expose myself to, to be praised by you!* To define then the reward of glory in the amplest manner, the most that can be said of it is, that it consists in a superlative felicity which a man, who is conscious of having performed a noble action, enjoys in self-love, whilst he is thinking on the applause he expects of others.

But here I shall be told, that besides the noisy toils of war and public bustle of the ambitious, there are noble and generous actions that are performed in silence; that virtue being its own reward, those who are really good have a satisfaction in their consciousness of being so, which is all the recompense they expect from the most worthy performances; that among the heathens there have been men, who, when they did good to others, were so far from coveting thanks and applause, that they took all imaginable care to be for ever concealed from those on whom they bestowed their benefits, and consequently that pride has no hand in spurring Man on to the highest pitch of self-denial.

In answer to this I say, that it is impossible to judge of a man's performance, unless we are thoroughly acquainted with the principle and motive from which he acts. Pity, though it is the most gentle and the least mischievous of all our passions, is yet as much a frailty of our nature as anger, pride, or fear. The weakest minds have generally the greatest share of it, for which reason none are more compassionate than women and children. It must be owned, that of all our weaknesses it is the most amiable, and bears the greatest resemblance to virtue; nay, without a considerable mixture of it the society could hardly subsist: but as it is an impulse of nature that consults neither the public interest nor our own reason, it may produce evil as well as good. It has helped to destroy the honour of virgins, and corrupted the integrity of judges, and whoever acts from it as a principle, what good soever he may bring to the society, has nothing to boast of but that he has indulged a passion that has happened to be beneficial to the public. There is no merit in saving an innocent babe ready to drop into the fire: the action is neither good nor bad, and what benefit soever the infant received, we only obliged ourselves; for to have seen it fall, and not strove to hinder it, would have caused a pain, which self-preservation compelled us to prevent. Nor has a rich prodigal, that happens to be of a commiserating temper, and loves to gratify his passions, greater virtue to boast of when he relieves an object of compassion with what to himself is a trifle.

But such men as without complying with any weakness of their own, can part from what they value themselves, and, from no other motive but their love to goodness, perform a worthy action in silence; such men, I confess, have acquired more refined notions of virtue than those I have hitherto spoke of; yet even in these (with which the world has yet never swarmed) we may discover no small symptoms of pride, and the humblest man alive must confess, that the reward of a virtuous action, which is the satisfaction that ensues upon it, consists in a certain pleasure he procures to himself by contemplating on his own worth: which pleasure, together with the occasion of it, are as certain signs of pride, as looking pale and trembling at any imminent danger are the symptoms of fear.

If the too scrupulous reader should at first view condemn these notions concerning the origin of moral virtue, and think them perhaps offensive to Christianity, I hope he will forbear his censures, when he shall consider that nothing can render the unsearchable depth of the Divine Wisdom more conspicuous than that Man, whom providence had designed for society, should not only by his own frailties and imperfections be led into the road to temporal happiness, but likewise receive, from a seeming necessity of natural causes, a tincture of that knowledge in which he was afterwards to be made perfect by the True Religion, to his eternal welfare.

REMARKS

(A.) *Whilst others follow'd Mysteries,
To which few Folks bind 'Prentices:*

PAGE 30. LINE 19

ON the education of youth, in order to their getting of a livelihood when they shall be arrived at maturity, most people look out for some warrantable employment or other, of which there are whole bodies or companies, in every large society of men. By this means all arts and sciences, as well as trades and handicrafts are perpetuated in the Commonwealth, as long as they are found useful; the young ones that are daily brought up to them, continually supplying the loss of the old ones that die. But some of these employments being vastly more creditable than others, according to the great difference of the charges required to set up in each of them, all prudent parents in the choice of them chiefly consult their own abilities and the circumstances they are in. A man that gives three or four hundred pounds with his son to a great merchant, and has not two or three thousand pounds to spare against he is out of his time to begin the world with, is much to blame not to have brought his child up to something that might be followed with less money.

There are abundance of men of a genteel education, that have but very small revenues, and yet are forced, by their reputable callings, to make a greater figure than ordinary people of twice their income. If these have any children, it often happens, that as their indigence renders them incapable of bringing them up to creditable occupations, so their pride makes them unwilling to put them out to any of the mean laborious trades, and then, in hopes either of an alteration in their fortune, or that some friends, or favourable opportunity shall offer, they from time to time put off the disposing of

them, till insensibly they come to be of age, and age at last brought up to nothing. Whether this neglect be more barbarous to the children, or prejudicial to the society, I shall not determine. At *Athens* all children were forced to assist their parents, if they came to want: but *Solon* made a law, that no son should be obliged to relieve his father, who had not bred him up to any calling.

Some parents put out their sons to good trades very suitable to their then present abilities, but happen to die or fail in the world, before the children have finished their apprenticeships, or are made fit for the business they are to follow: a great many young men again on the other hand are handsomely provided for and set up for themselves, that yet (some for want of industry or else a sufficient knowledge in their callings, others by indulging their pleasures, and some few by misfortunes) are reduced to poverty, and altogether unable to maintain themselves by the business they were brought up to. It is impossible but that the neglects, mismanagements and misfortunes I named, must very frequently happen in populous places, and consequently great numbers of people be daily flung unprovided for into the wide world, how rich and potent a Commonwealth may be, or what care soever a Government may take to hinder it. How must these people be disposed of? The sea I know, and armies, which the world is seldom without, will take off some. Those that are honest drudges, and of a laborious temper, will become journeymen to the trades they are of, or enter into some other service: such of them as studied and were sent to the University, may become schoolmasters, tutors, and some few of them get into some office or other: but what must become of the lazy that care for no manner of working, and the fickle that hate to be confined to anything?

Those that ever took delight in plays and romances, and have a spice of gentility, will, in all probability, throw their eyes upon the stage, and if they have a good elocution with tolerable mein, turn actors. Some that love their bellies above everything else; if they have a good palate, and a little knack at cookery, will strive to get in with gluttons and epicures, learn to cringe and bear all manner of usage, and so turn parasites, ever flattering the master, and making mis-

chief among the rest of the family. Others, who by their own and companion's lewdness judge of people's incontinence, will naturally fall to intriguing, and endeavour to live by pimping for such as either want leisure or address to speak for themselves. Those of the most abandoned principles of all, if they are fly and dexterous, turn sharpers, pickpockets, or coiners, if their skill and ingenuity give them leave. Others again, that have observed the credulity of simple women, and other foolish people, if they have impudence and a little cunning, either set up for doctors, or else pretend to tell fortunes; and every one turning the vices and frailties of others to his own advantage, endeavours to pick up a living the easiest and shortest way his talent and abilities will let him.

These are certainly the bane of civil society; but they are fools, who not considering what has been said, storm at the remissness of the laws that suffer them to live, whilst wise men content themselves with taking all imaginable care not to be circumvented by them; without quarrelling, at what no human prudence can prevent.

(B.) *These were call'd Knaves, But bar the Name,
The grave industrious were the same.*

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This I confess is but a very indifferent compliment to all the trading part of the people. But if the word *knaves* may be understood in its full latitude, and comprehend everybody that is not sincerely honest, and does to others what he would dislike to have done to himself, I don't question but I shall make good the charge. To pass by the innumerable artifices, by which buyers and sellers outwit one another, that are daily allowed of and practised among the fairest of dealers; shew me the tradesman that has always discovered the defects of his goods to those that cheapened them; nay, where will you find one that has not at one time or other industriously concealed them, to the detriment of the buyer? Where is the merchant that has never against his conscience extolled his wares beyond their worth, to make them go off the better?

Decio, a man of great figure, that had large commissions for sugar from several parts beyond sea, treats about a considerable parcel of that commodity with *Alcander*, an eminent *West India* merchant; both understood the market very well, but could not agree: *Decio* was a man of substance, and thought nobody ought to buy cheaper than himself; *Alcander* was the same, and not wanting money, stood for his price. Whilst they were driving their bargain at a tavern near the *Exchange*, *Alcander's* man brought his master a letter from the *West Indies*, that informed him of a much greater quantity of sugars coming for *England* than was expected. *Alcander* now wished for nothing more than to sell at *Decio's* price, before the news was public; but being a cunning fox, that he might not seem too precipitant, nor yet lose his customer, he drops the discourse they were upon, and putting on a jovial humour, commends the agreeableness of the weather, from whence falling upon the delight he took in his gardens, invites *Decio* to go along with him to his country house, that was not above twelve miles from *London*. It was in the month of May, and as it happened upon a Saturday in the afternoon: *Decio*, who was a single man, and would have no business in town before Tuesday, accepts of the other's civility, and away they go in *Alcander's* coach. *Decio* was splendidly entertained that night and the day following; the Monday morning, to get himself an appetite, he goes to take the air upon a pad of *Alcander's*, and coming back meets with a gentleman of his acquaintance, who tells him news was come the night before that the *Barbadoes* fleet was destroyed by a storm, and adds, that before he was come out it had been confirmed at *Lloyd's* coffee house, where it was thought sugars would rise 25 *per cent.* by change time. *Decio* returns to his friend, and immediately resumes the discourse they had broke off at the tavern: *Alcander*, who thinking himself sure of his chap, did not design to have moved it till after dinner, was very glad to see himself so happily prevented; but how desirous soever he was to sell, the other was yet more eager to buy; yet both of them, afraid of one another, for a considerable time counterfeited all the indifference imaginable; till at last *Decio* fired with what he had heard, thought delays might prove dangerous, and throwing

a guinea upon the table, struck the bargain at *Alcander's* price. The next day they went to *London*; the news proved true, and *Decio* got five hundred pounds by his sugars. *Alcander*, whilst he had strove to overreach the other, was paid in his own coin: yet all this is called fair dealing; but I am sure neither of them would have desired to be done by, as they did to each other.

(C.) *The Soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
If they survived, got Honour hy't.*

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So unaccountable is the desire to be thought well of in men, that though they are dragged into the war against their will, and some of them for their crimes, and are compelled to fight with threats, and often blows, yet they would be esteemed for what they would have avoided, if it had been in their power: whereas if reason in man was of equal weight with his pride, he could never be pleased with praises, which he is conscious he does not deserve.

By Honour, in its proper and genuine signification, we mean nothing else but the good opinion of others, which is counted more or less substantial, the more or less noise or bustle there is made about the demonstration of it; and when we say the Sovereign is the Fountain of Honour, it signifies that he has the power by titles or ceremonies, or both together, to stamp a mark upon whom he pleases, that shall be as current as his coin, and procure the owner the good opinion of everybody, whether he deserves it or not.

The reverse of honour is dishonour or ignominy, which consists in the bad opinion and contempt of others; and as the first is counted a reward for good actions, so this is esteemed a punishment for bad ones; and the more or less public or heinous the manner is in which this contempt of others is shewn, the more or less the person so suffering is degraded by it. This ignominy is likewise called shame, from the effect it produces; for though the good and evil of honour and dishonour are imaginary, yet there is a reality in shame, as it signifies a passion that has its proper symp-

toms, over-rules our reason, and requires as much labour and self-denial to be subdued, as any of the rest; and since the most important actions of life often are regulated according to the influence this passion has upon us, a thorough understanding of it must help to illustrate the notions the world has of honour and ignominy. I shall therefore describe it at large.

First to define the passion of shame, I think it may be called *a sorrowful reflection on our own unworthiness, proceeding from an apprehension that others either do or might, if they knew all, deservedly despise us.* The only objection of weight that can be raised against this definition is, that innocent virgins are often ashamed, and blush when they are guilty of no crime, and can give no manner of reason for this frailty: and that men are often ashamed for others, for, or with whom, they have neither friendship or affinity, and consequently that there may be a thousand instances of shame given, to which the words of the definition are not applicable. To answer this, I would have it first considered, that the modesty of woman is the result of custom and education, by which all unfashionable denudations and filthy expressions are rendered frightful and abominable to them, and that notwithstanding this, the most virtuous young woman alive will often, in spite of her teeth, have thoughts and confused ideas of things arise in her imagination, which she would not reveal to some people for a thousand worlds. Then, I say, that when obscene words are spoken in the presence of an unexperienced virgin, she is afraid that somebody will reckon her to understand what they mean, and consequently that she understands this, and that, and several things which she desires to be thought ignorant of. The reflecting on this, and that thoughts are forming to her disadvantage, brings upon her that passion which we call shame; and whatever can fling her, though never so remote from lewdness, upon that set of thoughts I hinted, and which she thinks criminal, will have the same effect, especially before men, as long as her modesty lasts.

To try the truth of this, let them talk as much bawdy as they please in the room next to the same virtuous young woman, where she is sure that she is undiscovered, and she

will hear, if not hearken to it without blushing at all, because then she looks upon herself as no party concerned; and if the discourse should stain her cheeks with red, whatever her innocence may imagine, it is certain that what occasions her colour is a passion not half so mortifying as that of shame; but if in the same place she hears something said of herself that must tend to her disgrace, or anything is named, of which she is secretly guilty, then it is ten to one but she will be ashamed and blush, though nobody sees her; because she has room to fear, that she is, or, if all was known, should be, thought of contemptibly.

That we are often ashamed, and blush for others, which was the second part of the objection, is nothing else, but that sometimes we make the case of others too nearly our own; so people shriek out when they see others in danger: whilst we are reflecting with too much earnest on the effect which such a blameable action, if it was ours, would produce in us, the spirits, and consequently the blood, are insensibly moved after the same manner, as if the action was our own, and so the same symptoms must appear.

The shame that raw, ignorant and ill-bred people, though seemingly without a cause, discover before their betters, is always accompanied with, and proceeds from a consciousness of their weakness and inabilities, and the most modest man, how virtuous, knowing and accomplished soever he might be, was never yet ashamed without some guilt or diffidence. Such as out of rusticity, and want of education are unreasonably subject to, and at every turn overcome by this passion, we call bashful; and those who out of disrespect to others, and a false opinion of their own sufficiency, have learned not to be affected with it, when they should be, are called impudent or shameless. What strange contradictions man is made of! The reverse of shame is pride (see *Remark (M.)*), yet nobody can be touched with the first, that never felt anything of the latter; for that we have such an extraordinary concern in what others think of us, can proceed from nothing but the vast esteem we have for ourselves.

That these two passions, in which the seeds of most virtues are contained, are realities in our frame, and not imaginary qualities, is demonstrable from the plain and

different effects, that in spite of our reason, are produced in us as soon as we are affected with either.

When a man is overwhelmed with shame, he observes a sinking of the spirits, the heart feels cold and condensed, and the blood flies from it to the circumference of the body; the face glows, the neck and part of the breast partake of the Fire: he is heavy as lead; the head is hung down; and the eyes through a mist of confusion, are fixed on the ground: no injuries can move him; he is weary of his being, and heartily wishes he could make himself invisible: but when, gratifying his vanity, he exults in his pride, he discovers quite contrary symptoms: his spirits swell and fan the arterial blood, a more than ordinary warmth strengthens and dilates the heart; the extremities are cool; he feels light to himself, and imagines he could tread on air; his head is held up, his eyes rolled about with sprightliness; he rejoices at his being, is prone to anger, and would be glad that all the world could take notice of him.

It is incredible how necessary an ingredient shame is to make us sociable. It is a frailty in our nature; all the world, whenever it affects them, submit to it with regret, and would prevent it if they could; yet the happiness of conversation depends upon it, and no society could be polished, if the generality of mankind was not subject to it. As therefore the sense of shame is troublesome, and all creatures are ever labouring for their own defence, it is probable, that man striving to avoid this uneasiness would in a great measure conquer his shame by that he was grown up; but this would be detrimental to the society, and therefore from his infancy throughout his education, we endeavour to increase instead of lessening or destroying this sense of shame; and the only remedy prescribed, is a strict observance of certain rules to avoid those things that might bring this troublesome sense of shame upon him. But as to rid or cure him of it, the politician would sooner take away his life.

The rules I speak of consist in a dexterous management of ourselves, a stifling of our appetites, and hiding the real sentiments of our hearts before others. Those who are not instructed in these rules long before they come to years of maturity, seldom make any progress in them afterwards.

To acquire and bring to perfection the accomplishment I hint at, nothing is more assisting than pride and good sense. The greediness we have after the esteem of others, and the raptures we enjoy in the thoughts of being liked, and perhaps admired, are equivalents that over-pay the conquest of the strongest passions, and consequently keep us at a great distance from all such words or actions that can bring shame upon us. The passions we chiefly ought to hide for the happiness and embellishment of the society are Lust, Pride, and Selfishness; therefore the word modesty has three different acceptations, that vary with the passions it conceals.

As to the first, I mean that branch of modesty that has a general pretension to chastity for its object, it consists in a sincere and painful endeavour with all our faculties to stifle and conceal before others that inclination which nature has given us to propagate our species. The lessons of it, like those of *Grammar*, are taught us long before we have occasion for, or understand the usefulness of them; for this reason children often are ashamed, and blush out of modesty, before the impulse of nature I hint at makes any impression upon them. A girl who is modestly educated, may, before she is two years old, begin to observe how careful the women she converses with, are of covering themselves before men; and the same caution being inculcated to her by precept, as well as example, it is very probable that at six she will be ashamed of shewing her leg, without knowing any reason why such an act is blameable, or what the tendency of it is.

To be modest, we ought in the first place to avoid all unfashionable denudations: a woman is not to be found fault with for going with her neck bare, if the custom of the country allows of it, and when the mode orders the stays to be cut very low, a blooming virgin may, without fear of rational censure, shew all the world

*How firm her pouting Breasts that white as Snow,
On th' ample Chest at mighty distance grow.*

But to suffer her ankle to be seen, where it is the fashion for women to hide their very feet, is a breach of modesty, and

she is impudent, who shows half her face in a country where decency bids her to be veiled. In the second, our language must be chaste, and not only free, but remote from obscenities, that is, whatever belongs to the multiplication of our species is not to be spoken of, and the least word or expression, that though at a great distance has any relation to that performance ought never to come from our lips. Thirdly, all postures and motions that can anyways sully the imagination, that is, put us in mind of what I have called obscenities, are to be forborne with great caution.

A young woman moreover, that would be thought well-bred, ought to be circumspect before men in all her behaviour, and never known to receive from, much less to bestow favours upon them, unless the great age of the man, near consanguinity, or a vast superiority on either side plead her excuse. A young lady of refined education keeps a strict guard over her looks, as well as actions, and in her eyes we may read a consciousness that she has a treasure about her, not out of danger of being lost, and which yet she is resolved not to part with at any terms. A thousand satires have been made against prudes, and as many encomiums to extol the careless graces, and negligent air of virtuous beauty. But the wiser sort of mankind are well assured, that the free and open countenance of the smiling fair, is more inviting, and yields greater hopes to the seducer, than the ever-watchful look of a forbidding eye.

This strict reservedness is to be complied with by all young women, especially virgins, if they value the esteem of the polite and knowing world; men may take greater liberty, because in them the appetite is more violent and ungovernable. Had equal harshness of discipline been imposed upon both, neither of them could have made the first advances, and propagation must have stood still among all the fashionable people: which being far from the politician's aim, it was advisable to ease and indulge the sex that suffered most by the severity, and make the rules abate of their rigour, where the passion was the strongest, and the burden of a strict restraint would have been the most intolerable.

For this reason, the man is allowed openly to profess the

veneration and great esteem he has for women, and show greater satisfaction, more mirth and gaiety in their company than he is used to do out of it. He may not only be complaisant and serviceable to them on all occasions, but it is reckoned his duty to protect and defend them. He may praise the good qualities they are possessed of, and extol their merit with as many exaggerations as his invention will let him, and are consistent with good sense. He may talk of love, he may sigh and complain of the rigours of the fair, and what his tongue must not utter he has the privilege to speak with his eyes, and in that language to say what he pleases; so it be done with decency, and short abrupted glances: but too closely to pursue a woman, and fasten upon her with one's eyes, is counted very unmannerly. The reason is plain, it makes her uneasy, and, if she be not sufficiently fortified by art and dissimulation, often throws her into visible disorders. As the eyes are the windows of the soul, so this staring impudence flings a raw, unexperienced woman into panic fears, that she may be seen through; and the man will discover, or has already betrayed, what passes within her: it keeps her on a perpetual rack, that commands her to reveal her secret wishes, and seems designed to extort from her the grand truth which modesty bids her with all her faculties to deny.

The multitude will hardly believe the excessive force of education, and in the difference of modesty between men and women, ascribe that to nature, what is altogether owing to early instruction. *Miss* is scarce three years old, but she is spoken to every day to hide her leg, and rebuked in good earnest if she shows it; whilst *Little Master* at the same age is bid to take up his coats, and piss like a man. It is shame and education that contain the seeds of all politeness, and he that has neither, and offers to speak the truth of his heart, and what he feels within, is the most contemptible creature upon earth, though he committed no other fault. If a man should tell a woman, that he could like nobody so well to propagate his species upon as herself, and that he found a violent desire that moment to go about it, and accordingly offered to lay hold of her for that purpose; the consequence would be, that he would be called a brute, the

woman would run away, and himself never be admitted in any civil company. There is no body that has any sense of shame, but would conquer the strongest passion rather than be so served. But a man need not conquer his passions, it is sufficient that he conceals them. Virtue bids us subdue, but good breeding only requires we should hide our appetites. A fashionable gentleman may have as violent an inclination to a woman as the brutish fellow; but then he behaves himself quite otherwise; he first addresses the lady's father, and demonstrates his ability splendidly to maintain his daughter; upon this he is admitted into her company, where, by flattery, submissions, presents, and assiduity, he endeavours to procure her liking to his person, which, if he can compass, the lady in a little while resigns herself to him before witnesses in a most solemn manner; at night they go to bed together, where the most reserved virgin very tamely suffers him to do what he pleases, and the upshot is, that he obtains what he wanted without having ever asked for it.

The next day they receive visits, and nobody laughs at them, or speaks a word of what they have been doing. As to the young couple themselves, they take no more notice of one another, I speak of well-bred people, than they did the day before, they eat and drink divert themselves as usually, and having done nothing to be ashamed of, are looked upon as, what in reality they may be, the most modest people upon earth. What I mean by this, is to demonstrate, that by being well bred, we suffer no abridgment in our sensual pleasures, but only labour for our mutual happiness, and assist each other in the luxurious enjoyment of all worldly comforts. The fine gentleman I spoke of need not practise any greater self-denial than the savage, and the latter acted more according to the laws of nature and sincerity than the first. The man that gratifies his appetites after the manner the custom of the country allows of, has no censure to fear. If he is hotter than goats or bulls, as soon as the ceremony is over let him set and fatigued himself with joy and ecstasies of pleasure, raise and indulge his appetites by turns as extravagantly as his strength and manhood will give him leave, he may with safety laugh at the wise men that should reprove him: all the women, and above nine in ten of the

men are of his side; nay, he has the liberty of valuing himself upon the fury of his unbridled passion, and the more he wallows in lust and strains every faculty to be abandonedly voluptuous, the sooner he shall have the good will and gain the affection of the women, not the young, vain and lascivious only, but the prudent, grave and most sober matrons.

Because impudence is a vice, it does not follow that modesty is a virtue; it is built upon shame, a passion in our nature, and may be either good or bad according to the actions performed from that motive. Shame may hinder a prostitute from yielding to a man before company, and the same shame may cause a bashful, good-natured creature, that has been overcome by frailty, to make away with her infant. Passions may do good by chance, but there can be no merit but in the conquest of them.

Was there virtue in modesty, it would be of the same force in the dark as it is in the light, which it is not. This the men of pleasure know very well, who never trouble their heads with a woman's virtue so they can but conquer her modesty; seducers therefore don't make their attacks at noonday, but cut their trenches at night.

*Illa verecundis lux est praebenda puellis,
Quae timidus latebras sperat habere pudor.*

People of substance may sin without being exposed for their stolen pleasure; but servants and the poorer sort of women have seldom an opportunity of concealing a big belly, or at least the consequences of it. It is possible that an unfortunate girl of good parentage may be left destitute, and know no other shift for a livelihood than to become a nursery, or a chambermaid: she may be diligent, faithful and obliging, have abundance of modesty, and, if you will, be religious: she may resist temptations, and preserve her chastity for years together, and yet at last meet with an unhappy moment in which she gives up her honour to a powerful deceiver, who afterwards neglects her. If she proves with child, her sorrows are unspeakable, and she can't be reconciled with the wretchedness of her condition, the fear of shame attacks her so lively, that every thought distracts her.

All the family she lives in have a great opinion of her virtue, and her last mistress took her for a saint. How will her enemies, that envied her character, rejoice, how will her relations detest her! The more modest she is now, and the more violently the dread of coming to shame hurries her away, the more wicked and more cruel her resolutions will be, either against herself or what she bears.

It is commonly imagined, that she who can destroy her child, her own flesh and blood, must have a vast stock of barbarity, and be a savage monster, different from other women; but this is likewise a mistake which we commit for want of understanding the nature and the force of passions. The same woman that murders her bastard in the most execrable manner, if she is married afterwards, may take care of, cherish and feel all the tenderness for her infant that the fondest mother can be capable of. All mothers naturally love their children: but as this is a passion, and all passions centre in self-love, so it may be subdued by any superior passion, to soothe that same self-love, which if nothing had intervened, would have bid her fondle her offspring. Common whores, whom all the world knows to be such, hardly ever destroy their children, nay, even those who assist in robberies and murders seldom are guilty of this crime; not because they are less cruel or more virtuous, but because they have lost their modesty to a greater degree, and the fear of shame makes hardly any impression upon them.

Our love to what never was within the reach of our senses is but poor and inconsiderable, and therefore women have no natural love to what they bear; their affection begins after the birth: what they feel before is the result of reason, education, and the thoughts of duty. Even when children first are born the mother's love is but weak, and increases with the sensibility of the child, and grows up to a prodigious height, when by signs it begins to express his sorrows and joys, makes his wants known, and discovers his love to novelty and the multiplicity of his desires. What labours and hazards have not women undergone to maintain and save their children, what force and fortitude beyond their sex have they not shewn in their behalf! But the vilest women have exerted themselves on this head as violently as the best.

All are prompted to it by a natural drift and inclination, without any consideration of the injury or benefit the society receives from it. There is no merit in pleasing ourselves, and the very offspring is often irreparably ruined by the excessive fondness of parents: for though infants for two or three years may be the better for this indulging care of mothers, yet afterwards, if not moderated, it may totally spoil them, and many it has brought to the gallows.

If the reader thinks I have been too tedious on that branch of modesty by the help of which we endeavour to appear chaste, I shall make him amends in the brevity with which I design to treat of the remaining part, by which we would make others believe, that the esteem we have for them exceeds the value we have for ourselves, and that we have no disregard so great to any interest as we have to our own. This laudable quality is commonly known by the name of manners and good breeding, and consists in a fashionable habit, acquired by precept and example, of flattering the pride and selfishness of others, and concealing our own with judgment and dexterity. This must be only understood of our commerce with our equals and superiors, and whilst we are in peace and amity with them, for our complaisancy must never interfere with the rules of honour, nor the homage that is due to us from servants and others that depend upon us.

With this caution, I believe, that the designation will quadrate with everything that can be alleged as a piece or an example of either good breeding or ill manners; and it will be very difficult throughout the various accidents of human life and conversation to find out an instance of modesty or impudence that is not comprehended in, and illustrated by it in all countries and in all ages. A man that asks considerable favours of one who is a stranger to him, without consideration, is called impudent, because he shows openly his selfishness without having any regard to the selfishness of the other. We may see in it likewise the reason why a man ought to speak of his wife and children, and everything that is dear to him, as sparingly as is possible, and hardly ever of himself, especially in commendation of them. A well-bred man may be desirous, and even greedy after

praise and the esteem of others, but to be praised to his face offends his modesty. The reason is this; all human creatures, before they are yet polished, receive an extraordinary pleasure in hearing themselves praised: this we are all conscious of, and therefore when we see a man openly enjoy and feast on this delight, in which we have no share, it rouses our selfishness, and immediately we begin to envy and hate him. For this reason the well-bred man conceals his joy, and utterly denies that he feels any, and by this means consulting and soothing our selfishness, he averts that envy and hatred, which otherwise he would have justly to fear. When from our childhood we observe how those are ridiculed who calmly can hear their own praises, it is possible that we may so strenuously endeavour to avoid that pleasure, that in tract of time we grow uneasy at the approach of it: but this is not following the dictates of nature; but warping her by education and custom, for if the generality of mankind took no delight in being praised, there could be no modesty in refusing to hear it.

The man of manners picks not the best but rather takes the worst out of the dish, and gets of everything, unless it be forced upon him, always the most indifferent share. By this civility the best remains for others, which being a compliment to all that are present, everybody is pleased with it: the more they love themselves the more they are forced to approve of his behaviour, and gratitude stepping in, they are obliged almost whether they will or not, to think favourably of him. After this manner it is that the well-bred man insinuates himself in the esteem of all the companies he comes in, and if he gets nothing else by it, the pleasure he receives in reflecting on the applause which he knows is secretly given him, is to a proud man more than an equivalent for his former self-denial, and overpays to self-love with interest, the loss it sustained in his complaisance to others.

If there are seven or eight apples or peaches among six people of ceremony, that are pretty near equal, he who is prevailed upon to choose first, will take that, which, if there be any considerable difference, a child would know to be the worst: this he does to insinuate, that he looks upon those he is with to be of superior merit, and that there is not one

whom he wishes not better to than he does to himself. This custom and a general practice that makes this modish deceit familiar to us, without being shocked at the absurdity of it; for if people had been used to speak from the sincerity of their hearts, and act according to the natural sentiments they felt within, till they were three or four and twenty, it would be impossible for them to assist at this comedy of manners, without either loud laughter or indignation; and yet it is certain, that such a behaviour makes us more tolerable to one another than we could be otherwise.

It is very advantageous to the knowledge of ourselves, to be able well to distinguish between good qualities and virtues. The bond of society exacts from every member a certain regard for others, which the highest is not exempt from in the presence of the meanest even in an Empire: but when we are by ourselves, and so far removed from company as to be beyond the reach of their senses, the words modesty and impudence lose their meaning; a person may be wicked, but he cannot be immodest whilst he is alone, and no thought can be impudent that never was communicated to another. A man of exalted pride may so hide it, that nobody shall be able to discover that he has any; and yet receive greater satisfaction from that passion than another, who indulges himself in the declaration of it before all the world. Good manners have nothing to do with virtue or religion; instead of extinguishing, they rather inflame the passions. The man of sense and education never exults more in his pride than when he hides it with the greatest dexterity, and in feasting on the applause which he is sure all good judges will pay to his behaviour; he enjoys a pleasure altogether unknown to the shortsighted, surly alderman, that shows his haughtiness glaringly in his face, pulls off his hat to nobody, and hardly deigns to speak to an inferior.

A man may carefully avoid everything that in the eye of the world is esteemed to be the result of pride, without mortifying himself, or making the least conquest of his passion. It is possible that he only sacrifices the insipid outward part of his pride, which none but silly, ignorant people take delight in, to that part we all feel within, and which the men of the highest spirit and most exalted genius feed on

with so much ecstasy in silence. The pride of great and polite men is nowhere more conspicuous than in the debates about ceremony and precedency, where they have an opportunity of giving their vices the appearance of virtues, and can make the world believe that it is their care, their tenderness for the dignity of their office, or the honour of their masters, what is the result of their own personal pride and vanity. This is most manifest in all negotiations of ambassadors and plenipotentiaries, and must be known by all that observe what is transacted at public treaties, and it will ever be true, that men of the best taste have no relish in their pride as long as any mortal can find out that they are proud.

(D.) *For there was not a Bee but would
Get more, I don't say, than he should;
But than, etc.*

PAGE 32. LINE 23

The vast esteem we have for ourselves, and the small value we have for others, make us all very unfair judges in our own cases. Few men can be persuaded that they get too much by those they sell to, how extraordinary soever their gains are, when at the same time there is hardly a profit so inconsiderable, but they will grudge it to those they buy from; for this reason the smallness of the seller's advantage being the greatest persuasive to the buyer, tradesmen are generally forced to tell lies in their own defence, and invent a thousand improbable stories, rather than discover what they really get by their commodities. Some old standers indeed that pretend to more honesty (or what is more likely, have more pride) than their neighbours, are used to make but few words with their customers, and refuse to sell at a lower price than what they asked at first. But these are commonly cunning foxes that are above the world, and know that those who have money, get often more by being surly, than others by being obliging. The vulgar imagine they can find more sincerity in the sour looks of a grave old fellow, than there appears in the submissive air and inviting complacency of a young beginner. But this is a grand mistake; and if they are mercers, drapers, or others, that have many

sorts of the same commodity, you may soon be satisfied; look upon their goods and you will find each of them have their private marks, which is a certain sign that both are equally careful in concealing the prime cost of what they sell.

(E.)

*As your Gamesters do,
Who tho' at fair Play, ne'er will own,
Before the Losers what they've won.*

PAGE 32. LINE 26

This being a general practice which nobody can be ignorant of that has ever seen any play, there must be something in the make of man that is the occasion of it: but as the searching into this will seem very trifling to many, I desire the reader to skip this remark, unless he be in perfect good humour, and has nothing at all to do.

That gamesters generally endeavour to conceal their gains before the losers, seems to me to proceed from a mixture of gratitude, pity and self-preservation. All men are naturally grateful whilst they receive a benefit, and what they say or do, whilst it affects and feels warm about them, is real, and comes from the heart; but when that is over, the returns we make generally proceed from virtue, good manners, reason, and the thoughts of duty, but not from gratitude, which is a motive of the inclination. If we consider how tyrannically the immoderate love we bear to ourselves obliges us to esteem everybody that with or without design acts in our favour, and how often we extend our affection to things inanimate, when we imagine them to contribute to our present advantage: if, I say, we consider this, it will not be difficult to find out which way our being pleased with those whose money we win is owing to a principle of gratitude. The next motive is our pity, which proceeds from our consciousness of the vexation there is in losing; and as we love the esteem of everybody, we are afraid of forfeiting theirs by being the cause of their loss. Lastly, we apprehend their envy, and so self-preservation makes that we strive to extenuate first the obligation, then the reason why we ought to pity, in hopes that we shall have less of their ill-will and envy. When the

passions show themselves in their full strength, they are known by everybody: when a man in power gives a great place to one that did him a small kindness in his youth, we call it gratitude: when a woman howls and wrings her hands at the loss of her child, the prevalent passion is grief; and the uneasiness we feel at the sight of great misfortunes, as a man's breaking his leg, or dashing his brains out, is everywhere called pity. But the gentle strokes, the slight touches of the passions, are generally overlooked or mistaken.

To prove my assertion we have but to observe, what generally passes between the *winner* and the *loser*. The first is always complaisant, and if the other will but keep his temper, more than ordinarily obliging; he is ever ready to humour the *loser*, and willing to rectify his mistakes with precaution, and the height of good manners. The loser is uneasy, captious, morose, and perhaps swears and storms; yet as long as he says or does nothing designedly affronting, the winner takes all in good part, without offending, disturbing, or contradicting him. *Losers*, says the Proverb, *must have leave to rail*: all which shows, that the loser is thought in the right to complain, and for that reason pitied. That we are afraid of the loser's ill-will is plain from our being conscious that we are displeased with those we lose to, and envy we always dread when we think ourselves happier than others: from whence it follows that when the *winner* endeavours to conceal his gains, his design is to avert the mischiefs he apprehends, and this is self-preservation; the cares of which continue to affect us as long as the motives that first produced them remain.

But a month, a week, or perhaps a much shorter time after, when the thoughts of the obligation, and consequently the winner's gratitude are worn off, when the loser has recovered his temper, laughs at his loss, and the reason of the winner's pity ceases; when the winner's apprehension of drawing upon him the ill-will and envy of the *loser* is gone; that is to say, as soon as all the passions are over, and the cares of self-preservation employ the winner's thoughts no longer, he will not only make no scruple in owning what he has won, but will, if his vanity steps in, likewise, with pleasure, brag of, if not exaggerate his gains.

It is possible, that when people play together who are at

enmity, and perhaps desirous of picking a quarrel, or where men playing for trifles contend for superiority of skill, and aim chiefly at the glory of conquest, nothing shall happen of what I have been talking of. Different passions oblige us to take different measures; what I have said I would have understood of ordinary play for money, at which men endeavour to get, and venture to lose what they value: and even here I know it will be objected by many, that though they have been guilty of concealing their gains, yet they never observed those passions which I allege as the causes of that frailty; which is no wonder, because few men will give themselves leisure, and fewer yet take the right method of examining themselves as they should do. It is with the passions in men as it is with colours in cloth: it is easy to know a red, a green, a blue, a yellow, a black, etc., in as many different pieces; but it must be an artist that can unravel all the various colours and their proportions, that make up the compound of a well mixed cloth. In the same manner may the passions be discovered by everybody whilst they are distinct, and a single one employs the whole man; but it is very difficult to trace every motive of those actions that are the result of a mixture of passions.

(F.) *And Virtue, who from Politics
Had learn'd a thousand cunning Tricks,
Was by their happy Influence
Made Friends with Vice.*

PAGE 33. LINE 23

It may be said, that virtue is made friends with vice, when industrious good people, who maintain their families and bring up their children handsomely, pay taxes and are several ways useful members of the society, get a livelihood by something that chiefly depends on, or is very much influenced by the vices of others, without being themselves guilty of, or accessory to them any otherwise than by way of trade, as a druggist may be to poisoning, or a sword-cutler to bloodshed.

Thus the merchant, that sends corn or cloth into foreign parts to purchase wines and brandies, encourages the growth

or manufacture of his own country; he is a benefactor to navigation, increases the customs, and is many ways beneficial to the public; yet it is not to be denied but that his greatest dependence is *lavishness* and *drunkenness*. For if none were to drink wine but such only as stand in need of it, nor anybody more than his health required, that multitude of wine-merchants, vintners, coopers, etc., that make such a considerable show in this flourishing city, would be in a miserable condition. The same may be said not only of card and dice-makers, that are the immediate ministers to a legion of vices; but that of mercers, upholsterers, tailors, and many others, that would be starved in half a year's time, if *pride* and *luxury* were at once to be banished the Nation.

(G.) *The worst of all the Multitude
Did something for the Common Good.*

PAGE 33. LINE 27

This I know will seem to be a strange paradox to many; and I shall be asked what benefit the public receives from thieves and housebreakers. They are, I own, very pernicious to human society, and every government ought to take all imaginable care to rout out and destroy them; yet if all people were strictly honest, and nobody would meddle with or pry into anything but his own, half the smiths of the nation would want employment; and abundance of workmanship (which now serves for ornament as well as defence) is to be seen everywhere both in town and country, that would never have been thought of, but to secure us against the attempts of pilferers and robbers.

If what I have said be thought farfetched, and my assertion seems still a paradox, I desire the reader to look upon the consumption of things, and he will find that the laziest and most unactive, the profligate and most mischievous are all forced to do something for the common good, and whilst their mouths are not sewed up, and they continue to wear and otherwise destroy what the industrious are daily employed about to make, fetch and procure, in spite of their teeth obliged to help maintain the poor and the public

charges. The labour of millions would soon be at an end if there were not other millions as I say in the Fable.

*Employ'd,
To see their Handy-Works destroy'd.*

But men are not to be judged by the consequences that may succeed their actions, but the facts themselves, and the motives which it shall appear they acted from. If an ill-natured miser, who is almost a plumb, and spends but fifty pounds a year, though he has no relation to inherit his wealth, should be robbed of five hundred or a thousand guineas, it is certain that as soon as this money should come to circulate, the nation would be the better for the robbery, and receive the same and as real a benefit from it, as if an archbishop had left the same sum to the public; yet justice and the peace of the society require that he or they who robbed the miser should be hanged, though there were half-a-dozen of them concerned.

Thieves and pick-pockets steal for a livelihood, and either what they can get honestly is not sufficient to keep them, or else they have an aversion to constant working: they want to gratify their senses, have victuals, strong drink, lewd women, and to be idle when they please. The victualler, who entertains them and takes their money, knowing which way they come at it, is very near as great a villain as his guests. But if he fleeces them well, minds his business and is a prudent man, he may get money and be punctual with them he deals with: the trusty out-clerk, whose chief aim is his master's profit, sends him in what beer he wants, and takes care not to lose his custom; whilst the man's money is good he thinks it no business of his to examine whom he gets it by. In the mean time the wealthy brewer, who leaves all the management to his servants, knows nothing of the matter, but keeps his coach, treats his friends and enjoys his pleasure with ease and a good conscience, he gets an estate, builds houses and educates his children in plenty, without ever thinking on the labour which wretches perform, the shifts fools make, and the tricks knaves play to come at the commodity by the vast sale of which he amasses his great riches.

A highwayman having met with a considerable booty, gives a poor common harlot he fancies, ten pounds to new rig her from top to toe; is there a spruce mercer so conscientious that he will refuse to sell her a thread satin, though he knew who she was? She must have shoes and stockings, gloves, the stay and mantomaker, the sempstress, the linendraper, all must get something by her, and a hundred different tradesmen dependent on those she laid her money out with, may touch part of it before a month is at an end. The generous gentleman, in the mean time, his money being near spent, ventured again on the road, but the second day having committed a robbery near *Highgate*, he was taken with one of his accomplices, and the next Sessions both were condemned, and suffered the law. The money due on their conviction fell to three country fellows, on whom it was admirably well bestowed. One was an honest farmer, a sober-painstaking man but reduced by misfortunes: the summer before by the mortality among the cattle he had lost six cows out of ten, and now his landlord, to whom he owed thirty pounds, had seized on all his stock. The other was a day labourer, who struggled hard with the world, had a sick wife at home and several small children to provide for. The third was a gentleman's gardener, who maintained his father in prison, where being bound for a neighbour he had lain for twelve pounds almost a year and a half; this act of filial duty was the more meritorious, because he had for some time been engaged to a young woman whose parents lived in good circumstances, but would not give their consent before our gardener had fifty guineas of his own to show. They received above four score pounds each, which extricated everyone of them out of the difficulties they laboured under, and made them in their opinion the happiest people in the world.

Nothing is more destructive, either in regard to the health or the vigilance and industry of the poor than the infamous liquor, the name of which derived from juniper berries in dutch, is now, by frequent use and the laconic spirit of the nation, from a word of middling length shrunk into a mono-syllable, intoxicating gin, that charms the unactive, the desperate and crazy of either sex, and makes the starving

sot behold his rags and nakedness with stupid indolence, or banter both in senseless laughter and more insipid jests; it is a fiery lake that sets the brain in flame, burns up the entrails, and scorches every part within; and at the same time a lethe of oblivion, in which the wretch immersed drowns his most pinching cares, and with his reason all anxious reflection on brats that cry for food, hard winter's frosts, and horrid empty home.

In hot and adult tempers it makes men quarrelsome, renders them brutes and savages, sets them on to fight for nothing, and has often been the cause of murder. It has broke and destroyed the strongest constitutions, thrown them into consumptions, and been the fatal and immediate occasion of apoplexy, frenzies and sudden death. But as these latter mischiefs happen but seldom, they might be overlooked and connived at, but this cannot be said of the many diseases that are familiar to the liquor, and which are daily and hourly produced by it; such as loss of appetite, fevers, black and yellow jaundice, convulsions, stone and gravel, dropsies and leucophlegmancies.

Among the doting admirers of this liquid poison, many of the meanest rank, from a sincere affection to the commodity itself, become dealers in it, and take delight to help others to what they love themselves, as whores commence bawds to make the profits of one trade subservient to the pleasures of the other. But as these starvlings commonly drink more than their gains, they seldom by selling mend the wretchedness of condition they laboured under whilst they were only buyers. In the fag-end and outskirts of the town, and all places of the vilest resort, it is sold in some part or other of almost every house, frequently in cellars, and sometimes in the garret. The petty traders in this stygian comfort are supplied by others in somewhat higher station, that keep professed brandy shops, and are as little to be envied as the former; and among the middling people, I know not a more miserable shift for a livelihood than their calling. Whoever would thrive in it must in the first place be of a watchful and suspicious, as well as a bold and resolute temper, that he may not be imposed upon by cheats and sharpers, nor out-bullied by the oaths and imprecations of hackney coachmen

and foot soldiers; in the second he ought to be a dabster at gross jokes and loud laughter, and have all the winning ways to allure customers and draw out their money, and be well versed in the low jests and railleries the mob makes use of to banter prudence and frugality. He must be affable and obsequious to the most despicable; always ready and officious to help a porter down with his load, shake hands with a basket-woman, pull off his hat to an oyster-wench, and be familiar with a beggar; with patience and good humour he must be able to endure the filthy actions and viler language of nasty drabs, and the lewdest rakehells, and without a frown or the least aversion bear with all the stench and squalor, noise and impertinence that the utmost indigence, laziness and ebriety, can produce in the most shameless and abandoned vulgar.

The vast number of the shops I speak of throughout the city and suburbs, are an astonishing evidence of the many seducers that in a lawful occupation are accessory to the introduction and increase of all the sloth, sottishness, want and misery, which the abuse of strong waters is the immediate cause of, to lift above mediocrity, perhaps half a score men that deal in the same commodity by wholesale, whilst among the retailers, though qualified as I required, a much greater number are broke and ruined, for not abstaining from the *Circean* cup they hold out to others, and the more fortunate are their whole lifetime obliged to take the uncommon pains, endure the hardships, and swallow all the ungrateful and shocking things I named, for little or nothing beyond a bare sustenance, and their daily bread.

The shortsighted vulgar in the chain of causes seldom can see further than one link; but those who can enlarge their view, and will give themselves the leisure of gazing on the prospect of concatenated events, may, in a hundred places see *good* spring up, and pullulate from *evil*, as naturally as chickens do from eggs. The money that arises from the duties upon malt, is a considerable part of the national revenue, and should no spirits be distilled from it, the public treasure would prodigiously suffer on that head. But if we would set in a true light the many advantages, and large catalogue of solid blessings that accrue from, and are

owing to the evil I treat off; we are to consider the rents that are received, the ground that is tilled, the tools that are made, the cattle that are employed, and above all, the multitude of poor that are maintained, by the variety of labour required in husbandry, in malting, in carriage and distillation, before we can have that product of malt, which we call *low wines*, and is but the beginning from which the various spirits are afterwards to be made.

Besides this, a sharp-sighted, good-humoured man might pick up abundance of good from the rubbish, which I have all flung away for evil. He would tell me, that whatever sloth and sottishness might be occasioned by the abuse of malt spirits, the moderate use of it was of inestimable benefit to the poor, who could purchase no cordials of higher prices, that it was an universal comfort, not only in cold and weariness, but most of the afflictions that are peculiar to the necessitous, and had often to the most destitute supplied the places of meat, drink, clothes and lodging. That the stupid indolence in the most wretched condition occasioned by those composing draughts, which I complained of, was a blessing to thousands, for that certainly those were the happiest, who felt the least pain. As to diseases, he would say, that, as it caused some, so it cured others, and that if the excess in those liquors had been sudden death to some few, the habit of drinking them daily prolonged the lives of many, whom once it agreed with; that for the loss sustained from the insignificant quarrels it created at home, we were overpaid in the advantage we received from it abroad, by upholding the courage of soldiers, and animating the sailors to the combat; and that in the two last wars no considerable victory had been obtained without.

To the dismal account I have given of the retailers, and what they are forced to submit to, he would answer, that not many acquired more than middling riches in any trade, and that what I had counted so offensive and intolerable in the calling, was trifling to those who were used to it, that what seemed irksome and calamitous to some, was delightful and often ravishing to others; as men differed in circumstances and education. He would put me in mind, that the profit of an employment ever made amends for the toil and

labour that belonged to it, nor forget, *Dulcis odor lucri e re qualibet*; or to tell me, that the smell of gain was fragrant even to night-workers.

If I should ever urge to him, that to have here and there one great and eminent distiller was a poor equivalent for the vile means, the certain want, and lasting misery of so many thousand wretches as were necessary to raise them, he would answer, that of this I could be no judge, because I don't know what vast benefit they might afterwards be of to the Commonwealth. Perhaps would he say, the man thus raised will exert himself in the commission of the peace, or other station, with vigilance and zeal against the dissolute and disaffected, and retaining his stirring temper, be as industrious in spreading loyalty, and the reformation of manners throughout every cranny of the wide populous town, as once he was in filling it with spirits; till he becomes at last the scourge of whores, of vagabonds and beggars, the terror of rioters and discontented rabbles, and constant plague to Sabbath-breaking butchers. Here my good-humoured antagonist would exult and triumph over me, especially if he could instance to me such a bright example. What an uncommon blessing would he cry out, is this man to his country, how shining and illustrious his virtue!

To justify his exclamation he would demonstrate to me, that it was impossible to give a fuller evidence of self-denial in a grateful mind, than to see him, at the expense of his quiet and hazard of his life and limbs, be always harassing, and even for trifles persecuting that very class of men, to whom he owes his fortune, from no other motive than his aversion to idleness, and great concern for religion and the public welfare.

(H.) *Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other, as 'twere for spite.*

PAGE 33. LINE 33

Nothing was more instrumental in forwarding the Reformation, than the sloth and stupidity of the *Roman* clergy; yet the same Reformation has roused them from the laziness and ignorance they then laboured under, and the followers of

*Luther, Calvin, and others, may be said to have reformed not only those whom they drew in to their sentiments, but likewise those who remained their greatest opposers. The clergy of England by being severe upon the Schismatics, and upbraiding them with want of learning, have raised themselves such formidable enemies as are not easily answered; and again, the dissenters by prying into the lives, and diligently watching all the actions of their powerful antagonists, render those of the established church more cautious of giving offence, than in all probability they would, if they had no malicious overlookers to fear. It is very much owing to the great number of *Huguenots* that have always been in France, since the late utter extirpation of them, that that kingdom has a less dissolute and more learned clergy to boast of than any other *Roman Catholic* country. The clergy of that church are nowhere more sovereign than in Italy, and therefore nowhere more debauched; nor anywhere more ignorant than they are in Spain, because their doctrine is nowhere less opposed.*

Who would imagine, that virtuous women, unknowingly should be instrumental in promoting the advantage of prostitutes? Or (what still seems the greater paradox) that incontinence should be made serviceable to the preservation of chastity? And yet nothing is more true. A vicious young fellow, after having been an hour or two at church, a ball, or any other assembly, where there is a great parcel of handsome women dressed to the best advantage, will have his imagination more fired than if he had the same time been poling at *Guildhall*, or walking in the country among a flock of sheep. The consequence of this is, that he will strive to satisfy the appetite that is raised in him; and when he finds honest women obstinate and uncomatable, it is very natural to think, that he will hasten to others that are more compliable. Who would so much as surmise, that this is the fault of the virtuous women? They have no thoughts of men in dressing themselves, poor souls, and endeavour only to appear clean and decent, everyone according to her quality.

I am far from encouraging vice, and think it would be an unspeakable felicity to a state, if the sin of uncleanness could be utterly banished from it; but I am afraid it is impossible:

the passions of some people are too violent to be curbed by any law or precept; and it is wisdom in all governments to bear with lesser inconveniences to prevent greater. If courtesans and strumpets were to be prosecuted with as much rigour as some silly people would have it, what locks or bars would be sufficient to preserve the honour of our wives and daughters? For it is not only that the women in general would meet with far greater temptations, and the attempts to ensnare the innocence of virgins would seem more excusable even to the sober part of mankind than they do now: but some men would grow outrageous, and ravishing would become a common crime. Where six or seven thousand sailors arrive at once, as it often happens at *Amsterdam*, that have seen none but their own sex for many months together, how is it to be supposed that honest women should walk the streets unmolested, if there were no harlots to be had at reasonable prices? For which reason the wise rulers of that well-ordered city always tolerate an uncertain number of houses, in which women are hired as publicly as horses at a livery stable; and there being in this toleration a great deal of prudence and economy to be seen, a short account of it will be no tiresome digression.

In the first place the houses I speak of are allowed to be nowhere but in the most slovenly and unpolished part of the town, where seamen and strangers of no repute chiefly lodge and resort. The street in which most of them stand is counted scandalous, and the infamy is extended to all the neighbourhood round it. In the second, they are only places to meet and bargain in, to make appointments, in order to promote interviews of greater secrecy, and no manner of lewdness is ever suffered to be transacted in them; which order is so strictly observed, that bar the ill-manners and noise of the company that frequent them, you will meet with no more indecency, and generally less lasciviousness there, than with us are to be seen at a playhouse. Thirdly, the female traders that come to these evening exchanges are always the scum of the people, and generally such as in the daytime carry fruit and other eatables about in wheelbarrows. The habits indeed they appear in at night are very

different from their ordinary ones; yet they are commonly so ridiculously gay, that they look more like the *Roman* dresses of strolling actresses than gentlewomen's clothes; if to this you add the awkwardness, the hard hands, and coarse breeding of the damsels that wear them, there is no great reason to fear, that many of the better sort of people will be tempted by them.

The music in these temples of *Venus* is performed by organs, not out of respect to the Deity that is worshipped in them, but the frugality of the owners, whose business it is to procure as much found for as little money as they can, and the policy of the government, which endeavours as little as is possible, to encourage the breed of pipers and scrapers. All seafaring men, especially the *Dutch*, are like the element they belong to, much given to loudness and roaring, and the noise of half-a-dozen of them, when they call themselves merry, is sufficient to drown twice the number of flutes or violins; whereas with one pair of organs they can make the whole house ring, and are at no other charge than the keeping of one scurvy musician, which can cost them but little; yet notwithstanding the good rules and strict discipline that are observed in these markets of love, the *Schout* and his officers are always vexing, mulcting, and upon the least complaint removing the miserable keepers of them: which policy is of two great uses; first it gives an opportunity to a large parcel of officers, the magistrates make use of on many occasions and which they could not be without, to squeeze a living out of the immoderate gains accruing from the worst of employments, and at the same time punish those necessary profligates, the bawds and panders, which, though they abominate, they desire yet not wholly to destroy. Secondly, as on several accounts it might be dangerous to let the multitude into the secret, that those houses and the trade that is drove in them are connived at, so by this means appearing unblameable, the wary magistrates preserve themselves in the good opinion of the weaker sort of people, who imagine that the government is always endeavouring, though unable, to suppress what it actually tolerates: whereas if they had a mind to rout them out, their power in the administration of justice is so sovereign and extensive, and they know

so well how to have it executed, that one week, nay one night, might send them all a packing.

In *Italy* the toleration of strumpets is yet more barefaced, as is evident from their public stews. At *Venice* and *Naples* impurity is a kind of merchandize and traffic; the *Courtesans* at *Rome*, and the *Cantoneras* in *Spain*, compose a body in the state, and are under a legal tax and impost. It is well known, that the reason why so many good politicians as these tolerate lewd houses, is not their irreligion, but to prevent a worse evil, an impurity of a more execrable kind, and to provide for the safety of women of honour. *About two hundred and fifty years ago*, says Monsieur *de St. Didier*, *Venice* being in want of courtesans, the Republic was obliged to procure a great number from foreign parts. *Doglioni*, who has written the memorable affairs of *Venice*, highly extols the wisdom of the Republic in this point, which secured the chastity of women of honour daily exposed to public violences, the churches and consecrated places not being a sufficient asylum for their chastity.

Our universities in *England* are much belied if in some colleges there was not a monthly allowance *ad expurgandos Renes*; and time was when the monks and priests in *Germany* were allowed concubines on paying a certain yearly duty to their Prelate. *It is generally believed*, says Monsieur *Bayle* (to whom I owe the last paragraph) *that Avarice was the cause of this shameful indulgence; but it is more probable their design was to prevent their tempting modest women, and to quiet the uneasiness of husbands, whose resentments the clergy do well to avoid*. From what has been said it is manifest, that there is a necessity of sacrificing one part of womankind to preserve the other, and prevent a filthiness of a more heinous nature. From whence I think I may justly conclude (what was the seeming paradox I went about to prove) that chastity may be supported by incontinence, and the best of virtues want the assistance of the worst of vices.

(I.) *The Root of Evil Avarice,
That damn'd ill Natur'd baneful Vice,
Was slave to Prodigality.*

PAGE 33. LINE 37

I have joined so many odious epithets to the word avarice in compliance to the vogue of mankind, who generally bestow more ill language upon this than upon any other vice; and indeed not undeservedly; for there is hardly a mischief to be named which it has not produced at one time or other: but the true reason why everybody exclaims so much against it, is, that almost everybody suffers by it; for the more the money is hoarded up by some, the scarcer it must grow among the rest, and therefore when men rail very much at misers, there is generally self-interest at bottom.

As there is no living without money, so those that are unprovided, and have nobody to give them any, are obliged to do some service or other to the society, before they can come at it; but everybody esteeming his labour as he does himself, which is generally not under the value, most people that want money only to spend it again presently, imagine they do more for it than it is worth. Men can't forbear looking upon the necessaries of life as their due, whether they work or not, because they find that nature, without consulting whether they have victuals or not, bids them eat whenever they are hungry, for which reason everybody endeavours to get what he wants with as much ease as he can; and therefore when men find that the trouble they are put to in getting money is either more or less, according as those they would have it from are more or less tenacious, it is very natural for them to be angry at covetousness in general; for it obliges them either to go without what they have occasion for, or else to take greater pains for it than they are willing.

Avarice, notwithstanding it is the occasion of so many evils, is yet very necessary to the society to glean and gather what has been dropt and scattered by the contrary vice. Was it not for avarice, spendthrifts would soon want materials; and if none would lay up and get faster than they spend, very few could spend faster than they get. That it is

a slave to prodigality, as I have called it, is evident from so many misers as we daily see toil and labour, pinch and starve themselves to enrich a lavish heir. Though these two vices appear very opposite, yet they often assist each other. *Florio* is an extravagant young blade, of a very profuse temper; as he is the only son of a very rich father, he wants to live high, keep horses and dogs, and throw his money about, as he sees some of his companions do; but the old hawks will part with no money, and hardly allows him necessaries. *Florio* would have borrow'd money upon his own credit long ago; but as all would be lost, if he died before his father, no prudent man would lend him any. At last he has met with the greedy *Cornaro*, who lets him have money at thirty per cent., and now *Florio* thinks himself happy, and spends a thousand a year. Where would *Cornaro* ever have got such a prodigious interest, if it was not for such a fool as *Florio*, who will give so great a price for money to fling it away? And how would *Florio* get it to spend, if he had not lit of such a greedy usurer as *Cornaro*, whose excessive covetousness makes him overlook the great risque he runs in venturing such great sums upon the life of a wild debauchee.

Avarice is no longer the reverse of profuseness, than whilst it signifies that sordid love of money, and narrowness of soul that hinders misers from parting with what they have, and makes them covet it only to hoard up. But there is a sort of avarice which consists in a greedy desire of riches, in order to spend them, and this often meets with prodigality in the same persons, as is evident in most courtiers and great officers, both civil and military. In their buildings and furniture, equipages and entertainments, their gallantry is displayed with the greatest profusion, whilst the base actions they submit to for lucre, and the many frauds and impositions they are guilty of, discover the utmost avarice. This mixture of contrary vices comes up exactly to the character of *Cataline*, of whom it is said, that he was *appetens alieni et sui profusus* greedy after the goods of others and lavish of his own.

(K.) *That noble Sin*

PAGE 34. LINE 2

The prodigality I call a noble sin, is not that which has avarice for its companion and makes men unreasonably profuse to some of what they unjustly extort from others, but that agreeable good-natured vice that makes the chimney smoke, and all the tradesmen smile. I mean the unmixed prodigality of heedless and voluptuous men, that being educated in plenty, abhor the vile thoughts of lucre, and lavish away only what others took pains to scrape together; such as indulge their inclinations at their own expense, that have the continual satisfaction of bartering old gold for new pleasures, and from the excessive largeness of a diffusive soul, are made guilty of despising too much what most people over-value.

When I speak thus honourably of this vice, and treat it with so much tenderness and good manners as I do, I have the same thing at heart that made me give so many ill names to the reverse of it, *viz.* the interest of the public; for as the avaricious does no good to himself, and is injurious to all the world besides, except his heir, so the prodigal is a blessing to the whole society, and injures nobody but himself. It is true, that as most of the first are knaves, so the latter are all fools; yet they are delicious morsels for the public to feast on, and may, with as much justice as the *French* call the monks the partridges of the women, be styled the Woodcocks of the society. Was it not for prodigality, nothing could make us amends for the rapine and extortion of avarice in power. When a covetous statesman is gone, who spent his whole life in fattening himself with the spoils of the nation, and had by pinching and plundering heaped up an immense treasure, it ought to fill every good member of the society with joy, to behold the uncommon profuseness of his son. This is refunding to the public what was robbed from it. Resuming of grants is a barbarous way of stripping, and it is ignoble to ruin a man faster than he does it himself, when he sets about it in such good earnest. Does he not feed an infinite number of dogs of all sorts and sizes, though he

never hunts; keep more horses than any nobleman in the kingdom, though he never rides them, and give as large an allowance to an ill-favoured whore as would keep a duchess, though he never lies with her? Is he not still more extravagant in those things he makes use of? Therefore let him alone or praise him, call him public-spirited lord, nobly bountiful and magnificently generous, and in a few years he will suffer himself to be stripped his own way. As long as the nation has its own back again, we ought not to quarrel with the manner in which the plunder is repaid.

Abundance of moderate men I know that are enemies to extremes, will tell me that frugality might happily supply the place of the two vices I speak of, that, if men had not so many profuse ways of spending wealth, they would not be tempted to so many evil practices to scrape it together, and consequently that the same number of men by equally avoiding both extremes, might render themselves more happy, and be less vicious without than they could with them. Whoever argues thus shows himself a better man than he is a politician. Frugality is like honesty, a mean, starving virtue, that is only fit for small societies of good, peaceable men, who are contented to be poor so they may be easy; but in a large, stirring nation you may have soon enough of it. It is an idle dreaming virtue that employs no hands, and therefore very useless in a trading country, where there are vast numbers that one way or other must be all set to work. Prodigality has a thousand inventions to keep people from sitting still, that frugality would never think of; and as this must consume a prodigious wealth, so avarice again knows innumerable tricks to rake it together, which frugality would scorn to make use of.

Authors are always allowed to compare small things to great ones, especially if they ask leave first. *Si licet exemplis* etc., but to compare great things to mean, trivial ones is insufferable, unless it be in burlesque; otherwise I would compare the body politic (I confess the simile is very low) to a bowl of punch. Avarice should be the souring, and prodigality the sweetening of it. The water I would call the ignorance, folly and credulity of the floating insipid multitude; whilst wisdom, honour, fortitude, and the rest of the sub-

lime qualities of men, which, separated by art from the dregs of nature, the fire of glory has exalted and refined into a spiritual essence, should be an equivalent to brandy. I don't doubt but a *Westphalian*, *Laplander*, or any other dull stranger that is unacquainted with the wholesome composition, if he was to taste the several ingredients apart, would think it impossible they should make any tolerable liquor. The lemons would be too sour, the sugar too luscious, the brandy he will say is too strong ever to be drank in any quantity, and the water he will call a tasteless liquor only fit for cows and horses: yet experience teaches us, that the ingredients I named judiciously mixed, will make an excellent liquor, liked of and admired by men of exquisite palates.

As to our two vices in particular, I could compare avarice, that causes so much mischief, and is complained of by everybody who is not a miser, to a gripping acid that sets our teeth on edge, and is unpleasant to every palate that is not debauched: I could compare the gaudy trimming and splendid equipage of a profuse beau, to the glistening brightness of the finest loaf sugar; for as the one by correcting the sharpness prevents the injuries which a gnawing sour might do to the bowels, so the other is a pleasing balsam that heals and makes amends for the smart, which the multitude always suffers from the gripes of the avaricious; whilst the substances of both melt away alike, and they consume themselves by being beneficial to the several compositions they belong to. I could carry on the simile as to proportions, and the exact nicety to be observed in them, which would make it appear how little any of the ingredients could be spared in either of the mixtures: but I will not tire my reader by pursuing too far a ludicrous comparison, when I have other matters to entertain him with of greater importance; and to sum up what I have said in this and the foregoing remark, shall only add, that I look upon avarice and prodigality in the society as I do upon two contrary poisons in physic, of which it is certain that the noxious qualities being by mutual mischief corrected in both, they may assist each other, and often make a good medicine between them.

(L.)

*Whilst Luxury
Employ'd a Million of the Poor, etc.*

PAGE 34. LINE 2

If everything is to be luxury (as in strictness it ought) that is not immediately necessary to make man subsist as he is a living creature, there is nothing else to be found in the world, no not even among the naked savages; of which it is not probable that there are any but what by this time have made some improvements upon their former manner of living; and either in the preparation of their eatables, the ordering of their huts, or otherwise added something to what once sufficed them. This definition everybody will say is too rigorous; I am of the same opinion, but if we are to abate one inch of this severity, I am afraid we shan't know where to stop. When people tell us they only desire to keep themselves sweet and clean, there is no understanding what they would be at; if they made use of these words in their genuine, proper, literal sense, they might soon be satisfied without much cost or trouble, if they did not want water: but these two little adjectives are so comprehensive, especially in the dialect of some ladies, that nobody can guess how far they may be stretched. The comforts of life are likewise so various and extensive, that nobody can tell what people mean by them, except he knows what sort of life they lead. The same obscurity I observe in the words decency and conveniency, and I never understand them unless I am acquainted with the quality of the persons that make use of them. People may go to church together, and be all of one mind as much as they please, I am apt to believe that when they pray for their daily bread, the bishop includes several things in that petition which the sexton does not think on.

By what I have said hitherto I would only show, that if once we depart from calling everything luxury that is not absolutely necessary to keep a man alive, that then there is no luxury at all; for if the wants of men are innumerable, then what ought to supply them has no bounds; what is called superfluous to some degree of people, will be thought requisite to those of higher quality; and neither the world

nor the skill of man can produce anything so curious or extravagant, but some most gracious sovereign or other, if it either eases or diverts him, will reckon it among the necessities of life; not meaning everybody's life, but that of his sacred person.

It is a received notion, that luxury is as destructive to the wealth of the whole body politic, as it is to that of every individual person who is guilty of it, and that a national frugality enriches a country in the same manner as that which is less general increases the estates of private families. I confess, that though I have found men of much better understanding than myself of this opinion, I cannot help dissenting from them in this point. They argue thus: we send, say they, for example, to *Turkey* of woollen manufactory, and other things of our own growth, a millions worth every year; for this we bring back silk, mohair, drugs, etc., to the value of twelve hundred thousand pounds, that are all spent in our own country. By this, say they, we get nothing; but if most of us would be content with our own growth, and so consume but half the quantity of those foreign commodities, then those in *Turkey*, who would still want the same quantity of our manufactures, would be forced to pay ready money for the rest, and so by the balance of that trade only, the nation should get six hundred thousand pounds *per annum*.

To examine the force of this argument, we will suppose (what they would have) that but half the silk, etc., shall be consumed in *England* of what there is now; we'll suppose likewise, that those in *Turkey*, though we refuse to buy above half as much of their commodities as we used to do, either can or will not be without the same quantity of our manufactures they had before, and that they will pay the balance in money; that is to say, that they shall give us as much gold or silver as the value of what they buy from us exceeds the value of what we buy from them. Though what we suppose might, perhaps, be done for one year, it is impossible it should last: buying is bartering, and no nation can buy goods of others that has none of her own to purchase them with. *Spain* and *Portugal*, that are yearly supplied with new gold and silver from their mines, may for ever buy for ready money as long as their yearly increase of gold or silver con-

tinues, but then money is their growth and the commodity of the country. We know that we could not continue long to purchase the goods of other nations, if they would not take our manufactures in payment for them; and why should we judge otherwise of other nations? If those in *Turkey* then had no more money fall from the skies than we, let us see what would be the consequence of what we supposed. The six hundred thousand pounds in silk, mohair, etc., that are left upon their hands the first year, must make those commodities fall considerably: of this the *Dutch* and *French* will reap the benefit as much as ourselves; and if we continue to refuse taking their commodities in payment for our manufactures, they can trade no longer with us, but must content themselves with buying what they want of such nations as are willing to take what we refuse, though their goods are much worse than ours, and thus our commerce with *Turkey* must in few years be infallibly lost.

But they will say, perhaps, that to prevent the ill consequence I have showed, we will take the *Turkish* merchandise as formerly, we only shall be so frugal as to consume but half the quantity of them ourselves, and send the rest abroad to be sold to others. Let us see what this will do, and whether it will enrich the nation by the balance of that trade with six hundred thousand pounds. In the first place, I will grant them that our people at home making use of so much more of our own manufactures, those who were employed in silk, mohair, etc., will get a living by the various preparations of woollen goods. But in the second, I cannot allow that the goods can be sold as formerly; for suppose the half that is wore at home to be sold at the same rate as before, certainly the other half that is sent abroad will want very much of it: For we must send those goods to markets already supplied; and besides that there must be freight, insurance, provision, and all other charges deducted, and the merchants in general must lose much more by this half that is reshipped, than they got by the half that is consumed here. For though the woollen manufactures are our own product, yet they stand the merchant that ships them off to foreign countries in as much as they do the shopkeeper here that retails them; so that if the returns for what he sends abroad repay him

not what his goods cost him here, with all other charges, till he has the money and a good interest for it in cash, the merchant must run out, and the upshot would be, that the merchants in general finding they lost by the *Turkish* commodities they sent abroad, would ship no more of our manufactures than what would pay for as much silk, mohair, etc., as would be consumed here. Other nations would soon find ways to supply them with as much as we should send short, and somewhere or other to dispose of the goods we should refuse: so that all we should get by this frugality would be, that those in *Turkey* would take but half the quantity of our manufactures of what they do now, whilst we encourage and wear their merchandise, without which they are not able to purchase ours.

As I have had the mortification for several years to meet with abundance of sensible people against this opinion, and who always thought me wrong in this calculation, so I had the pleasure at last to see the wisdom of the nation fall into the same sentiments, as is so manifest from an Act of Parliament made in the year 1721, where the legislature disengages a powerful and valuable company, and overlooks very weighty inconveniences at home to promote the interest of the *Turkey* trade, and not only encourages the consumption of silk and mohair, but forces the subjects on penalties to make use of them whether they will or not.

What is laid to the charge of luxury besides, is, that it increases avarice and rapine: and where they are reigning vices, offices of the greatest trust are bought and sold; the ministers that should serve the public, both great and small, corrupted, and the countries every moment in danger of being betrayed to the highest bidders: and lastly, that it effeminate and enervates the people, by which the nations become an easy prey to the first invaders. These are indeed terrible things; but what is put to the account of luxury belongs to mal-administration, and is the fault of bad politics. Every government ought to be thoroughly acquainted with, and steadfastly to pursue the interest of the country. Good politicians, by dexterous management, laying heavy impositions on some goods, or totally prohibiting them, and lowering the duties on others, may always turn and divert the course

of trade which way they please; and as they will ever prefer, if it be equally considerable, the commerce with such countries as can pay with money as well as goods to those that can make no returns for what they buy, but in the commodities of their own growth and manufactures, so they will always carefully prevent the traffic with such nations as refuse the goods of others, and will take nothing but money for their own. But above all, they will keep a watchful eye over the balance of trade in general, and never suffer that all the foreign commodities together that are imported in one year, shall exceed in value what of their own growth or manufacture is in the same exported to others. Note, that I speak now of the interest of those nations that have no gold or silver of their own growth, otherwise this maxim need not to be so much insisted on.

If what I urged last be but diligently looked after, and the imports are never allowed to be superior to the exports, no nation can ever be impoverished by foreign luxury; and they may improve it as much as they please, if they can but in proportion raise the fund of their own that is to purchase it.

Trade is the principal, but not the only requisite to aggrandise a nation; there are other things to be taken care of besides. The *Meum* and *Tuum* must be secured, crimes punished, and all other laws concerning the administration of justice, wisely contrived, and strictly executed. Foreign affairs must be likewise prudently managed, and the ministry of every nation ought to have a good intelligence abroad, and be well acquainted with the public transactions of all those countries, that either by their neighbourhood, strength or interest, may be hurtful or beneficial to them, to take the necessary measures accordingly, of crossing some and assisting others, as policy and the balance of power direct. The multitude must be awed, no man's conscience forced, and the clergy allowed no greater share in state affairs than our Saviour has bequeathed them in his testament. These are the arts that lead to worldly greatness; what sovereign power soever makes a good use of them, that has any considerable nation to govern, whether it be a monarchy, a commonwealth, or a mixture of both, can never fail of making it

flourish in spite of all the other powers upon earth, and no luxury or other vice is ever able to shake their constitution.—But here I expect a full mouthed cry against me; What! has God never punished and destroyed great nations for their sins? Yes, but not without means, by infatuating their governors, and suffering them to depart from either all or some of those general maxims I have mentioned; and of all the famous states and empires the world has had to boast of hitherto, none ever came to ruin whose destruction was not principally owing to the bad politics, neglects, or mismanagements of the rulers.

There is no doubt but more health and vigour is to be expected among a people, and their offspring, from temperance and sobriety, than there is from gluttony and drunkenness; yet I confess, that as to luxury's effeminating and enervating a nation, I have not such frightful notions now as I have had formerly. When we hear or read of things which we are altogether strangers to, they commonly bring to our imagination such ideas of what we have seen, as (according to our apprehension) must come the nearest to them: and I remember, that when I have read of the luxury of *Persia*, *Egypt*, and other countries where it has been a reigning vice, and that were effeminated and enervated by it, it has sometimes put me in mind of the cramming and swilling of ordinary tradesmen at a city feast, and the beastliness their over-gorging themselves is often attended with; at other times it has made me think on the distraction of dissolute sailors, as I had seen them in company of half-a-dozen lewd women roaring along with fiddles before them; and was I to have been carried into any of their great cities, I would have expected to have found one third of the people sick in bed with surfeits; another laid up with the gout, or crippled by a more ignominious distemper, and the rest, that could go without leading, walk along the streets in petticoats.

It is happy for us to have fear for our keeper, as long as our reason is not strong enough to govern our appetites: and I believe that the great dread I had more particularly against the word, *to enervate*, and some consequent thoughts on the etymology of it did me abundance of good when I was a schoolboy: but since I have seen something of the

world, the consequences of luxury to a nation seem not so dreadful to me as they did. As long as men have the same appetites, the same vices will remain. In all large societies, some will love whoring and others drinking. The lustful that can get no handsome clean women, will content themselves with dirty drabs; and those that cannot purchase true *Hermitage* or *Pontack*, will be glad of more ordinary *French* claret. Those that can't reach wine, take up with worse liquors, and a foot soldier or a beggar may make himself as drunk with stale-beer or malt-spirits, as a lord with *Burgundy*, *Champagne* or *Tokay* wine. The cheapest and most slovenly way of indulging our passions, does as much mischief to a man's constitution, as the most elegant and expensive.

The greatest excesses of luxury are shewn in buildings, furniture; equipages and clothes; clean linen weakens a man no more than flannel; tapestry, fine painting or good wainscot are no more unwholesome than bare walls; and a rich couch, or a gilt chariot are no more enervating than the cold floor or a country cart. The refined pleasures of men of sense are seldom injurious to their constitution, and there are many great epicures that will refuse to eat or drink more than their heads or stomachs can bear. Sensual people may take as great care of themselves as any; and the errors of the most viciously luxurious, don't so much consist in the frequent repetitions of their lewdness, and their eating and drinking too much (which are the things which would most enervate them), as they do in the operose contrivances, the profuseness and nicety they are served with, and the vast expense they are at in their tables and amours.

But let us once suppose that the ease and pleasure the grandees and the rich people of every great nation live in, render them unfit to endure hardships, and undergo the toils of war. I will allow that most of the Common Council of the City would make but very indifferent foot soldiers; and I believe heartily, that if your horse was to be composed of aldermen, and such as most of them are, a small artillery of squibs would be sufficient to rout them: but what have the aldermen, the Common Council, or indeed all people of any substance to do with the war, but to pay taxes? The hardships and fatigues of war that are personally suffered, fall

upon them that bear the brunt of everything, the meanest indigent part of the nation, the working, slaving people: for how excessive soever the plenty and luxury of a nation may be, somebody must do the work. Houses and ships must be built, merchandise must be removed, and the ground tilled. Such a variety of labours in every great nation requires a vast multitude, in which there are always loose, idle, extravagant fellows enough to spare for an army, and those that are robust enough to hedge and ditch, plow and thresh, or else not too much enervated to be smiths, carpenters, sawyers, clothworkers, porters or carmen, will always be strong and hardy enough in a campaign or two to make good soldiers, who, where good orders are kept, have seldom so much plenty and superfluity come to their share as to do them any hurt.

The mischief then to be feared from luxury among the people of war, cannot extend itself beyond the officers. The greatest of them are either men of a very high birth and princely education, or else extraordinary parts and no less experience, and whoever is made choice of by a wise government to command an army *en chef*, should have a consummate knowledge in martial affairs, intrepidity to keep him calm in the midst of danger, and many other qualifications that must be the work of time and application, on men of a quick penetration, a distinguished genius, and a world of honour. Strong sinews and supple joints are trifling advantages not regarded in persons of their reach and grandeur, that can destroy cities in bed, and ruin whole countries whilst they are at dinner. As they are most commonly men of great age, it would be ridiculous to expect a hail constitution and agility of limbs from them: so their heads be but active and well furnished, it is no great matter what the rest of their bodies are. If they cannot bear the fatigue of being on horseback, they may ride in coaches, or be carried in litters. Men's conduct and sagacity are never the less for their being cripples, and the best general the King of *France* has now, can hardly crawl along. Those that are immediately under the chief commanders must be very nigh of the same abilities, and are generally men that have raised themselves to those posts by their merit. The other

officers are all of them in their several stations obliged to lay out so large a share of their pay in fine clothes, accoutrements, and other things by the luxury of the times called necessary, that they can spare but little money for debauches; for as they are advanced and their salaries raised, so they are likewise forced to increase their expenses and their equipages, which as well as everything else, must still be proportionable to their quality: by which means the greatest part of them are in a manner hindered from those excesses that might be destructive to health; whilst their luxury thus turned another way serves moreover to heighten their pride and vanity, the greatest motives to make them behave themselves like what they would be thought to be. (See *Remark (R.)*.)

There is nothing refines mankind more than love and honour. Those two passions are equivalent to many virtues, and therefore the greatest schools of breeding and good manners are courts and armies; the first to accomplish the women, the other to polish the men. What the generality of officers among civilised nations affect is a perfect knowledge of the world and the rules of honour, an air of frankness, and humanity peculiar to military men of experience, and such a mixture of modesty and undauntedness, as may bespeak them both courteous and valiant. Where good sense is fashionable, and a genteel behaviour is in esteem, gluttony and drunkenness can be no reigning vices. What officers of distinction chiefly aim at, is not a beastly, but a splendid way of living, and the wishes of the most luxurious in their several degrees of quality, are to appear handsomely, and excel each other in finery of equipage, politeness of entertainments, and the reputation of a judicious fancy in everything about them.

But if there should be more dissolute reprobates among officers than there are among men of other professions, which is not true, yet the most debauched of them may be very serviceable, if they have but a great share of honour. It is this that covers and makes up for a multitude of defects in them, and it is this that none (how abandoned soever they are to pleasure) dare pretend to be without. But as there is no argument so convincing as matter of fact, let us look back

on what so lately happened in our two last wars with *France*. How many puny young striplings have we had in our armies tenderly educated, nice in their dress, and curious in their diet, that underwent all manner of duties with gallantry and cheerfulness?

Those that have such dismal apprehensions of luxury's enervating and effeminating people, might in *Flanders* and *Spain*, have seen embroidered beaux with fine laced shirts and powdered wigs, stand as much fire, and lead up to the mouth of a cannon, with as little concern as it was possible for the most stinking slovens to have done in their own hair, though it had not been combed in a month; and met with abundance of wild rakes, who had actually impaired their healths, and broke their constitutions with excesses of wine and women, that yet behaved themselves with conduct and bravery against their enemies. Robustness is the least thing required in an officer, and if sometimes strength is of use, a firm resolution of mind, which the hopes of preferment, emulation, and the love of glory inspire them with, will at a push supply the place of bodily force.

Those that understand their business, and have a sufficient sense of honour, as soon as they are used to danger will always be capable officers: and their luxury, as long as they spend nobody's money but their own, will never be prejudicial to a nation.

By all which I think I have proved what I designed in this remark on luxury. First, that in one sense everything may be called so, and in another there is no such thing. Secondly, that with a wise administration all people may swim in as much foreign luxury as their product can purchase, without being impoverished by it. And lastly, that where military affairs are taken care of as they ought, and the soldiers well paid and kept in good discipline, a wealthy nation may live in all the ease and plenty imaginable; and in many parts of it, show as much pomp and delicacy as human wit can invent, and at the same time be formidable to their neighbours, and come up to the character of the bees in the Fable, of which I said, that

*Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
They were th' Esteem of Foreigners,*

*And lavish of their Wealth and Lives,
The Ballance of all other Hives.*

(See what is further said concerning luxury in the *Remarks (M.)* and *(Q.)*.)

(M.) And odious Pride a Million more.

PAGE 34. LINE 4

Pride is that natural faculty by which every mortal that has any understanding overvalues, and imagines better things of himself than any impartial judge, thoroughly acquainted with all his qualities and circumstances could allow him. We are possessed of no other quality so beneficial to society, and so necessary to render it wealthy and flourishing as this, yet it is that which is most generally detested. What is very peculiar to this faculty of ours, is, that those who are the fullest of it, are the least willing to connive at it in others; whereas the heinousness of other vices is the most extenuated by those who are guilty of them themselves. The chaste man hates fornication, and drunkenness is most abhorred by the temperate; but none are so much offended at their neighbour's pride, as the proudest of all; and if anyone can pardon it, it is the most humble. From which I think we may justly infer, that its being odious to all the world, is a certain sign that all the world is troubled with it. This all men of sense are ready to confess, and nobody denies but that he has pride in general. But, if you come to particulars, you will meet with few that will own any action you can name of theirs to have proceeded from that principle. There are likewise many who will allow that among the sinful nations of the times, pride and luxury are the great promoters of trade, but they refuse to own the necessity there is, that in a more virtuous age (such a one as should be free from pride) trade would in a great measure decay.

The Almighty, say they, has endowed us with the dominion over all things which the earth and sea produce or contain; there is nothing to be found in either, but what was made for the use of man; and his skill and industry above other animals were given him, that he might render both

them and everything else within the reach of his senses, more serviceable to him. Upon this consideration they think it impious to imagine, that humility, temperance, and other virtues, should debar people from the enjoyment of those comforts of life, which are not denied to the most wicked nations; and so conclude, that without pride or luxury, the same things might be eat, wore, and consumed; the same number of handicrafts and artificers employed, and a nation be every way as flourishing as where those vices are the most predominant.

As to wearing apparel in particular, they will tell you, that pride, which sticks much nearer to us than our clothes, is only lodged in the heart, and that rags often conceal a greater portion of it than the most pompous attire; and that as it cannot be denied but that there have always been virtuous princes, who with humble hearts have wore their splendid diadems, and swayed their envied sceptres, void of ambition, for the good of others; so it is very probable, that silver and gold brocades, and the richest embroideries, may, without a thought of pride, be wore by many whose quality and fortune are suitable to them. May not (say they) a good man of extraordinary revenues, make every year a greater variety of suits than it is possible he should wear out, and yet have no other ends than to set the poor at work, to encourage trade, and by employing many, to promote the welfare of his country? And considering food and raiment to be necessities, and the two chief articles to which all our worldly cares are extended, why may not all mankind set aside a considerable part of their income for the one as well as the other, without the least tincture of pride? Nay, is not every member of the society in a manner obliged, according to his ability, to contribute toward the maintenance of that branch of trade on which the whole has so great a dependance? Besides that, to appear decently is a civility, and often a duty, which, without any regard to ourselves, we owe to those we converse with.

These are the objections generally made use of by haughty moralists, who cannot endure to hear the dignity of their species arraigned; but if we look narrowly into them they may soon be answered.

If we had no vices, I cannot see why any man should ever make more suits than he has occasion for, though he was never so desirous of promoting the good of the nation: for though in the wearing of a well-wrought silk, rather than a slight stuff, and the preferring curious fine cloth to coarse, he had no other view but the setting of more people to work, and consequently the public welfare, yet he could consider clothes no otherwise than lovers of their country do taxes now; they may pay them with alacrity, but nobody gives more than his due; especially where all are justly rated according to their abilities, as it could no otherwise be expected in a very virtuous age. Besides that in such golden times nobody would dress above his condition, nobody pinch his family, cheat or over-reach his neighbour to purchase finery, and consequently there would not be half the consumption, nor a third part of the people employed as now there are. But to make this more plain and demonstrate, that for the support of trade there can be nothing equivalent to pride, I shall examine the several views men have in outward apparel, and set forth what daily experience may teach everybody as to dress.

Clothes were originally made for two ends, to hide our nakedness, and to fence our bodies against the weather, and other outward injuries: to these our boundless pride has added a third, which is ornament; for what else but an excess of stupid vanity, could have prevailed upon our reason to fancy that ornamental, which must continually put us in mind of our wants and misery, beyond all other animals that are ready clothed by nature herself? It is indeed to be admired how so sensible a creature as man, that pretends to so many fine qualities of his own, should condescend to value himself upon what is robbed from so innocent and defenceless an animal as a sheep, or what he is beholden for to the most insignificant thing upon earth, a dying worm; yet whilst he is proud of such trifling depredations, he has the folly to laugh at the hottentots on the furthest promontory of *Africk*, who adorn themselves with the guts of their dead enemies, without considering that they are the ensigns of their valour those barbarians are fine with, the true *spolia opima*, and that if their pride be more savage than ours,

it is certainly less ridiculous, because they wear the spoils of the more noble animal.

But whatever reflections may be made on this head, the world has long since decided the matter; handsome apparel is a main point, fine feathers make fine birds, and people where they are not known, are generally honoured according to their clothes and other accoutrements they have about them; from the richness of them we judge of their wealth, and by their ordering of them we guess at their understanding. It is this which encourages everybody, who is conscious of his little merit, if he is anyways able to wear clothes above his rank, especially in large and populous cities, where obscure men may hourly meet with fifty strangers to one acquaintance, and consequently have the pleasure of being esteemed by a vast majority, not as what they are, but what they appear to be; which is a greater temptation than most people want to be vain.

Whoever takes delight in viewing the various scenes of low life, may on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other great holidays, meet with scores of people, especially women, of almost the lowest rank, that wear good and fashionable clothes: if coming to talk with them, you treat them more courteously and with greater respect than what they are conscious they deserve, they will commonly be ashamed of owning what they are; and often you may, if you are a little inquisitive, discover in them a most anxious care to conceal the business they follow, and the places they live in. The reason is plain; whilst they receive those civilities that are not usually paid them, and which they think only due to their betters, they have the satisfaction to imagine, that they appear what they would be, which to weak minds is a pleasure almost as substantial as they could reap from the very accomplishments of their wishes. This golden dream they are unwilling to be disturbed in, and being sure that the meanness of their condition, if it is known, must sink them very low in your opinion, they hug themselves in their disguise, and take all imaginable precaution not to forfeit by a useless discovery the esteem which they flatter themselves that their good clothes have drawn from you.

Though everybody allows, that as to apparel and manner

of living, we ought to behave ourselves suitable to our conditions, and follow the examples of the most sensible and prudent among our equals in rank and fortune: yet how few, that are not either miserably covetous, or else proud of singularity, have this discretion to boast of? We all look above ourselves, and, as fast as we can, strive to imitate those, that some way or other are superior to us.

The poorest labourer's wife in the parish, who scorns to wear a strong, wholesome frieze, as she might, will half-starve herself and her husband to purchase a secondhand gown and petticoat, that cannot do her half the service; because, forsooth, it is more genteel. The weaver, the shoemaker, the tailor, the barber, and every mean, working fellow, that can set up with little, has the impudence with the first money he gets, to dress himself like a tradesman of substance: the ordinary retailer in the clothing of his wife, takes pattern from his neighbour, that deals in the same commodity by wholesale, and the reason he gives for it, is, that twelve years ago the other had not a bigger shop than himself. The druggist, mercer, draper and other creditable shopkeepers can find no difference between themselves and merchants, and therefore dress and live like them. The merchant's lady, who cannot bear the assurance of those mechanics, flies for refuge to the other end of the town, and scorns to follow any fashion but what she takes from thence. This haughtiness alarms the court, the women of quality are frightened to see merchants' wives and daughters dressed like themselves; this impudence of the city, they cry, is intolerable; mantuamakers are sent for, and the contrivance of fashions becomes all their study, that they may have always new modes ready to take up, as soon as those saucy cits shall begin to imitate those in being. The same emulation is continued through the several degrees of quality to an incredible expense, till at last the prince's great favourites and those of the first rank of all, having nothing else left to outstrip some of their inferiors, are forced to lay out vast estates in pompous equipages, magnificent furniture, sumptuous gardens and princely palaces.

To this emulation and continual striving to outdo one another it is owing, that after so many various shiftings and

changings of modes, in trumping up new ones and renewing of old ones, there is still a *plus ultra* left for the ingenious; it is this, or at least the consequence of it that sets the poor to work, adds spurs to industry, and encourages the skilful artificer to search after further improvements.

It may be objected, that many people of good fashion, who have been used to be well-dressed, out of custom wear rich clothes with all the indifference imaginable, and that the benefit to trade accruing from them cannot be ascribed to emulation or pride. To this I answer, that it is impossible, that those who trouble their heads so little with their dress, could ever have wore those rich clothes, if both the stuffs and fashions had not been first invented to gratify the vanity of others, who took greater delight in fine apparel, than they. Besides that everybody is not without pride that appears to be so, all the symptoms of that vice are not easily discovered; they are manifold, and vary according to the age, humour, circumstances, and often constitution, of the people.

The choleric city captain seems impatient to come to action, and expressing his warlike genius by the firmness of his steps, makes his pike, for want of enemies, tremble at the valour of his arm: his martial finery, as he marches along, inspires him with an unusual elevation of mind, by which endeavouring to forget his shop as well as himself, he looks up at the balconies with the fierceness of a *Saracen* conqueror. Whilst the phlegmatic alderman, now become venerable both for his age and his authority, contents himself with being thought a considerable man; and knowing no easier way to express his vanity, looks big in his coach, where being known by his paltry livery, he receives, in sullen state, the homage that is paid him by the meeker sort of people.

The beardless ensign counterfeits a gravity above his years, and with a ridiculous assurance strives to imitate the stern countenance of his colonel, flattering himself all the while, that by his daring mien you will judge of his prowess. The youthful fair, in a vast concern of being overlooked, by the continual changing of her posture betrays a violent desire of being observed, and catching, as it were, at everybody's eyes, courts, with obliging looks, the admiration of

her beholders. The conceited coxcomb, on the contrary, displaying an air of sufficiency, is wholly taken up with the contemplation of his own perfections, and in public places discovers such a disregard to others, that the ignorant must imagine, he thinks himself to be alone.

These and such-like are all manifest though different tokens of pride, that are obvious to all the world, but man's vanity is not always so soon found out. When we perceive an air of humanity, and men seem not to be employed in admiring themselves, not altogether unmindful of others, we are apt to pronounce 'em void of pride, when perhaps they are only fatigued with gratifying their vanity, and become languid from a satiety of enjoyments. That outward show of peace within, and drowsy composure of careless negligence, with which a great man is often seen in his plain chariot to loll at ease, are not always so free from art, as they may seem to be. *Nothing is more ravishing to the proud than to be thought happy.*

The well-bred gentleman places his greatest pride in the skill he has of covering it with dexterity, and some are so expert in concealing this frailty, that when they are the most guilty of it, the vulgar think them the most exempt from it. Thus the dissembling courtier, when he appears in state, assumes an air of modesty and good humour; and whilst he is ready to burst with vanity, seems to be wholly ignorant of his greatness; well knowing, that those lovely qualities must heighten him in the esteem of others, and be an addition to that grandeur, which the coronets about his coach and harnesses, with the rest of his equipage, cannot fail to proclaim without his assistance.

And as in these, pride is overlooked, because industriously concealed, so in others again it is denied that they have any, when they shew (or at least seem to shew) it in the most public manner. The wealthy parson, being as well as the rest of his profession, debarred from the gaiety of laymen, makes it his business to look out for an admirable black and the finest cloth that money can purchase, and distinguishes himself by the fulness of his noble and spotless garment; his wigs are as fashionable as that form he is forced to comply with will admit of; but as he is only stinted in their shape, so

he takes care that for goodness of hair, and colour, few noblemen shall be able to match 'em; his body is ever clean, as well as his clothes, his slick face is kept constantly shaved, and his handsome nails are diligently pared, his smooth, white hand and a brilliant of the first water, mutually becoming, honour each other with double graces; what linen he discovers is transparently curious, and he scorns ever to be seen abroad with a worse beaver than what a rich banker would be proud of on his wedding day; to all these niceties in dress he adds a majestic gait, and expresses a commanding loftiness in his carriage; yet common civility, notwithstanding the evidence of so many concurring symptoms, won't allow us to suspect any of his actions to be the result of pride; considering the dignity of his office, it is only decency in him what would be vanity in others; and in good manners to his calling we ought to believe, that the worthy gentleman, without any regard to his reverend person, puts himself to all this trouble and expense merely out of a respect which is due to the Divine Order he belongs to, and a religious zeal to preserve his holy function from the contempt of scoffers. With all my heart; nothing of all this shall be called pride, let me only be allowed to say, that to our human capacities it looks very like it.

But if at last I should grant, that there are men who enjoy all the fineries of equipage and furniture, as well as clothes, and yet have no pride in them; it is certain, that if all should be such, that emulation I spoke of before must cease, and consequently trade, which has so great a dependance upon it, suffer in every branch. For to say, that if all men were truly virtuous, they might, without any regard to themselves, consume as much out of zeal to serve their neighbours and promote the public good, as they do now out of self-love and emulation, is a miserable shift and an unreasonable supposition. As there have been good people in all ages, so, without doubt, we are not destitute of them in this; but let us enquire of the periwig-makers and tailors, in what gentlemen, even of the greatest wealth and highest quality, they ever could discover such public-spirited views. Ask the lacemen, the mercers, and the linen-drapers, whether the richest, and, if you will, the most virtuous

ladies, if they buy with ready money, or intend to pay in any reasonable time, will not drive from shop to shop, to try the market, make as many words, and stand as hard with them to save a groat or sixpence in a yard, as the most necessitous jilts in town. If it be urged, that if there are not, it is possible there might be such people; I answer, that it is as possible that cats, instead of killing rats and mice, should feed them, and go about the house to suckle and nurse their young ones; or that a kite should call the hens to their meat, as the cock does, and sit brooding over their chickens instead of devouring 'em; but if they should all do so, they would cease to be cats and kites; it is inconsistent with their natures, and the species of creatures which now we mean, when we name cats and kites, would be extinct as soon as that could come to pass.

(N.) *Envy itself, and Vanity,
Were Ministers of Industry.*

PAGE 34. LINE 5

Envy is that baseness in our nature which makes us grieve and pine at what we conceive to be a happiness in others. I don't believe there is a human creature in his senses arrived to maturity, that at one time or other has not been carried away by this passion in good earnest; and yet I never met with anyone that dared own he was guilty of it, but in jest. That we are so generally ashamed of this vice, is owing to that strong habit of hypocrisy, by the help of which we have learned from our cradle to hide even from ourselves the vast extent of self-love, and all its different branches. It is impossible man should wish better for another than he does for himself, unless where he supposes an impossibility that himself should attain to those wishes; and from hence we may easily learn after which manner this passion is raised in us. In order to it, we are to consider first, that as well as we think of ourselves, so ill we often think of our neighbour with equal injustice; and when we apprehend, that others do or will enjoy what we think they don't deserve, it afflicts and makes us angry with the cause of that disturbance. Secondly, that we are ever employ'd in wishing well for our-

selves, every one according to his judgment and inclinations, and when we observe something we like, and yet are destitute of, in the possession of others, it occasions first sorrow in us for not having the thing we like. This sorrow is incurable, whilst we continue our esteem for the thing we want: but as self-defence is restless, and never suffers us to leave any means untried how to remove evil from us, as far and as well as we are able; experience teaches us, that nothing in nature more alleviates this sorrow than our anger against those who are possessed of what we esteem and want. This latter passion therefore, we cherish and cultivate to save or relieve ourselves, at least in part, from the uneasiness we felt from the first.

Envy then is a compound of grief and anger; the degrees of this passion depend chiefly on the nearness or remoteness of the objects as to circumstances. If one, who is forced to walk on foot envies a great man for keeping a coach and six, it will never be with that violence, or give him that disturbance which it may to a man, who keeps a coach himself; but can only afford to drive with four horses. The symptoms of envy are as various, and as hard to describe, as those of the plague; at some time it appears in one shape, at others in another quite different. Among the fair the disease is very common, and the signs of it very conspicuous in their opinions and censures of one another. In beautiful young women you may often discover this faculty to a high degree; they frequently will hate one another mortally at first sight, from no other principle than envy; and you may read this scorn, and unreasonable aversion in their very countenances, if they have not a great deal of art, and well learned to dissemble.

In the rude and unpolished multitude this passion is very barefaced; especially when they envy others for the goods of fortune: they rail at their betters, rip up their faults, and take pains to misconstrue the most commendable actions: they murmur at providence, and loudly complain, that the good things of this world are chiefly enjoyed by those who do not deserve them. The grosser sort of them it often affects so violently, that if they were not withheld by the fear of the laws, they would go directly and beat those their envy is

levelled at, from no other provocation than what that passion suggests to them.

The men of letters labouring under this distemper discover quite different symptoms. When they envy a person for his parts and erudition, their chief care is industriously to conceal their frailty, which generally is attempted by denying and depreciating the good qualities they envy: they carefully peruse his works, and are displeased at every fine passage they meet with; they look for nothing but his errors, and wish for no greater feat than a gross mistake: in their censures they are captious as well as severe, make mountains of molehills, and will not pardon the least shadow of a fault, but exaggerate the most trifling omission into a capital blunder.

Envy is visible in brute beasts; horses shew it in their endeavours of out-stripping one another; and the best spirited will run themselves to death before they will suffer another before them. In dogs this passion is likewise plainly to be seen, those who are used to be caressed will never tamely bear that felicity in others. I have seen a lap-dog that would choke himself with victuals rather than leave anything for a competitor of his own kind, and we may often observe the same behaviour in those creatures which we daily see in infants that are froward, and by being overfondled made humoursome. If out of caprice they at any time refuse to eat what they have asked for, and we can but make them believe that somebody else, nay, even the cat or the dog is going to take it from them, they will make an end of their *Oughes!* with pleasure, and feed even against their appetite.

If envy was not rivetted in human nature, it would not be so common in children, and youth would not be so generally spurred on by emulation. Those who would derive everything that is beneficial to the society from a good principle, ascribe the effects of emulation in schoolboys to a virtue of the mind; as it requires labour and pains, so it is evident, that they commit a self-denial, who act from that disposition; but if we look narrowly into it, we shall find that this sacrifice of ease and pleasure is only made to envy, and the love of glory. If there was not something very like this passion mixed with that pretended virtue, it would be impossible to

raise and increase it by the same means that create envy. The boy, who receives a reward for the superiority of his performance, is conscious of the vexation it would have been to him, if he should have fallen short of it: this reflection makes him exert himself, not to be out-done by those whom now he looks upon as his inferiors, and the greater his pride is, the more self-denial he will practise to maintain his conquest. The other, who, in spite of the pains he took to do well, has missed of the prize, is sorry, and consequently angry with him whom he must look upon as the cause of his grief: but to show this anger, would be ridiculous, and of no service to him; so that he must either be contented to be less esteemed than the other boy, or by renewing his endeavours become a greater proficient; and it is ten to one, but the disinterested, good-humoured, and peaceable lad will choose the first, and so become indolent and unactive, whilst the covetous, peevish, and quarrelsome rascal shall take incredible pains, and make himself a conqueror in his turn.

Envy, as it is very common among painters, so it is of great use for their improvement: I don't mean, that little dawbers envy great masters, but most of them are tainted with this vice against those immediately above them. If the pupil of a famous artist is of a bright genius, and uncommon application, he first adores his master; but as his own skill increases, he begins insensibly to envy what he admired before. To learn the nature of this passion, and that it consists in what I have named, we are but to observe that, if a painter by exerting himself comes not only to equal but exceed the man he envied, his sorrow is gone and all his anger disarmed; and if he hated him before, he is now glad to be friends with him, if the other will condescend to it.

Married women, who are guilty of this vice which few are not, are always endeavouring to raise the same passion in their spouses; and where they have prevailed, envy and emulation have kept more men in bounds, and reformed more ill husbands from sloth, from drinking and other evil courses than all the sermons that have been preached since the time of the apostles.

As everybody would be happy, enjoy pleasure and avoid pain if he could, so self-love bids us look on every creature

that seems satisfied as a rival in happiness; and the satisfaction we have in seeing that felicity disturbed, without any advantage to ourselves but what springs from the pleasure we have in beholding it, is called loving mischief for mischiefs sake; and the motive of which that frailty is the result, malice, another offspring derived from the same original; for if there was no envy there could be no malice. When the passions lie dormant we have no apprehension of them, and often people think they have not such a frailty in their nature, because that moment they are not affected with it.

A gentleman well dressed, who happens to be dirtied all over by a coach or a cart, is laughed at, and by his inferiors much more than his equals, because they envy him more: they know he is vexed at it, and imagining him to be happier than themselves they are glad to see him meet with displeasures in his turn: but a young lady, if she be in a serious mood, instead of laughing at, pities him, because a clean man is a sight she takes delight in, and there is no room for envy. At disasters, we either laugh, or pity those that befall them, according to the stock we are possessed of either of malice or compassion. If a man falls or hurts himself so slightly that it moves not the first, we laugh, and here our pity and malice shake us alternately: indeed, sir, I am very sorry for it, I beg your pardon for laughing, I am the silliest creature in the world, then laugh again and again; I am indeed very sorry, and so on. Some are so malicious they would laugh if a man broke his leg, and others are so compassionate that they can heartily pity a man for the least spot in his clothes; but nobody is so savage that no compassion can touch him, nor any man so good-natured as never to be affected with any malicious pleasure. How strangely our passions govern us! We envy a man for being rich, and then perfectly hate him: but if we come to be his equals, we are calm, and the least condescension in him makes us friends; but if we become visibly superior to him we can pity his misfortunes. The reason why men of true good sense envy less than others, is because they admire themselves with less hesitation than fools and silly people; for though they do not show this to others, yet the solidity of their thinking gives them an assurance of their real worth, which men of weak

understanding can never feel within, though they often counterfeit it.

The ostracism of the *Greeks* was a sacrifice of valuable men made to epidemic envy, and often applied as an infallible remedy to cure and prevent the mischiefs of popular spleen and rancour. A victim of state often appeases the murmurs of a whole nation, and after-ages frequently wonder at barbarities of this nature, which under the same circumstances they would have committed themselves. They are compliments to the people's malice, which is never better gratified than when they can see a great man humbled. We believe that we love justice, and to see merit rewarded; but if men continue long in the first posts of honour, half of us grow weary of them, look for their faults, and if we can find none, we suppose they hide them, and it is much if the greatest part of us don't wish them discarded. This foul play the best of men ought ever to apprehend from all who are not their immediate friends or acquaintance, because nothing is more tiresome to us than the repetition of praises we have no manner of share in.

The more a passion is a compound of many others, the more difficult it is to define it; and the more it is tormenting to those that labour under it, the greater cruelty it is capable of inspiring them with against others: therefore nothing is more whimsical or mischievous than jealousy, which is made up of love, hope, fear, and a great deal of envy: the last has been sufficiently treated of already, and what I have to say of fear the reader will find under *Remark (R.)*. So that the better to explain and illustrate this odd mixture, the ingredients I shall further speak of in this place are hope and love.

Hoping is wishing with some degree of confidence, that the thing wished for will come to pass. The firmness and imbecility of our hope depend entirely on the greater or lesser degree of our confidence, and all hope includes doubt; for when our confidence is arrived to that height, as to exclude all doubts, it becomes a certainty, and we take for granted what we only hoped for before. A silver inkhorn may pass in speech, because everybody knows what we mean by it, but a certain hope cannot: for a man who makes

use of an epithet that destroys the essence of the substantive he joins it to, can have no meaning at all; and the more clearly we understand the force of the epithet, and the nature of the substantive, the more palpable is the nonsense of the heterogeneous compound. The reason therefore why it is not so shocking to some, to hear a man speak of certain hope, as if he should talk of hot ice, or liquid oak, is not because there is less nonsense contained in the first than there is in either of the latter; but because the word hope, I mean the essence of it, is not so clearly understood by the generality of the people, as the words and essences of ice and oak are.

Love in the first place signifies affection, such as parents and nurses bear to children, and friends to one another; it consists in a liking, and well-wishing to the person beloved. We give an easy construction to his words and actions, and feel a proneness to excuse, and forgive his faults, if we see any; his interest we make on all accounts our own, even to our prejudice, and receive an inward satisfaction for sympathizing with him in his sorrows, as well as joys. What I said last is not impossible, whatever it may seem to be; for when we are sincere in sharing with another in his misfortunes, self-love makes us believe, that the sufferings we feel must alleviate and lessen those of our friend, and whilst this fond reflection is soothing our pain, a secret pleasure arises from our grieving for the person we love.

Secondly, by love we understand a strong inclination in its nature distinct from all other affections of friendship, gratitude, and consanguinity, that persons of different sexes, after liking, bear to one another: it is in this signification that love enters into the compound of *jealousy*, and is the effect as well as happy disguise of that passion that prompts us to labour for the preservation of our species. This latter appetite is innate both in men and women, who are not defective in their formation, as much as hunger or thirst, though they are seldom affected with it before the years of puberty. Could we undress nature, and pry into her deepest recesses, we should discover the seeds of this passion, before it exerts itself, as plainly as we see the teeth in an embryo, before the gums are formed. There are few healthy people of either sex, whom it has made no impression upon before

twenty: yet, as the peace and happiness of the civil society require that this should be kept a secret, never to be talked of in public; so among well-bred people it is counted highly criminal to mention before company anything in plain words, that is relating to this mystery of succession: by which means the very name of the appetite, though the most necessary for the continuance of mankind, is become odious, and the proper epithets commonly joined to lust are, *filthy* and *abominable*.

This impulse of nature in people of strict morals and rigid modesty, often disturbs the body for a considerable time before it is understood or known to be what it is, and it is remarkable that the most polished and best instructed are generally the most ignorant as to this affair; and here I can but observe the difference between man in the wild state of nature, and the same creature in the civil society. In the first, men and women, if left rude and untaught in the sciences of modes and manners, would quickly find out the cause of that disturbance, and be at a loss no more than other animals for a present remedy: besides that it is not probable they would want either precept or example from the more experienced. But in the second, where the rules of religion, law, and decency are to be followed, and obeyed before any dictates of nature, the youth of both sexes are to be armed and fortified against this impulse, and from their infancy artfully frightened from the most remote approaches of it. The appetite itself, and all the symptoms of it, though they are plainly felt and understood, are to be stifled with care and severity, and in women flatly disowned; and, if there be occasion, with obstinacy denied, even when themselves are visibly affected by them. If it throws them into distempers, they must be cured by physick, or else patiently bear them in silence; and it is the interest of the society to preserve decency and politeness; that women should linger, waste, and die, rather than relieve themselves in an unlawful manner; and among the fashionable part of mankind, the people of birth and fortune, it is expected, that matrimony should never be entered upon without a curious regard to family, estate, and reputation, and in the making of matches the call of nature be the very last consideration.

Those then who would make love and lust synonymous confound the effect with the cause of it: yet such is the force of education, and a habit of thinking as we are taught, that sometimes persons of either sex are actually in love without feeling any carnal desires, or penetrating into the intentions of nature, the end proposed by her, without which they could never have been affected with that sort of passion. That there are such is certain, but many more whose pretences to those refined notions are only upheld by art and dissimulation. Those who are really such platonic lovers are commonly the palefaced, weakly people of cold and phlegmatic constitutions in either sex; the hale and robust, of biliary temperament and a sanguine complexion, never entertain any love so spiritual as to exclude all thoughts and wishes that relate to the body. But if the most seraphic lovers would know the original of their inclination, let them but suppose that another should have the corporal enjoyment of the person beloved, and by the tortures they will suffer from that reflection they will soon discover the nature of their passions: whereas on the contrary, parents and friends receive a satisfaction in reflecting on the joys and comforts of a happy marriage, to be tasted by those they wish well to.

The curious, that are skilled in anatomizing the invisible part of man will observe, that the more sublime and exempt this love is from all thoughts of sensuality, the more spurious it is, and the more it degenerates from its honest original and primitive simplicity. The power and sagacity as well as labour and care of the politician in civilising the society, has been nowhere more conspicuous, than in the happy contrivance of playing our passions against one another. By flattering our pride and still increasing the good opinion we have of ourselves on the one hand; and inspiring us on the other with a superlative dread and mortal aversion against shame, the artful moralists have taught us cheerfully to encounter ourselves, and if not subdue, at least so to conceal and disguise our darling passion, lust, that we scarce know it when we meet with it in our own breasts. Oh! the mighty prize we have in view for all our self-denial! Can any man be so serious as to abstain from laughter, when he considers

that for so much deceit and insincerity practised upon ourselves as well as others, we have no other recompense than the vain satisfaction of making our species appear more exalted and remote from that of other animals, than it really is, and we in our consciences know it to be? Yet this is fact, and in it we plainly perceive the reason why it was necessary to render odious every word or action by which we might discover the innate desire we feel to perpetuate our kind; and why tamely to submit to the violence of a furious appetite (which it is painful to resist) and innocently to obey the most pressing demand of nature without guile or hypocrisy, like other creatures, should be branded with the ignominious name of brutality.

What we call love then is not a genuine, but an adulterated appetite, or rather a compound, a heap of several contradictory passions blended in one. As it is a product of nature warped by custom and education, so the true origin and first motive of it, as I have hinted already, is stifled in well-bred people, and almost concealed from themselves: all which is the reason that as those affected with it vary in age, strength, resolution, temper, circumstances and manners, the effects of it are so different, whimsical, surprising and unaccountable.

It is this passion that makes jealousy so troublesome, and the envy of it often so fatal: those who imagine that there may be jealousy without love, do not understand that passion. Men may not have the least affection for their wives, and yet be angry with them for their conduct, and suspicious of them either with or without a cause: but what in such cases affects them is their pride, the concern for their reputation. They feel a hatred against them without remorse; when they are outrageous, they can beat them and go to sleep contentedly: such husbands may watch their dames themselves, and have them observed by others; but their vigilance is not so intense; they are not so inquisitive or industrious in their searches, neither do they feel that anxiety of heart at the fear of a discovery, as when love is mixed with the passions.

What confirms me in this opinion is, that we never observe this behaviour between a man and his mistress; for

when his love is gone and he suspects her to be false, he leaves her and troubles his head no more about her: whereas it is the greatest difficulty imaginable, even to a man of sense, to part with a mistress as long as he loves her, whatever faults she may be guilty of. If in his anger he strikes her he is uneasy after it; his love makes him reflect on the hurt he has done her, and he wants to be reconciled to her again. He may talk of hating her, and many times from his heart wish her hanged, but if he cannot get entirely rid of his frailty, he can never disentangle himself from her; though she is represented in the most monstrous guilt to his imagination, and he has resolved and swore a thousand times never to come near her again, there is no trusting him; even when he is fully convinced of her infidelity, if his love continues, his despair is never so lasting, but between the blackest fits of it, he relents and finds lucid intervals of hope; he forms excuses for her, thinks of pardoning, and in order to it racks his invention for possibilities that may make her appear less criminal.

(O.) *Real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease.*

PAGE 34. LINE 22

That the highest good consisted in pleasure, was the doctrine of *Epicurus*, who yet led a life exemplary for continence, sobriety, and other virtues, which made people of the succeeding ages quarrel about the signification of pleasure. Those who argued from the temperance of the philosopher, said, that the delight *Epicurus* meant, was being virtuous; so *Erasmus* in his *Colloquies* tells us, that there are no greater Epicures than pious christians. Others that reflected on the dissolute manners of the greatest part of his followers, would have it, that by pleasures he could have understood nothing but sensual ones, and the gratification of our passions. I shall not decide their quarrel, but I am of opinion, that whether men be good or bad, what they take delight in is their pleasure, and not to look out for any further etymology from the learned languages, I believe an *Englishman* may justly call everything a pleasure that pleases him, and according to this definition, we ought to dispute no more

about men's pleasures than their tastes: *Trahit sua quemque Voluptas.*

The worldly minded, voluptuous and ambitious man, notwithstanding he is void of merit, covets precedence everywhere, and desires to be dignified above his betters: he aims at spacious palaces, and delicious gardens; his chief delight is in excelling others in stately horses, magnificent coaches, a numerous attendance, and dear-bought furniture. To gratify his lust, he wishes for genteel, young, beautiful women of different charms and complexions that shall adore his greatness, and be really in love with his person: his cellars he would have stored with the flower of every country that produces excellent wines: his table he desires may be served with many courses, and each of them contain a choice variety of dainties not easily purchased, and ample evidences of elaborate and judicious cookery; whilst harmonious music and well-couched flattery entertain his hearing by turns. He employs, even in the meanest trifles, none but the ablest and most ingenious workmen, that his judgment and fancy may as evidently appear in the least things that belong to him, as his wealth and quality are manifested in those of greater value. He desires to have several sets of witty, facetious, and polite people to converse with, and among them he would have some famous for learning and universal knowledge: for his serious affairs, he wishes to find men of parts and experience, that should be diligent and faithful. Those that are to wait on him he would have handy, mannerly and discreet, of comely aspect, and a graceful mein: what he requires in them besides, is a respectful care of everything that is *his*, nimbleness without hurry, dispatch without noise, and an unlimited obedience to his orders: nothing he thinks more troublesome than speaking to servants, wherefore he will only be attended by such, as by observing his looks have learned to interpret his will from his slightest motions. He loves to see an elegant nicety in everything that approaches him, and in what is to be employed about his person he desires a superlative cleanliness to be religiously observed. The chief officers of his household he would have to be men of birth, honour and distinction, as well as order, contrivance and economy; for though he loves to be honoured by every-

body, and receives the respects of the common people with joy, yet the homage that is paid him by persons of quality is ravishing to him in a more transcendent manner.

Whilst thus wallowing in a sea of lust and vanity, he is wholly employed in provoking and indulging his appetites, he desires the world should think him altogether free from pride and sensuality, and put a favourable construction upon his most glaring vices: nay, if his authority can purchase it, he covets to be thought wise, brave, generous, good-natured, and endued with all the virtues he thinks worth having. He would have us believe that the pomp and luxury he is served with are as many tiresome plagues to him; and all the grandeur he appears in is an ungrateful burden, which, to his sorrow, is inseparable from the high sphere he moves in; that his noble mind, so much exalted above vulgar capacities, aims at higher ends, and cannot relish such worthless enjoyments; that the highest of his ambition is to promote the public welfare, and his greatest pleasure to see his country flourish, and everybody in it made happy. These are called real pleasures by the vicious, and earthly minded, and whoever is able, either by his skill or fortune after this refined manner at once to enjoy the world, and the good opinion of it, is counted extremely happy by all the most fashionable part of the people.

But on the other side most of the ancient philosophers and grave moralists, especially the *Stoicks*, would not allow anything to be a real good that was liable to be taken from them by others. They wisely considered the instability of fortune, and the favour of princes; the vanity of honour, and popular applause; the precariousness of riches, and all earthly possessions; and therefore placed true happiness in the calm serenity of a contented mind free from guilt and ambition; a mind, that, having subdued every sensual appetite, despises the smiles as well as frowns of fortune, and taking no delight but in contemplation, desires nothing but what everybody is able to give to himself: a mind, that armed with fortitude and resolution has learned to sustain the greatest losses without concern, to endure pain without affliction, and to bear injuries without resentment. Many have owned themselves arrived to this height of self-denial,

and then, if we may believe them, they were raised above common mortals, and their strength extended vastly beyond the pitch of their first nature: they could behold the anger of threatening tyrants and the most imminent dangers without terror, and preserved their tranquillity in the midst of torments; death itself they could meet with intrepidity, and left the world with no greater reluctance than they had showed fondness at their entrance into it.

These among the Ancients have always bore the greatest sway; yet others that were no fools neither, have exploded those precepts as impracticable, called their notions romantic, and endeavoured to prove that what these stoicks asserted of themselves exceeded all human force and possibility, and that therefore the virtues they boasted of could be nothing but haughty pretences full of arrogance and hypocrisy; yet notwithstanding these censures, the serious part of the world, and the generality of wise men that have lived ever since to this day agree with the stoicks in the most material points; as that there can be no true felicity in what depends on things perishable; that peace within is the greatest blessing, and no conquest as that of our passions; that knowledge, temperance, fortitude, humility and other embellishments of the mind are the most valuable acquisitions; that no man can be happy but he that is good; and that the virtuous are only capable of enjoying *real pleasures*.

I expect to be asked why in the fable I have called those pleasures real that are directly opposite to those which I own the wise men of all ages have extolled as the most valuable. My answer is, because I don't call things pleasures which men say are best, but such as they seem to be most pleased with; how can I believe that a man's chief delight is in the embellishments of the mind, when I see him never employed about and daily pursue the pleasures that are contrary to them? *John* never cuts any pudding, but just enough, that you can't say he took none; this little bit, after much chomping and chewing you see goes down with him like choped hay; after that he falls upon the beef with a voracious appetite, and crams himself up to his throat. Is it not provoking to hear *John* cry every day that pudding is all his delight, and that he don't value the beef of a farthing?

I could swagger about fortitude and the contempt of riches as much as *Seneca* himself, and would undertake to write twice as much in behalf of poverty as ever he did, for the tenth part of his estate: I could teach the way to his *summum bonum* as exactly as I know my way home: I could tell people that to extricate themselves from all worldly engagements, and to purify the mind, they must divest themselves of their passions, as men take out the furniture when they would clean a room thoroughly; and I am clearly of the opinion, that the malice and most severe strokes of fortune can do no more injury to a mind thus stripped of all fears, wishes and inclinations, than a blind horse can do in an empty barn. In the theory of all this I am very perfect, but the practice is very difficult; and if you went about picking my pocket, offered to take the victuals from before me when I am hungry, or made but the least motion of spitting in my face, I dare not promise how philosophically I should behave myself. But that I am forced to submit to every caprice of my unruly nature, you'll say, is no argument that others are as little masters of theirs, and therefore I am willing to pay adoration to virtue wherever I can meet with it, with a proviso that I shall not be obliged to admit any as such, where I can see no self-denial, or to judge of men's sentiments from their words, where I have their lives before me.

I have searched through every degree and station of men, and confess, that I have found nowhere more austerity of manners, or greater contempt of earthly pleasures, than in some religious houses, where people freely resigning and retiring from the world to combat themselves, have no other business but to subdue their appetites. What can be a greater evidence of perfect chastity, and a superlative love to immaculate purity in men and women, than that in the prime of their age, when lust is most raging, they should actually seclude themselves from each other's company, and by a voluntary renunciation debar themselves for life, not only from uncleanness, but even the most lawful embraces? Those that abstain from flesh, and often all manner of food, one would think in the right way to conquer all carnal desires; and I could almost swear, that he does not consult his ease,

who daily mauls his bare back and shoulders with unconscionable stripes, and constantly roused at midnight from his sleep, leaves his bed for his devotion. Who can despise riches more, or show himself less avaricious than he, who won't so much as touch gold or silver, no not with his feet? Or can any mortal show himself less luxurious or more humble than the man, that making poverty his choice, contents himself with scraps and fragments, and refuses to eat any bread but what is bestowed upon him by the charity of others?

Such fair instances of self-denial would make me bow down to virtue, if I was not deterred and warned from it by so many persons of eminence and learning, who unanimously tell me that I am mistaken, and all I have seen is farce and hypocrisy; that what seraphic love they may pretend to, there is nothing but discord among them, and that how penitential the nuns and friars may appear in their several convents, they none of them sacrifice their darling lusts: that among the women they are not all virgins that pass for such, and that if I was to be let into their secrets, and examine some of their subterraneous privacies, I should soon be convinced by scenes of horror, that some of them must have been mothers. That among the men, I should find calumny, envy and ill-nature in the highest degree, or else gluttony, drunkenness, and impurities of a more execrable kind than adultery itself: and as for the mendicant orders, that they differ in nothing but their habits from other sturdy beggars, who deceive people with a pitiful tone and an outward show of misery, and as soon as they are out of sight, lay by their cant, indulge their appetites, and enjoy one another.

If the strict rules, and so many outward signs of devotion observed among those religious orders, deserve such harsh censures, we may well despair of meeting with virtue anywhere else; for if we look into the actions of the antagonists, and greatest accusers of those votaries, we shall not find so much as the appearance of self-denial. The reverend divines of all sects, even of the most reformed churches in all countries, take care with the *Cyclops Evangeliphorus* first, *ut ventri bene sit* and afterwards, *ne quid desit iis quae sub ventre sunt*. To these they will desire you to add, convenient houses,

handsome furniture, good fires in winter, pleasant gardens in summer, neat clothes, and money enough to bring up their children; precedence in all companies, respect from everybody, and then as much religion as you please. The things I have named are the necessary comforts of life, which the most modest are not ashamed to claim, and which they are very uneasy without. They are, it is true, made of the same mould, and have the same corrupt nature with other men, born with the same infirmities, subject to the same passions, and liable to the same temptations, and therefore if they are diligent in their calling, and can but abstain from murder, adultery, swearing, drunkenness, and other heinous vices, their lives are called unblemished, and their reputations unspotted; their function renders them holy, and the gratification of so many carnal appetites, and the enjoyment of so much luxurious ease notwithstanding, they may set upon themselves what value their pride and parts will allow them.

All this I have nothing against, but I see no self-denial, without which there can be no virtue. Is it such a mortification not to desire a greater share of worldly blessings, than what every reasonable man ought to be satisfied with? Or is there any mighty merit in not being flagitious, and forbearing indecencies that are repugnant to good manners, and which no prudent man would be guilty of, though he had no religion at all?

I know I shall be told, that the reason why the clergy are so violent in their resentments, when at any time they are but in the least affronted, and show themselves so void of all patience when their rights are invaded, is their great care to preserve their calling, their profession, from contempt, not for their own sakes, but to be more serviceable to others. It is the same reason that makes them solicitous about the comforts and conveniences of life; for should they suffer themselves to be insulted over, be content with a coarser diet, and wear more ordinary clothes than other people, the multitude, who judge from outward appearances, would be apt to think that the clergy was no more the immediate care of providence than other folks, and so not only undervalue their persons, but despise likewise all the reproofs and in-

structions that came from them. This is an admirable plea, and as it is much made use of, I will try the worth of it.

I am not of the learned Dr. *Eachard's* opinion, that poverty is one of those things that bring the clergy into contempt, any further than as it may be an occasion of discovering their blind side: for when men are always struggling with their low condition, and are unable to bear the burden of it without reluctance, it is then they show how uneasy their poverty fits upon them, how glad they would be to have their circumstances meliorated, and what a real value they have for the good things of this world. He that harangues on the contempt of riches, and the vanity of earthly enjoyments, in a rusty threadbare gown, because he has no other, and would wear his old, greasy hat no longer if anybody would give him a better; that drinks small-beer at home with a heavy countenance, but leaps at a glass of wine if he can catch it abroad; that with little appetite feeds on his own coarse mess, but falls too greedily where he can please his palate, and expresses an uncommon joy at an invitation to a splendid dinner: it is he that is despised, not because he is poor, but because he knows not how to be so with that content and resignation which he preaches to others, and so discovers his inclinations to be contrary to his doctrine. But when a man from the greatness of his soul (or an obstinate vanity, which will do as well) resolving to subdue his appetites in good earnest, refuses all the offers of ease and luxury that can be made to him, and embracing a voluntary poverty with cheerfulness, rejects whatever may gratify the senses, and actually sacrifices all his passions to his pride in acting this part, the vulgar, far from contemning, will be ready to deify and adore him. How famous have the *cynic* philosophers made themselves, only by refusing to dissimulate and make use of superfluities? Did not the most ambitious monarch the world ever bore, condescend to visit *Diogenes* in his tub, and return to a studied incivility the highest compliment a man of his pride was able to make?

Mankind are very willing to take one another's word, when they see some circumstances that corroborate what is told them; but when our actions directly contradict what we say, it is counted impudence to desire belief. If a jolly

hale fellow with glowing cheeks and warm hands, newly returned from some smart exercise, or else the cold bath, tells us in frosty weather, that he cares not for the fire, we are easily induced to believe him, especially if he actually turns from it, and we know by his circumstances that he wants neither fuel nor clothes: but if we should hear the same from the mouth of a poor, starved wretch, with swelled hands, and a livid countenance, in a thin, ragged garment, we should not believe a word of what he said, especially if we saw him shaking and shivering creep toward the sunny bank, and we would conclude, let him say what he could, that warm clothes and a good fire would be very acceptable to him. The application is easy, and therefore if there be any clergy upon earth that would be thought not to care for the world, and to value the soul above the body, let them only forbear showing a greater concern for their sensual pleasures than they generally do for their spiritual ones, and they may rest satisfied, that no poverty, whilst they bear it with fortitude, will ever bring them into contempt, how mean soever their circumstances may be.

Let us suppose a pastor that has a little flock entrusted to him, of which he is very careful; he preaches, visits, exhorts, reproves among his people with zeal and prudence, and does them all the kind offices that lie in his power to make them happy. There is no doubt but those under his care must be very much obliged to him. Now we will suppose once more, that this good man by the help of a little self-denial, is contented to live upon half his income, accepting only of twenty pounds a year instead of forty, which he could claim; and moreover, that he loves his parishioners so well, that he will never leave them for any preferment whatever, no not a bishopric, though it be offered. I can't see but all this might be an easy task to a man who professes mortification, and has no value for worldly pleasures; yet such a disinterested divine I dare promise, notwithstanding the great degeneracy of mankind, will be loved, esteemed, and have everybody's good word; nay I would swear, that though he should yet further exert himself, give above half of his small revenue to the poor, live upon nothing but oatmeal and water, lie upon straw and wear the coarsest cloth that

could be made, his mean way of living would never be reflected on, or be a disparagement either to himself or the order he belonged to; but that on the contrary, his poverty would never be mentioned but to his glory, as long as his memory should last.

But (says a charitable young gentlewoman) though you have the heart to starve your parson, have you no bowels of compassion for his wife and children? Pray what must remain of forty pounds a year after it has been twice so unmercifully split? Or would you have the poor woman and the innocent babes likewise live upon oatmeal and water, and lie upon straw, you unconscionable wretch, with all your suppositions and self-denials? Nay, is it possible, though they should all live at your own murdering rate, that less than ten pounds a year could maintain a family?—Don't be in a passion good Mrs. *Abigail*, I have a greater regard for your sex than to prescribe such a lean diet to married men; but I confess I forgot the wives and children. The main reason was, because I thought poor priests could have no occasion for them; who could imagine that the parson, who is to teach others by example as well as precept, was not able to withstand those desires which the wicked world itself calls unreasonable? What is the reason when a 'prentice marries before he is out of his time, that unless he meets with a good fortune, all his relations are angry with him, and everybody blames him? Nothing else but because at that time he has no money at his disposal, and being bound to his master's service, has no leisure, and perhaps little capacity to provide for a family. What must we say to a parson that has twenty, or if you will forty pounds a year, that being bound more strictly to all the services a parish and his duty require, has little time and generally much less ability to get any more? Is it not very reasonable he should marry? But why should a sober young man, who is guilty of no vice, be debarred from lawful enjoyments? Right; marriage is lawful, and so is a coach; but what is that to people that have not money enough to keep one? If he must have a wife, let him look out for one with money, or wait for a greater benefice or something else to maintain her handsomely, and bear all incident charges. But nobody that has anything herself will

have him, and he can't stay: he has a very good stomach and a great share of health, it is not everybody that can live without a woman; it is better to marry than burn.—What a world of self-denial is here? The sober young man is very willing to be virtuous, but you must not cross his inclinations; he promises never to be a deer-stealer, upon condition that he shall have venison of his own, and nobody must doubt but that if it came to the push, he is qualified to suffer martyrdom, though he owns that he can't bear a scratched finger.

When we see so many of the clergy, to indulge their lust, a brutish appetite, run themselves after this manner upon an inevitable poverty, which unless they could bear it with greater fortitude than they discover in all their actions, must of necessity make them contemptible to all the world, what credit must we give them, when they pretend that they conform themselves to the world, not because they take delight in the several decencies, conveniencies, and ornaments of it, but only to preserve their function from contempt, in order to be more useful to others? Have we not reason to believe, that what they say is full of hypocrisy and falsehood, and that concupiscence is not the only appetite they want to gratify; that the haughty airs and quick sense of injuries, the curious elegance in dress, and niceness of palate, to be observed in most of them that are able to show them, are the results of pride and luxury in them as they are in other people, and that the clergy are not possessed of more intrinsic virtue than any other profession?

I am afraid that by this time I have given many of my readers a real displeasure, by dwelling so long upon the reality of pleasure. But I can't help it, there is one thing comes into my head to corroborate what I have urged already, which I can't forbear mentioning. It is this: those who govern others throughout the world, are at least as wise as the people that are governed by them, generally speaking: if for this reason we would take pattern from our superiors, we have but to cast our eyes on all the courts and governments in the universe, and we shall soon perceive from the actions of the great ones, which opinion they side with, and what pleasures those in the highest stations of all seem to be

most fond of: for if it be allowable at all to judge of people's inclinations from their manner of living, none can be less injured by it than those who are the most at liberty to do as they please.

If the great ones of the clergy as well as the laity of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge so raging among them, and all the other passions improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else, and why are their repasts, their recreations, and whole manner of living always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of that same country? If despising all visible decorations they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of the most darling toys of the luxurious? Why should a lord-treasurer, or a bishop, or even the Grand Signior, or the Pope of *Rome*, to be good and virtuous, and endeavour the conquest of his passions, have occasion for greater revenues, richer furniture, or a more numerous attendance, as to personal service, than a private man? What virtue is it the exercise of which requires so much pomp and superfluity, as are to be seen by all men in power? A man has as much opportunity to practise temperance, that has but one dish at a meal, as he that is constantly served with three courses and a dozen dishes in each: one may exercise as much patience, and be as full of self-denial on a few flocks, without curtains or tester, as in a velvet bed that is sixteen foot high. The virtuous possessions of the mind are neither charge nor burden: a man may bear misfortunes with fortitude in a garret, forgive injuries a foot, and be chaste, though he has not a shirt to his back; and therefore I shall never believe, but that an indifferent sculler, if he was entrusted with it, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain, as well as a barge with six oars, especially if it was but to cross from *Lambeth* to *Westminster*; or that humility is so ponderous a virtue, that it requires six horses to draw it.

To say, that men not being so easily governed by their equals as by their superiors, it is necessary that to keep the

multitude in awe, those who rule over us should excel others in outward appearance, and consequently that all in high stations should have badges of honour, and ensigns of power to be distinguished from the vulgar, is a frivolous objection. This in the first place can only be of use to poor princes, and weak and precarious governments, that being actually unable to maintain the public peace, are obliged with a pageant show to make up what they want in real power. So the Governor of *Batavia* in the *East-Indies* is forced to keep up a grandeur, and live in magnificence above his quality to strike a terror in the natives of *Java*, who, if they had skill and conduct, are strong enough to destroy ten times the number of their masters; but great princes and states that keep large fleets at sea and numerous armies in the field, have no occasion for such stratagems; for what makes them formidable abroad, will never fail to be their security at home. Secondly, what must protect the lives and wealth of people from the attempts of wicked men in all societies, is the severity of the laws, and diligent administration of impartial justice. Theft, housebreaking and murder are not to be prevented by the scarlet gowns of the aldermen, the gold chains of the sheriffs, the fine trappings of their horses, or any gaudy show whatever: men of abandoned principles must be awed by rugged officers, strong prisons, watchful jailors, the hangman and the gallows. If *London* was to be one week destitute of constables and watchmen to guard the houses at nights, half the bankers would be ruined in that time, and if my Lord Mayor had nothing to defend himself but his great two-handed sword, the huge Cap of Maintenance, and his gilded Mace, he would soon be stripped in the very streets of the city of all his finery in his stately coach.

But let us grant, that the eyes of the nobility are to be dazzled with a gaudy outside; if virtue was the chief delight of great men, why should their extravagance be extended to things not understood by the mob, and wholly removed from public view, I mean their private diversions, the pomp and luxury of the dining-room and the bed-chamber, and the curiosities of the closet? Few of the vulgar know that there is wine of a guinea the bottle, that birds no bigger than larks are often sold for half-a-guinea apiece, or that a single

picture may be worth several thousand pounds. Besides, is it to be imagined, that unless it was to please their own appetites men should put themselves to such vast expenses for a political show, and be so solicitous to gain the esteem of those whom they so much despise in everything else? If we allow that the splendour and all the elegancy of a court are insipid, and only tiresome to the prince himself, and are altogether made use of to preserve Royal Majesty from contempt, can we say the same of half-a-dozen illegitimate children, most of them the offspring of adultery by the same majesty, got, educated and made princes at the expense of the nation? Therefore it is evident, that this awing of the multitude by a distinguished manner of living, is only a cloak and pretence, under which great men would shelter their vanity, and indulge every appetite about them without reproach.

A Burgomaster of *Amsterdam* in his plain, black suit, followed perhaps by one footman, is fully as much respected and better obeyed than a Lord Mayor of *London* with all his splendid equipage and great train of attendance. Where there is a real power it is ridiculous to think that any temperance or austerity of life should ever render the person in whom that power is lodged contemptible in his office, from an Emperor to the Beadle of a Parish. *Cato* in his Government of *Spain*, in which he acquitted himself with so much glory, had only three servants to attend him; do we hear that any of his orders were ever slighted for this, notwithstanding that he loved his bottle? And when that great man marched on foot through the scorching sands of *Lybia*, and parched up with thirst, refused to touch the water that was brought him, before all his soldiers had drank, do we ever read that this heroic forbearance weakened his authority, or lessened him in the esteem of his army? But what need we go so far off? There has not these many ages been a prince less inclined to pomp and luxury than the present King of *Sweden*,¹ who enamoured with the title of *Hero*, has not only sacrificed the lives of his subjects, and welfare of his dominions, but (what is more uncommon in sovereigns) his own ease, and all the comforts of life, to an implacable spirit of

¹ This was wrote in 1714.

revenge; yet he is obeyed to the ruin of his people, in obstinately maintaining a war that has almost utterly destroyed his kingdom.

Thus I have proved, that the real pleasures of all men in nature are worldly and sensual, if we judge from their practice. I say, all men *in nature*, because devout Christians, who alone are to be excepted here, being regenerated, and preternaturally assisted by the Divine Grace, cannot be said to be in nature. How strange it is, that they should all so unanimously deny it! Ask not only the divines and moralists of every nation, but likewise all that are rich and powerful, about real pleasure, and they will tell you, with the *Stoics*, that there can be no true felicity in things mundane and corruptible; but then look upon their lives and you will find they take delight in no other.

What must we do in this dilemma? Shall we be so uncharitable, as judging from men's actions to say, that all the world prevaricates, and that this is not their opinion, let them talk what they will? Or shall we be so silly, as relying on what they say, to think them sincere in their sentiments, and so not believe our own eyes, or shall we rather endeavour to believe ourselves and them too, and say with *Montaigne*, that they imagine, and are fully persuaded, that they believe what yet they do not believe? These are his words; *Some impose on the world, and would be thought to believe what they really don't: but much the greater number impose upon themselves, not considering nor thoroughly apprehending what it is to believe.* But this is making all mankind either fools or impostors, which to avoid, there is nothing left us, but to say what Mr. *Bayle* has endeavoured to prove at large in his *Reflections on Comets*; that man is so unaccountable a creature as to act most commonly against his principle; and this is so far from being injurious, that it is a compliment to human nature, for we must say either this or worse.

This contradiction in the frame of man is the reason that the theory of virtue is so well understood, and the practice of it so rarely to be met with. If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of prime ministers, and the great favourites of princes that are so finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaphs, funeral sermons and inscrip-

tions, I answer *There, and nowhere else*. Where would you look for the excellency of a statue, but in that part which you see of it? It is the polished outside only that has the skill and labour of the sculptor to boast of; what's out of sight is untouched. Would you break the head, or cut open the breast to look for the brains or the heart, you would only show your ignorance and destroy the workmanship. This has often made me compare the virtues of great men to your large china jars: they make a fine show, and are ornamental even to a chimney; one would by the bulk they appear in, and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful, but look into a thousand of them, and you will find nothing in them but dust and cobwebs.

(P.)

*The very Poor**Liv'd better than the rich before.*

PAGE 34. LINE 23

If we trace the most flourishing nations in their origin, we shall find that in the remote beginnings of every society, the richest and most considerable men among them were a great while destitute of a great many comforts of life that are now enjoyed by the meanest and most humble wretches: so that many things, which were once looked upon as the invention of luxury, are now allowed even to those that are so miserably poor as to become the objects of public charity, nay counted so necessary, that we think no human creature ought to want them.

In the first ages man, without doubt, fed on the fruits of the earth, without any previous preparation, and reposed himself naked like other animals on the lap of their common parent. Whatever has contributed since to make life more comfortable, as it must have been the result of thought, experience, and some labour, so it more or less deserves the name of luxury, the more or less trouble it required and deviated from the primitive simplicity. Our admiration is extended no farther than to what is new to us, and we all overlook the excellency of things we are used to, be they never so curious. A man would be laughed at, that should discover luxury in the plain dress of a poor creature that

walks along in a thick parish gown and a coarse shirt underneath it; and yet what a number of people, how many different trades, and what a variety of skill and tools must be employed to have the most ordinary *Yorkshire* cloth? What depth of thought and ingenuity, what toil and labour, and what length of time must it have cost, before man could learn from a seed to raise and prepare so useful a product as linen?

Must that society not be vainly curious, among whom this admirable commodity, after it is made, shall not be thought fit to be used even by the poorest of all, before it is brought to a perfect whiteness, which is not to be procured but by the assistance of all the elements joined to a world of industry and patience? I have not done yet. Can we reflect not only on the cost laid out upon this luxurious invention, but likewise on the little time the whiteness of it continues, in which part of its beauty consists, that every six or seven days at furthest it wants cleaning, and whilst it lasts is a continual charge to the wearer; can we, I say, reflect on all this, and not think it an extravagant piece of nicety, that even those who receive alms of the parish, should not only have whole garments made of this operose manufacture, but likewise that as soon as they are soiled, to restore them to their pristine purity, they should make use of one of the most judicious as well as difficult compositions that chemistry can boast of; with which dissolved in water by the help of fire, the most detergative, and yet innocent *Lixivium* is prepared that human industry has hitherto been able to invent?

It is certain, time was that the things I speak of would have bore those lofty expressions, and in which everybody would have reasoned after the same manner; but the age we live in would call a man fool who should talk of extravagance and nicety, if he saw a poor woman, after having wore her crown cloth smock a whole week, wash it with a bit of stinking soap of a groat a pound.

The arts of brewing and making bread, have by slow degrees been brought to the perfection they now are in, but to have invented them at once, and *a priori*, would have required more knowledge and a deeper insight into the nature of fermentation, than the greatest philosopher has

hitherto been endowed with; yet the fruits of both are now enjoyed by the meanest of our species, and a starving wretch knows not how to make a more humble or a more modest petition than by asking for a bit of bread or a draught of small beer.

Man has learned by experience, that nothing was softer than the small plumes and down of birds, and found that heaped together they would by their elasticity gently resist any incumbent weight, and heave up again of themselves as soon as the pressure is over. To make use of them to sleep upon was, no doubt, first invented to compliment the vanity as well as ease of the wealthy and potent, but they are long since become so common, that almost everybody lies upon featherbeds, and to substitute flocks in the room of them is counted a miserable shift of the most necessitous. What a vast height must luxury have been arrived to before it could be reckoned a hardship to repose upon the soft wool of animals!

From caves, huts, hovels, tents and barracks, with which mankind took up at first, we are come to warm and well-wrought houses, and the meanest habitations to be seen in cities, are regular buildings contrived by persons skilled in proportions and architecture. If the ancient *Britons* and *Gauls* should come out of their graves, with what amazement would they gaze on the mighty structures everywhere raised for the poor! Should they behold the magnificence of a *Chelsea College*, a *Greenwich Hospital*, or what surpasses all them, a *Des Invalides* at *Paris*, and see the care, the plenty, the superfluities and pomp which people that have no possessions at all are treated with in those stately palaces, those who were once the greatest and richest of the land would have reason to envy the most reduced of our species now.

Another piece of luxury the poor enjoy, that is not looked upon as such, and which there is no doubt but the wealthiest in a golden age would abstain from, is their making use of the flesh of animals to eat. In what concerns the fashions and manners of the ages men live in they never examine into the real worth or merit of the cause, and generally judge of things not as their reason, but custom directs them. Time was when the funeral rites in the disposing of the

dead were performed by fire, and the cadavers of the greatest emperors were burnt to ashes. Then burying the corpse in the ground was a funeral for slaves, or made a punishment for the worst of malefactors. Now nothing is decent or honourable but interring, and burning the body is reserved for crimes of the blackest dye. At some times we look upon trifles with horror, at other times we can behold enormities without concern. If we see a man walk with his hat on in a church, though out of service time, it shocks us, but if on a Sunday night we meet half-a-dozen fellows drunk in the street, the sight makes little or no impression upon us. If a woman at a merrymaking dresses in man's clothes, it is reckoned a frolic among friends, and he that finds too much fault with it is counted censorious: upon the stage it is done without reproach, and most virtuous ladies will dispense with it in an actress, though everybody has a full view of her legs and thighs; but if the same woman, as soon as she has petticoats on again, should show her leg to a man as high as her knee, it would be a very immodest action, and everybody will call her impudent for it.

I have often thought, if it was not for this tyranny which custom usurps over us, that men of any tolerable good nature could never be reconciled to the killing of so many animals for their daily food, as long as the bountiful earth so plentifully provides them with varieties of vegetable dainties. I know that reason excites our compassion but faintly, and therefore I would not wonder how men should so little commiserate such imperfect creatures as cray-fish, oysters, cockles, and indeed all fish in general: as they are mute, and their inward formation, as well as outward figure, vastly different from ours, they express themselves unintelligibly to us, and therefore it is not strange that their grief should not affect our understanding, which it cannot reach; for nothing stirs us to pity so effectually, as when the symptoms of misery strike immediately upon our senses, and I have seen people moved at the noise a live lobster makes upon the spit, that could have killed half-a-dozen fowls with pleasure. But in such perfect animals as sheep and oxen, in whom the heart, the brain and nerves differ so little from ours, and in whom the separation of the spirits from the blood, the organs of

sense, and consequently feeling itself, are the same as they are in human creatures; I can't imagine how a man not hardened in blood and massacre, is able to see a violent death, and the pangs of it, without concern.

In answer to this, most people will think it sufficient to say, that all things being allowed to be made for the service of man, there can be no cruelty in putting creatures to the use they were designed for; but I have heard men make this reply, whilst their nature within them has reproached them with the falsehood of the assertion. There is of all the multitude not one man in ten but what will own (if he was not brought up in a slaughter-house) that of all trades he could never have been a *butcher*; and I question whether ever anybody so much as killed a chicken without reluctance the first time. Some people are not to be persuaded to taste of any creatures they have daily seen and been acquainted with, whilst they were alive; others extend their scruple no further than to their own poultry, and refuse to eat what they fed and took care of themselves, yet all of them will feed, heartily and without remorse on beef, mutton and fowls, when they are bought in the market. In this behaviour, methinks, there appears something like a consciousness of guilt, it looks as if they endeavoured to save themselves from the imputation of a crime (which they know sticks somewhere) by removing the cause of it as far as they can from themselves; and I can discover in it some strong remains of primitive pity and innocence, which all the arbitrary power of custom, and the violence of luxury, have not yet been able to conquer.

What I build upon I shall be told is a folly that wise men are not guilty of. I own it; but whilst it proceeds from a real passion inherent in our nature, it is sufficient to demonstrate that we are born with a repugnancy to the killing, and consequently the eating of animals; for it is impossible that a natural appetite should ever prompt us to act, or desire others to do, what we have an aversion to, be it as foolish as it will.

Everybody knows, that surgeons in the cure of dangerous wounds and fractures, the extirpation of limbs, and other dreadful operations, are often compelled to put their patients

to extraordinary torments, and that the more desperate and calamitous cases occur to them, the more the out-cries and bodily sufferings of others must become familiar to them; for this reason our *English* law, out of a most affectionate regard to the lives of the subject, allows them not to be of any jury upon life and death, as supposing that their practice itself is sufficient to harden and extinguish in them that tenderness, without which no man is capable of setting a true value upon the lives of his fellow creatures. Now if we ought to have no concern for what we do to brute beasts, and there was not imagined to be any cruelty in killing them, why should of all callings *butchers*, and only they jointly with *surgeons*, be excluded from being jury-men by the same law?

I shall urge nothing of what *Pythagoras* and many other wise men have said concerning this barbarity of eating flesh; I have gone too much out of my way already, and shall therefore beg the reader, if he would have any more of this, to run over the following fable, or else, if he be tired, to let it alone, with an assurance that in doing of either he shall equally oblige me.

A *Roman* merchant in one of the *Carthaginian* wars was cast away upon the coast of *Africk*: himself and his slave with great difficulty got safe ashore; but going in quest of relief, were met by a lion of a mighty size. It happened to be one of the breed that ranged in *Æsop's* days, and one that could not only speak several languages, but seemed moreover very well acquainted with human affairs. The slave got upon a tree, but his master not thinking himself safe there, and having heard much of the generosity of lions, fell down prostrate before him, with all the signs of fear and submission. The lion, who had lately filled his belly, bids him rise, and for a while lay by his fears, assuring him withal, that he should not be touched, if he could give him any tolerable reasons why he should not be devoured. The merchant obeyed, and having now received some glimmering hopes of safety, gave a dismal account of the shipwreck he had suffered, and endeavouring from thence to raise the lion's pity, pleaded his cause with abundance of good rhetoric; but observing by his countenance that flattery and fine words made very little impression, he betook him-

self to arguments of greater solidity, and reasoning from the excellency of man's nature and abilities, remonstrated how improbable it was that the gods should not have designed him for a better use than to be eat by savage beasts. Upon this the lion became more attentive, and vouchsafed now and then a reply, till at last the following dialogue ensued between them.

Oh vain and covetous animal (*said the lion*), whose pride and avarice can make him leave his native soil, where his natural wants might be plentifully supplied, and try rough seas and dangerous mountains to find out superfluities, why should you esteem your species above ours? And if the gods have given you a superiority over all creatures, then why beg you of an inferior? *Our superiority* (answered the merchant) *consists not in bodily force but strength of understanding; the gods have endued us with a rational soul, which, though invisible, is much the better part of us.* I desire to touch nothing of you but what is good to eat, but why do you value yourself so much upon that part which is invisible? *Because it is immortal, and shall meet with rewards after death for the actions of this life, and the just shall enjoy eternal bliss and tranquillity with the heroes and demi-gods in the Elysian fields.* What life have you led? *I have honoured the gods, and studied to be beneficial to man.* Then why do you fear death, if you think the gods as just as you have been? *I have a wife and five small children that must come to want if they lose me.* I have two whelps that are not big enough to shift for themselves, that are in want now, and must actually be starved if I can provide nothing for them. Your children will be provided for one way or other, at least as well when I have eat you as if you had been drowned.

As to the excellency of either species, the value of things among you has ever increased with the scarcity of them, and to a million of men there is hardly one lion; besides that, in the great veneration man pretends to have for his kind, there is little sincerity farther than it concerns the share which everyone's pride has in it for himself. It is a folly to boast of the tenderness shown and attendance given to your young ones, or the excessive and lasting trouble bestowed in the education of them: man being born the most necessitous

and most helpless animal, this is only an instinct of nature, which in all creatures has ever proportioned the care of the parents to the wants and imbecilities of the offspring. But if man had a real value for his kind, how is it possible that often ten thousand of them, and sometimes ten times as many, should be destroyed in a few hours for the caprice of two? All degrees of men despise those that are inferior to them, and if you could enter into the hearts of kings and princes, you would hardly find any but what have less value for the greatest part of the multitudes they rule over, than those have for the cattle that belong to them. Why should so many pretend to derive their race, though but spuriously, from the immortal gods; why should all of them suffer others to kneel down before them, and more or less take delight in having divine honours paid them, but to insinuate that themselves are of a more exalted nature, and a species superior to that of their subjects?

Savage I am, but no creature can be called cruel but what either by malice or insensibility extinguishes his natural pity. The lion was born without compassion; we follow the instinct of our nature; the gods have appointed us to live upon the waste and spoil of other animals, and as long as we can meet with dead ones, we never hunt after the living. It is only man, mischievous man, that can make death a sport. Nature taught your stomach to crave nothing but vegetables; but your violent fondness to change, and greater eagerness after novelties, have prompted you to the destruction of animals without justice or necessity, perverted your nature and warped your appetites which way soever your pride or luxury have called them. The lion has a ferment within him that consumes the toughest skin and hardest bones as well as the flesh of all animals without exception: your squeamish stomach, in which the digestive heat is weak and inconsiderable, won't so much as admit of the most tender parts of them, unless above half the concoction has been preformed by artificial fire beforehand; and yet what animal have you spared to satisfy the caprices of a languid appetite? Languid I say; for what is man's hunger if compared to the lion's? Yours, when it is at the worst, makes you faint, mine makes me mad. Oft have I

tried with roots and herbs to allay the violence of it, but in vain; nothing but large quantities of flesh can anyways appease it.

Yet the fierceness of our hunger notwithstanding, lions have often requited benefits received; but ungrateful and perfidious man feeds on the sheep that clothes him, and spares not her innocent young ones, whom he has taken into his care and custody. If you tell me the gods made man master over all other creatures, what tyranny was it then to destroy them out of wantonness? No, fickle timorous animal, the gods have made you for society, and designed that millions of you, when well joined together, should compose the strong *Leviathan*. A single lion bears some sway in the creation, but what is single man? A small and inconsiderable part, a trifling atom of one great beast. What nature designs she executes, and it is not safe to judge of what she purposed, but from the effects she shows. If she had intended that man, as man from a superiority of species, should lord it over all other animals, the tiger, nay the whale and eagle, would have obeyed his voice.

But if your wit and understanding exceed ours, ought not the lion in deference to that superiority to follow the maxims of men, with whom nothing is more sacred than that the reason of the strongest is ever the most prevalent? Whole multitudes of you have conspired and compassed the destruction of one, after they had owned the gods had made him their superior; and one has often ruined and cut off whole multitudes, whom by the same gods he had sworn to defend and maintain. Man never acknowledged superiority without power, and why should I? The excellence I boast of is visible, all animals tremble at the sight of the lion, not out of panic fear. The gods have given me swiftness to overtake, and strength to conquer whatever comes near me. Where is there a creature that has teeth and claws like mine? Behold the thickness of these massive jaw-bones; consider the width of them, and feel the firmness of this brawny neck. The nimblest deer, the wildest boar, the stoutest horse, and strongest bull are my prey wherever I meet them. Thus spoke the lion, and the merchant fainted away.

The lion, in my opinion, has stretched the point too far.

Yet when to soften the flesh of male animals, we have by castration prevented the firmness their tendons and every fibre would have come to without it, I confess I think it ought to move a human creature when he reflects upon the cruel care with which they are fattened for destruction. When a large and gentle bullock, after having resisted a ten times greater force of blows than would have killed his murderer, falls stunned at last, and his armed head is fastened to the ground with cords; as soon as the wide wound is made, and the jugulars are cut asunder, what mortal can without compassion hear the painful bellowings intercepted by his blood, the bitter sighs that speak the sharpness of his anguish, and the deep sounding groans with loud anxiety fetched from the bottom of his strong and palpitating heart; look on the trembling and violent convulsions of his limbs; see, whilst his reeking gore streams from him, his eyes become dim and languid, and behold his strugglings, gasps and last efforts for life, the certain signs of his approaching fate? When a creature has given such convincing and undeniable proofs of the terrors upon him, and the pains and agonies he feels, is there a follower of *Descartes* so inured to blood as not to refute, by his commiseration, the philosophy of that vain reasoner?

(Q.)

*For frugally**They now lived on their Salary.*

PAGE 37. LINE 18

When people have small coming in, and are honest withal, it is then that the generality of them begin to be frugal, and not before. Frugality in *Ethics* is called that virtue from the principle of which men abstain from superfluities, and despising the operose contrivances of art to procure either ease or pleasure, content themselves with the natural simplicity of things, and are carefully temperate in the enjoyment of them without any tincture of covetousness. Frugality thus limited, is, perhaps, scarcer than many may imagine; but what is generally understood by it is a quality more often to be met with, and consists in a *medium* between profuseness and avarice, rather leaning to the latter. As this

prudent economy, which some people call *saving*, is in private families the most certain method to increase an estate, so some imagine that whether a country be barren or fruitful, the same method, if generally pursued (which they think practicable) will have the same effect upon a whole nation, and that, for example, the *English* might be much richer than they are, if they would be as frugal as some of their neighbours. This, I think, is an error, which to prove I shall first refer the reader to what has been said upon this head in *Remark (L.)* and then go on thus.

Experience teaches us first, that as people differ in their views and perceptions of things, so they vary in their inclinations; one man is given to covetousness, another to prodigality, and a third is only *saving*. Secondly, that men are never, or at least very seldom, reclaimed from their darling passions, either by reason or precept, and that if anything ever draws them from what they are naturally propense to, it must be a change in their circumstances or their fortunes. If we reflect upon these observations, we shall find that to render the generality of a nation lavish, the product of the country must be considerable in proportion to the inhabitants, and what they are profuse of cheap; that on the contrary, to make a nation generally frugal, the necessaries of life must be scarce, and consequently dear; and that therefore let the best politician do what he can, the profuseness or frugality of a people in general, must always depend upon, and will in spite of his teeth be ever proportioned to, the fruitfulness and product of the country, the number of inhabitants, and the taxes they are to bear. If anybody would refute what I have said, let them only prove from history, that there ever was in any country a national frugality without a national necessity.

Let us examine then what things are requisite to aggrandise and enrich a nation. The first desirable blessings for any society of men are a fertile soil and a happy climate, a mild government, and more land than people. These things will render man easy, loving, honest and sincere. In this condition they may be as virtuous as they can, without the least injury to the public, and consequently as happy as they please themselves. But they shall have no arts or sciences, or

be quiet longer than their neighbours will let them; they must be poor, ignorant, and almost wholly destitute of what we call the comforts of life, and all the cardinal virtues together won't so much as procure a tolerable coat or a porridge pot among them: for in this state of slothful ease and stupid innocence, as you need not fear great vices, so you must not expect any considerable virtues. Man never exerts himself but when he is roused by his desires: whilst they lie dormant, and there is nothing to raise them, his excellence and abilities will be forever undiscovered, and the lumpish machine, without the influence of his passions, may be justly compared to a huge windmill without a breath of air.

Would you render a society of men strong and powerful, you must touch their passions. Divide the land, though there be never so much to spare, and their possessions will make them covetous: rouse them, though but in jest, from their idleness with praises, and pride will set them to work in earnest: teach them trades and handicrafts, and you will bring envy and emulation among them: to increase their numbers, set up a variety of manufactures, and leave no ground uncultivated; let property be inviolably secured, and privileges equal to all men; suffer nobody to act but what is lawful, and everybody to think what he pleases; for a country where everybody may be maintained that will be employed, and the other maxims are observed, must always be thronged and can never want people, as long as there is any in the world. Would you have them bold and warlike, turn to military discipline, make good use of their fear, and flatter their vanity with art and assiduity: but would you moreover render them an opulent, knowing and polite nation, teach them commerce with foreign countries, and if possible get into the sea, which to compass spare no labour nor industry, and let no difficulty deter you from it: then promote navigation, cherish the merchant, and encourage trade in every branch of it; this will bring riches, and where they are, arts and sciences will soon follow, and by the help of what I have named and good management, it is that politicians can make a people potent, renowned and flourishing.

But would you have a frugal and honest society, the best

policy is to preserve men in their native simplicity, strive not to increase their numbers; let them never be acquainted with strangers or superfluities, but remove and keep from them everything that might raise their desires, or improve their understanding.

Great wealth and foreign treasure will ever scorn to come among men, unless you'll admit their inseparable companions, avarice and luxury. Where trade is considerable fraud will intrude. To be at once well-bred and sincere, is no less than a contradiction; and therefore whilst man advances in knowledge, and his manners are polished, we must expect to see at the same time his desires enlarged, his appetites refined, and his vices increased.

The *Dutch* may ascribe their present grandeur to the virtue and frugality of their ancestors as they please; but what made that contemptible spot of ground so considerable among the principal powers of *Europe*, has been their political wisdom in postponing everything to merchandise and navigation, the unlimited liberty of conscience that is enjoyed among them, and the unwearied application with which they have always made use of the most effectual means to encourage and increase trade in general.

They never were noted for frugality before *Philip II.* of *Spain* began to rage over them with that unheard of tyranny. Their laws were trampled upon, their rights and large immunities taken from them, and their constitution torn to pieces. Several of their chief nobles were condemned and executed without legal form of process. Complaints and remonstrances were punished as severely as resistance, and those that escaped being massacred, were plundered by ravenous soldiers. As this was intolerable to a people that had always been used to the mildest of governments, and enjoyed greater privileges than any of the neighbouring nations, so they chose rather to die in arms than perish by cruel executioners. If we consider the strength *Spain* had then, and the low circumstances those distressed states were in, there never was heard of a more unequal strife; yet such was their fortitude and resolution, that only seven of those provinces uniting themselves together, maintained against the greatest and best disciplined nation in *Europe*, the most

tedious and bloody war, that is to be met with in ancient or modern history.

Rather than to become a victim to the *Spanish* fury, they were contented to live upon a third part of their revenues, and lay out far the greatest part of their income in defending themselves against their merciless enemies. These hardships and calamities of a war within their bowels, first put them upon that extraordinary frugality, and the continuance under the same difficulties for above fourscore years, could not but render it customary and habitual to them. But all their arts of saving, and penurious way of living, could never have enabled them to make head against so potent an enemy, if their industry in promoting their fishery and navigation in general, had not helped to supply the natural wants and disadvantages they laboured under.

The country is so small and so populous, that there is not land enough (though hardly an inch of it is unimproved) to feed the tenth part of the inhabitants. *Holland* itself is full of large rivers, and lies lower than the sea, which would run over it every tide, and wash it away in one winter, if it was not kept out by vast banks and huge walls: the repairs of those, as well as their sluices, keys, mills, and other necessities they are forced to make use of to keep themselves from being drowned are a greater expense to them one year with another, than could be raised by a general land tax of four shillings in the pound, if to be deducted from the neat produce of the landlord's revenue.

Is it a wonder that people under such circumstances, and laden with greater taxes besides than any other nation, should be obliged to be saving? But why must they be a pattern to others, who besides that they are more happily situated, are much richer within themselves, and have, to the same number of people, above ten times the extent of ground? The *Dutch* and we often buy and sell at the same markets, and so far our views may be said to be the same. Otherwise the interests and political reasons of the two nations as to the private economy of either, are very different. It is their interest to be frugal and spend little: because they must have everything from abroad, except butter, cheese and fish, and therefore of them, especially the latter,

they consume three times the quantity, which the same number of people do here. It is our interest to eat plenty of beef and mutton to maintain the farmer, and further improve our land, of which we have enough to feed ourselves, and as many more, if it was better cultivated. The *Dutch* perhaps have more shipping, and more ready money than we, but then those are only to be considered as the tools they work with. So a carrier may have more horses than a man of ten times his worth, and a banker that has not above fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds in the world, may have generally more ready cash by him than a gentleman of two thousand a year. He that keeps three or four stage coaches to get his bread, is to a gentleman that keeps a coach for his pleasure, what the *Dutch* are in comparison to us; having nothing of their own but fish, they are carriers and freighters to the rest of the world, whilst the basis of our trade chiefly depends upon our own product.

Another instance, that what makes the bulk of the people saving are heavy taxes, scarcity of land, and such things that occasion a dearth of provisions, may be given from what is observable among the *Dutch* themselves. In the province of *Holland* there is a vast trade, and an unconceivable treasure of money. The land is almost as rich as dung itself, and (as I have said once already) not an inch of it unimproved. In *Gelderland* and *Overyssel* there is hardly any trade, and very little money: the soil is very indifferent, and abundance of ground lies waste. Then what is the reason that the same *Dutch* in the two latter provinces, though poorer than the first, are yet less stingy and more hospitable? Nothing but that their taxes in most things are less extravagant, and in proportion to the number of people, they have a great deal more ground. What they save in *Holland*, they save out of their bellies; it is eatables, drinkables and fuel that their heaviest taxes are upon, but they wear better clothes, and have richer furniture, than you'll find in the other provinces.

Those that are frugal by principle, are so in everything, but in *Holland* the people are only sparing in such things as are daily wanted, and soon consumed; in what is lasting they are quite otherwise: in pictures and marble they are

profuse; in their buildings and gardens they are extravagant to folly. In other countries you may meet with stately courts and palaces of great extent that belong to princes, which nobody can expect in a commonwealth, where so much equality is observed as there is in this; but in all *Europe* you shall find no private buildings so sumptuously magnificent, as a great many of the merchants' and other gentlemen's houses are in *Amsterdam*, and some other great cities of that small province; and the generality of those that build there, lay out a greater proportion of their estates on the houses they dwell in than any people upon the earth.

The nation I speak of was never in greater straits, nor their affairs in a more dismal posture since they were a republic than in the year 1671 and the beginning of 1672. What we know of their economy and constitution with any certainty has been chiefly owing to Sir *William Temple*, whose observations upon their manners and government, it is evident from several passages in his memoirs were made about that time. The *Dutch* indeed were then very frugal; but since those days, and that their calamities have not been so pressing (though the common people, on whom the principal burthen of all excises and impositions lies, are perhaps much as they were), a great alteration has been made among the better sort of people in their equipages, entertainments, and whole manner of living.

Those who would have it that the frugality of that nation flows not so much from necessity, as a general aversion to vice and luxury, will put us in mind of their public administration and smallness of salaries, their prudence in bargaining for and buying stores and other necessaries, the great care they take, not to be imposed upon by those that serve them, and their severity against them that break their contracts. But what they would ascribe to the virtue and honesty of ministers, is wholly due to their strict regulations concerning the management of the public treasure, from which their admirable form of government will not suffer them to depart; and indeed one good man may take another's word, if they so agree, but a whole nation ought never to trust to any honesty, but what is built upon necessity; for unhappy is the people, and their constitution will

be ever precarious, whose welfare must depend upon the virtues and consciences of ministers and politicians.

The *Dutch* generally endeavour to promote as much frugality among their subjects as it is possible, not because it is a virtue, but because it is, generally speaking, their interest, as I have showed before; for as this latter changes, so they alter their maxims, as will be plain in the following instance.

As soon as their *East India* ships come home, the company pays off the men, and many of them receive the greatest part of what they have been earning in seven or eight, and some fifteen or sixteen years' time. These poor fellows are encouraged to spend their money with all profuseness imaginable, and considering that most of them, when they set out at first were reprobates, that under the tuition of a strict discipline, and a miserable diet, have been so long kept at hard labour, without money, in the midst of danger, it cannot be difficult to make them lavish as soon as they have plenty.

They squander away in wine, women and music, as much as people of their taste and education are well capable of, and are suffered (so they but abstain from doing of mischief) to revel and riot with greater licentiousness than is customary to be allowed to others. You may in some cities see them accompanied with three or four lewd women, few of them sober, run roaring through the streets by broad daylight with a fiddler before them: and if the money, to their thinking, goes not fast enough these ways, they will find out others, and sometimes fling it among the mob by handfuls. This madness continues in most of them whilst they have anything left, which never lasts long, and for this reason, by a nickname, they are called, *lords of six weeks*, that being generally the time by which the company has other ships ready to depart; where these infatuated wretches (their money being gone) are forced to enter themselves again, and may have leisure to repent their folly.

In this stratagem there is a double policy: first, if these sailors that have been inured to the hot climates and unwholesome air and diet, should be frugal and stay in their own country, the company would be continually obliged to

employ fresh men, of which (besides that they are not so fit for their business) hardly one in two ever lives in some places of the *East Indies*, which would often prove a great charge as well as disappointment to them. The second is, that the large sums so often distributed among those sailors, are by this means made immediately to circulate throughout the country, from whence, by heavy excises and other impositions, the greatest part of it is soon drawn back into the public treasure.

To convince the champions for national frugality by another argument, that what they urge is impracticable, we will suppose that I am mistaken in everything which in *Remark (L.)* I have said in behalf of luxury and the necessity of it to maintain trade; after that let us examine what a general frugality, if it was by art and management to be forced upon people whether they have occasion for it or not, would produce in such a nation as ours. We will grant then, that all the people in *Great Britain* shall consume but four fifths of what they do now, and so lay up one fifth part of their income: I shall not speak of what influence this would have upon almost every trade, as well as the farmer, the grazier and the landlord, but favourably suppose (what is yet impossible) that the same work shall be done, and consequently the same handicrafts be employed as there are now. The consequence would be that unless money should all at once fall prodigiously in value, and everything else, contrary to reason, grow very dear, at the five years' end all the working people, and the poorest of labourers (for I won't meddle with any of the rest) would be worth in ready cash as much as they now spend in a whole year; which, by the by, would be more money than ever the nation had at once.

Let us now, overjoyed with this increase of wealth, take a view of the condition the working people would be in, and reasoning from experience, and what we daily observe of them, judge what their behaviour would be in such a case. Everybody knows that there is a vast number of journeymen weavers, tailors, clothworkers, and twenty other handicrafts, who, if by four days' labour in a week they can maintain themselves, will hardly be persuaded to work the fifth;

and that there are thousands of labouring men of all sorts, who will, though they can hardly subsist, put themselves to fifty inconveniences, disoblige their masters, pinch their bellies, and run in debt, to make holidays. When men show such an extraordinary proclivity to idleness and pleasure, what reason have we to think that they would ever work, unless they were obliged to it by immediate necessity? When we see an artificer that cannot be drove to his work before *Tuesday*, because the *Monday* morning he has two shillings left of his last week's pay; why should we imagine he would go to it at all, if he had fifteen or twenty pounds in his pocket?

What would, at this rate, become of our manufactures? If the merchant would send cloth abroad, he must make it himself, for the clothier cannot get one man out of twelve that used to work for him. If what I speak of was only to befall the journeymen shoemakers, and nobody else, in less than a twelvemonth half of us would go barefoot. The chief and most pressing use there is for money in a nation, is to pay the labour of the poor, and when there is a real scarcity of it, those who have a great many workmen to pay, will always feel it first; yet notwithstanding this great necessity of coin, it would be easier, where property was well secured, to live without money than without poor; for who would do the work? For this reason the quantity of circulating coin in a country ought always to be proportioned to the number of hands that are employed; and the wages of labourers to the price of provisions. From whence it is demonstrable, that whoever procures plenty makes labour cheap, where the poor are well managed; who as they ought to be kept from starving, so they should receive nothing worth saving. If here and there one of the lowest class by uncommon industry, and pinching his belly, lifts himself above the condition he was brought up in, nobody ought to hinder him; nay, it is undeniably the wisest course for every person in the society, and for every private family to be frugal; but it is the interest of all rich nations, that the greatest part of the poor should almost never be idle, and yet continually spend what they get.

All men, as Sir *William Temple* observes very well, are more prone to ease and pleasure than they are to labour,

when they are not prompted to it by pride or avarice, and those that get their living by their daily labour are seldom powerfully influenced by either: so that they have nothing to stir them up to be serviceable but their wants, which it is prudence to relieve, but folly to cure. The only thing then that can render the labouring man industrious, is a moderate quantity of money; for as too little will, according as his temper is, either dispirit or make him desperate, so too much will make him indolent and lazy.

A man would be laughed at by most people, who should maintain that too much money could undo a nation: yet this has been the fate of *Spain*; to this the learned Don *Diego Savedra* ascribes the ruin of his country. The fruits of the earth in former ages had made *Spain* so rich, that King *Lewis XI.* of *France* being come to the court of *Toledo*, was astonished at its splendour, and said, that he had never seen anything to be compared to it, either in *Europe* or *Asia*; he that in his travels to the *Holy Land* had run through every province of them. In the kingdom of *Castille* alone (if we may believe some writers) there were for the *Holy War* from all parts of the world got together one hundred thousand foot, ten thousand horse and sixty thousand carriages for baggage, which *Alonso III.* maintained at his own charge, and paid every day as well soldiers as officers and princes, everyone according to his rank and dignity: nay, down to the reign of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* (who equipped *Columbus*) and some time after, *Spain* was a fertile country, where trade and manufactures flourished, and had a knowing industrious people to boast of. But as soon as that mighty treasure, that was obtained with more hazard and cruelty than the world till then had known, and which to come at, by the *Spaniard's* own confession, had cost the lives of twenty millions of *Indians*; as soon, I say, as that ocean of treasure came rolling in upon them, it took away their senses, and their industry forsook them. The farmer left his plough, the mechanic his tools, the merchant his counting-house, and everybody scorning to work, took his pleasure and turned gentleman. They thought they had reason to value themselves above all their neighbours, and now nothing but the conquest of the world would serve them.

The consequence of this has been, that other nations have supplied what their own sloth and pride denied them; and when everybody saw, that notwithstanding all the prohibitions the government could make against the exportation of bullion, the *Spaniard* would part with his money, and bring it you aboard himself at the hazard of his neck, all the world endeavoured to work for *Spain*. Gold and silver being by this means yearly divided and shared among all the trading countries, have made all things dear, and most nations of *Europe* industrious, except their owners, who ever since their mighty acquisitions, sit with their arms across, and wait every year with impatience and anxiety, the arrival of their revenues from abroad, to pay others for what they have spent already: and thus by *too much money*, the making of colonies and other mismanagements, of which it was the occasion, *Spain* is from a fruitful and well-peopled country, with all its mighty titles and possessions, made a barren and empty thoroughfare, through which gold and silver pass from *America* to the rest of the world; and the nation, from a rich, acute, diligent and laborious, become a slow, idle, proud and beggarly people. So much for *Spain*. The next country where money may be called the product is *Portugal*, and the figure which that kingdom with all its gold makes in *Europe*, I think is not much to be envied.

The great art then to make a nation happy, and what we call flourishing, consists in giving everybody an opportunity of being employed; which to compass, let a government's first care be to promote as great a variety of manufactures, arts and handicrafts, as human wit can invent; and the second to encourage agriculture and fishery in all their branches, that the whole earth may be forced to exert itself as well as man; for as the one is an infallible maxim to draw vast multitudes of people into a nation, so the other is the only method to maintain them.

It is from this policy, and not the trifling regulations of lavishness and frugality (which will ever take their own course, according to the circumstances of the people), that the greatness and felicity of nations must be expected. For let the value of gold and silver either rise or fall, the enjoyment of all societies will ever depend upon the fruits of the

earth, and the labour of the people; both which joined together are a more certain, a more inexhaustible and a more real treasure than the gold of *Brazil*, or the silver of *Potosi*.

(R.) *No Honour now, etc.*

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Honour in its figurative sense is a chimera without truth or being, an invention of moralists and politicians, and signifies a certain principle of virtue not related to religion, found in some men that keeps them close to their duty and engagements whatever they be; as for example, a man of honour enters into a conspiracy with others to murder a king; he is obliged to go through stitch with it; and if overcome by remorse or good nature he startles at the enormity of his purpose, discovers the plot, and turns a witness against his accomplices, he then forfeits his honour, at least among the party he belonged to. The excellency of this principle is, that the vulgar are destitute of it, and it is only to be met with in people of the better sort, as some oranges have kernels, and others not, though the outside be the same. In great families it is like the gout, generally counted hereditary, and all lords children are born with it. In some that never felt anything of it, it is acquired by conversation and reading (especially of romances), in others by preferment; but there is nothing that encourages the growth of it more than a sword, and upon the first wearing of one some people have felt considerable shoots of it in four and twenty hours.

The chief and most important care a man of honour ought to have, is the preservation of this principle, and rather than forfeit it, he must lose his employments and estate, nay, life itself; for which reason, whatever humility he may show by way of good breeding, he is allowed to put an inestimable value upon himself, as a possessor of this invisible ornament. The only method to preserve this principle, is to live up to the rules of honour, which are laws he is to walk by: himself is obliged always to be faithful to his trust, to prefer the public interest to his own, not to tell lies, nor defraud or wrong anybody, and from others to suffer no affront,

which is a term of art for every action designedly done to undervalue him.

The men of ancient honour, of which I reckon *Don Quixote* to have been the last upon record, were very nice observers of all these laws, and a great many more than I have named; but the moderns seem to be more remiss; they have a profound veneration for the last of them, but they pay not an equal obedience to any of the other, and whoever will but strictly comply with that I hint at, shall have abundance of trespasses against all the rest connived at.

A man of honour is always counted impartial, and a man of sense of course; for nobody ever heard of a man of honour that was a fool: for this reason, he has nothing to do with the law, and is always allowed to be a judge in his own case; and if the least injury be done either to himself or his friend, his relation, his servant, his dog, or anything which he is pleased to take under his honourable protection, satisfaction must be forthwith demanded, and if it proves an affront, and he that gave it likewise a man of honour, a battle must ensue. From all this it is evident, that a man of honour must be possessed of courage, and that without it his other principle would be no more than a sword without a point. Let us therefore examine what courage consists in, and whether it be, as most people will have it, a real something that valiant men have in their nature distinct from all their other qualities or not.

There is nothing so universally sincere upon earth, as the love which all creatures, that are capable of any, bear to themselves; and as there is no love but what implies a care to preserve the thing beloved, so there is nothing more sincere in any creature than his will, wishes and endeavours to preserve himself. This is the law of nature, by which no creature is endued with any appetite or passion but what either directly or indirectly tends to the preservation either of himself or his species.

The means by which nature obliges every creature continually to stir in this business of self-preservation, are grafted in him, and (in man) called desires, which either compel him to crave what he thinks will sustain or please him, or command him to avoid what he imagines might

displease, hurt or destroy him. These desires or passions have all their different symptoms by which they manifest themselves to those they disturb, and from that variety of disturbances they make within us, their various denominations have been given them, as has been shown already in pride and shame.

The passion that is raised in us when we apprehend that mischief is approaching us, is called fear: the disturbance it makes within us is always more or less violent in proportion, not of the danger, but our apprehension of the mischief dreaded, whether real or imaginary. Our fear then being always proportioned to the apprehension we have of the danger, it follows, that whilst that apprehension lasts, a man can no more shake off his fear than he can a leg or an arm. In a fright it is true, the apprehension of danger is so sudden, and attacks us so lively (as sometimes to take away reason and senses) that when it is over we often don't remember that we had any apprehension at all; but from the event, it is plain we had it, for how could we have been frightened if we had not apprehended that some evil or other was coming upon us?

Most people are of opinion, that this apprehension is to be conquered by reason, but I confess I am not. Those that have been frightened will tell you, that as soon as they could recollect themselves, that is, make use of their reason, their apprehension was conquered. But this is no conquest at all, for in a fright the danger was either altogether imaginary, or else it is past by that time they can make use of their reason; and therefore, if they find there is no danger, it is no wonder that they should not apprehend any: but when the danger is permanent, let them then make use of their reason, and they will find that it may serve them to examine the greatness and reality of the danger, and that if they find it less than they imagined, their apprehension will be lessened accordingly; but if the danger proves real, and the same in every circumstance as they took it to be at first, then their reason instead of diminishing will rather increase their apprehension. Whilst this fear lasts, no creature can fight offensively; and yet we see brutes daily fight obstinately, and worry one another to death; so that some other passion must be able to

overcome this fear, and the most contrary to it is anger; which to trace to the bottom I must beg leave to make another digression.

No creature can subsist without food, nor any species of them (I speak of the more perfect animals) continue long unless young ones are continually born as fast as the old ones die. Therefore the first and fiercest appetite that nature has given them is hunger, the next is lust; the one prompting them to procreate as the other bids them eat. Now, if we observe that anger is that passion which is raised in us when we are crossed or disturbed in our desires, and that as it sums up all the strength in creatures, so it was given them that by it they might exert themselves more vigorously in endeavouring to remove, overcome, or destroy whatever obstructs them in the pursuit of self-preservation; we shall find that brutes, unless themselves or what they love, or the liberty of either are threatened or attacked, have nothing worth notice that can move them to anger but *Hunger* or *Lust*. It is they that make them more fierce, for we must observe, that the appetites of creatures are as actually crossed, whilst they want and cannot meet with what they desire (though perhaps with less violence) as when hindered from enjoying what they have in view. What I have said will appear more plainly, if we but mind what nobody can be ignorant of, which is this: all creatures upon earth live either upon the fruits and product of it, or else the flesh of other animals, their fellow creatures. The latter, which we call beasts of prey, nature has armed accordingly, and given them weapons and strength to overcome and tear asunder those whom she has designed for their food, and likewise a much keener appetite than to other animals that live upon herbs, etc., for as to the first, if a cow loved mutton as well as she does grass, being made as she is, and having no claws or talons, and but one row of teeth before that are all of an equal length, she would be starved even among a flock of sheep. Secondly, as to their voraciousness, if experience did not teach it us, our reason might: in the first place, it is highly probable that the hunger which can make a creature fatigue, harass and expose himself to danger for every bit he eats, is more piercing than that which only bids him eat

what stands before him, and which he may have for stooping down. In the second, it is to be considered, that as beasts of prey have an instinct by which they learn to crave, trace, and discover those creatures that are good food for them; so the others have likewise an instinct that teaches them to shun, conceal themselves, and run away from those that hunt after them: from hence it must follow, that beasts of prey, though they could almost eat for ever, go yet more often with empty bellies than other creatures, whose victuals neither fly from nor oppose them. This must perpetuate as well as increase their hunger, which hereby becomes a constant fuel to their anger.

If you ask me what stirs up this anger in bulls and cocks that will fight to death, and yet are neither animals of prey nor very voracious, I answer, *Lust*. Those creatures, whose rage proceeds from hunger, both male and female, attack everything they can master, and fight obstinately against all: but the animals, whose fury is provoked by a venereal ferment, being generally males, exert themselves chiefly against other males of the same species. They may do mischief by chance to other creatures; but the main objects of their hatred are their rivals, and it is against them only that their prowess and fortitude are shown. We see likewise in all those creatures of which the male is able to satisfy a great number of females, a more considerable superiority in the male expressed by nature in his make and features as well as fierceness, than is observed in other creatures where the male is contented with one or two females. Dogs, though become domestic animals, are ravenous to a proverb, and those of them that will fight being carnivorous, would soon become beasts of prey, if not fed by us; what we may observe in them is an ample proof of what I have hitherto advanced. Those of a true fighting breed, being voracious creatures, both male and female, will fasten upon anything, and suffer themselves to be killed before they give over. As the female is rather more salacious than the male; so there is no difference in their make at all, what distinguishes the sexes excepted, and the female is rather the fiercest of the two. A bull is a terrible creature when he is kept up, but where he has twenty or more cows to range among, in a little time

he will become as tame as any of them, and a dozen hens will spoil the best game cock in *England*. Harts and deer are counted chaste and timorous creatures, and so indeed they are almost all the year long, except in rutting time, and then on a sudden they become bold to admiration, and often make at the keepers themselves.

That the influence of those two principal appetites, hunger and lust, upon the temper of animals, is not so whimsical as some may imagine, may be partly demonstrated from what is observable in ourselves; for though our hunger is infinitely less violent than that of wolves and other ravenous creatures, yet we see that people who are in health and have a tolerable stomach, are more fretful, and sooner put out of humour for trifles when they stay for their victuals beyond their usual hours, than at any other time. And again, though lust in man is not so raging as it is in bulls and other salacious creatures, yet nothing provokes men and women both sooner and more violently to anger, than what crosses their amours, when they are heartily in love; and the most fearful and tenderly educated of either sex, have slighted the greatest dangers, and set aside all other considerations to compass the destruction of a rival.

Hitherto I have endeavoured to demonstrate, that no creature can fight offensively as long as his fear lasts; that fear cannot be conquered but by another passion; that the most contrary to it, and most effectual to overcome it is anger; that the two principal appetites which, disappointed, can stir up this last-named passion are *Hunger* and *Lust*, and that in all brute beasts the proneness to anger and obstinacy in fighting generally depend upon the violence of either or both those appetites together. From whence it must follow, that what we call prowess or natural courage in creatures, is nothing but the effect of anger, and that all fierce animals must be either very ravenous or very lustful, if not both.

Let us now examine what by this rule we ought to judge of our own species. From the tenderness of man's skin, and the great care that is required for years together to rear him; from the make of his jaws, the evenness of his teeth, the breadth of his nails, and the slightness of both, it is not probable that nature should have designed him for rapine; for

this reason his hunger is not voracious as it is in beasts of prey; neither is he so fallacious as other animals that are called so, and being besides very industrious to supply his wants, he can have no reigning appetite to perpetuate his anger, and must consequently be a timorous animal.

What I have said last must only be understood of man in his savage state; for if we examine him as a member of a society and a taught animal, we shall find him quite another creature: as soon as his pride has room to play, and envy, avarice and ambition begin to catch hold of him, he is roused from his natural innocence and stupidity. As his knowledge increases, his desires are enlarged, and consequently his wants and appetites are multiplied. Hence it must follow, that he will be often crossed in the pursuit of them, and meet with abundance more disappointment to stir up his anger in this than his former condition, and man would in a little time become the most hurtful and obnoxious creature in the world, if let alone, whenever he could overpower his adversary, if he had no mischief to fear but from the person that angered him.

The first care therefore of all governments is by severe punishments to curb his anger when it does hurt, and so by increasing his fears prevent the mischief it might produce. When various laws to restrain him from using force are strictly executed, self-preservation must teach him to be peaceable; and as it is everybody's business to be as little disturbed as is possible, his fears will be continually augmented and enlarged as he advances in experience, understanding and foresight. The consequence of this must be, that as the provocations he will receive to anger will be infinite in the civilised state, so his fears to damp it will be the same, and thus in a little time he will be taught by his fears to destroy his anger, and by art to consult in an opposite method the same self-preservation for which nature before had furnished him with anger, as well as the rest of his passions.

The only useful passion then that man is possessed of toward the peace and quiet of a society, is his fear, and the more you work upon it the more orderly and governable he will be; for how useful soever anger may be to man, as he

is a single creature by himself, yet the society has no manner of occasion for it: but nature being always the same in the formation of animals, produces all creatures as like to those that beget and bear them as the place she forms them in, and the various influences from without will give her leave, and consequently all men, whether they are born in courts or forests, are susceptible of anger. When this passion overcomes (as among all degrees of people it sometimes does) the whole set of fears man has, he has true courage, and will fight as boldly as a lion or a tiger, and at no other time; and I shall endeavour to prove, that whatever is called courage in man, when he is not angry, is spurious and artificial.

It is possible by good government to keep a society always quiet in itself, but nobody can ensure peace from without for ever. The society may have occasion to extend their limits further, and enlarge their territories, or others may invade theirs, or something else will happen that man must be brought to fight; for how civilised soever men may be, they never forget that force goes beyond reason. The politician now must alter his measures, and take off some of man's fears; he must strive to persuade him, that all what was told him before of the barbarity of killing men ceases as soon as these men are enemies to the public, and that their adversaries are neither so good nor so strong as themselves. These things well managed will seldom fail of drawing the hardiest, the most quarrelsome, and the most mischievous into combat; but unless they are better qualified, I won't answer for their behaviour there. If once you can make them undervalue their enemies, you may soon stir them up to anger, and while that lasts they will fight with greater obstinacy than any disciplined troops: but if anything happens that was unforeseen, and a sudden great noise, a tempest, or any strange or uncommon accident that seems to threaten them, intervenes, fear seizes them, disarms their anger, and makes them run away to a man.

This natural courage therefore, as soon as people begin to have more wit, must be soon exploded. In the first place those that have felt the smart of the enemy's blows, won't always believe what is said to undervalue him, and are often not easily provoked to anger. Secondly, anger consisting in

an ebullition of the spirits is a passion of no long continuance (*ira furor brevis est*) and the enemies, if they withstand the first shock of these angry people, have commonly the better of it. Thirdly, as long as people are angry, all counsel and discipline are lost upon them, and they can never be brought to use art or conduct in their battles. Anger then, without which no creature has natural courage, being altogether useless in a war to be managed by stratagem, and brought into a regular art, the government must find out an equivalent for courage that will make men fight.

Whoever would civilize men, and establish them into a body politic, must be thoroughly acquainted with all the passions and appetites, strength and weaknesses of their frame, and understand how to turn their greatest frailties to the advantage of the public. In the enquiry into the origin of moral virtue, I have shown how easily men were induced to believe anything that is said in their praise. If therefore a law-giver or politician, they have a great veneration for, should tell them, that the generality of men had within them a principle of valour distinct from anger, or any other passion, that made them to despise danger and face death itself with intrepidity, and that they who had the most of it were the most valuable of their kind, it is very likely, considering what has been said, that most of them, though they felt nothing of this principle, would swallow it for truth, and that the proudest feeling themselves moved at this piece of flattery, and not well versed in distinguishing the passions, might imagine that they felt it heaving in their breasts, by mistaking pride for courage. If but one in ten can be persuaded openly to declare, that he is possessed of this principle, and maintain it against all gainsayers, there will soon be half-a-dozen that shall assert the same. Whoever has once owned it is engaged, the politician has nothing to do but to take all imaginable care to flatter the pride of those that brag of, and are willing to stand by it, a thousand different ways: the same pride that drew him in first will ever after oblige him to defend the assertion, till at last the fear of discovering the reality of his heart, becomes to be so great that it outdoes the fear of death itself. Do but increase man's pride, and his fear of shame will ever be proportioned to it;

for the greater value a man sets upon himself, the more pains he will take and the greater hardships he will undergo to avoid shame.

The great art then to make man courageous, is first to make him own this principle of valour within, and afterwards to inspire him with as much horror against shame, as nature has given him against death; and that there are things to which man has, or may have, a stronger aversion than he has to death, is evident from *suicide*. He that makes death his choice, must look upon it as less terrible than what he shuns by it; for whether the evil dreaded be present or to come, real or imaginary, nobody would kill himself wilfully but to avoid something. *Lucretia* held out bravely against all the attacks of the ravisher, even when he threatened her life; which shows that she valued her virtue beyond it: but when he threatened her reputation with eternal infamy, she fairly surrendered, and then slew herself; a certain sign that she valued her virtue less than her glory, and her life less than either. The fear of death did not make her yield, for she resolved to die before she did it, and her compliance must only be considered as a bribe to make *Tarquin* forbear sullying her reputation; so that life had neither the first nor second place in the esteem of *Lucretia*. The courage then which is only useful to the body politic, and what is generally called true valour, is artificial, and consists in a *superlative horror against shame*, by flattery infused into men of exalted pride.

As soon as the notions of honour and shame are received among a society, it is not difficult to make men fight. First, take care they are persuaded of the justice of their cause; for no man fights heartily that thinks himself in the wrong; then show them that their altars, their possessions, wives, children, and everything that is near and dear to them is concerned in the present quarrel, or at least may be influenced by it hereafter; then put feathers in their caps, and distinguish them from others, talk of public-spiritedness, the love of their country, facing an enemy with intrepidity, despising death, the bed of honour, and such like high-sounding words, and every proud man will take up arms and fight himself to death before he will turn tail, if it be by daylight.

One man in an army is a check upon another, and a hundred of them that single and without witness would be all cowards, are for fear of incurring one another's contempt made valiant by being together. To continue and heighten this artificial courage, all that run away ought to be punished with ignominy; those that fought well, whether they did beat or were beaten, must be flattered and solemnly commended; those that lost their limbs rewarded, and those that were killed ought, above all, to be taken notice of, artfully lamented, and to have extraordinary encomiums bestowed upon them; for to pay honours to the dead, will ever be a sure method to make bubbles of the living.

When I say that the courage made use of in the wars is artificial, I don't imagine that by the same art all men may be made equally valiant: as men have not an equal share of pride, and differ from one another in shape and inward structure, it is impossible they should be all equally fit for the same uses. Some men will never be able to learn music, and yet make good mathematicians; others will play excellently well upon the violin, and yet be coxcombs as long as they live, let them converse with whom they please. But to show that this is no evasion I shall prove, that, setting aside what I said of artificial courage already, what the greatest hero differs in from the rankest coward, is altogether corporeal, and depends upon the inward make of man. What I mean is called constitution; by which is understood the orderly or disorderly mixture of the *Fluids* in our body: that constitution which favours courage, consists in the natural strength, elasticity, and due contexture of the finer spirits, and upon them wholly depends what we call steadfastness, resolution and obstinacy. It is the only ingredient that is common to natural and artificial bravery, and is to either what size is to white walls, which hinders them from coming off, and makes them lasting. That some people are very much, others very little frightened at things that are strange and sudden to them, is likewise altogether owing to the firmness or imbecility in the tone of the spirits. Pride is of no use in a fright, because whilst it lasts we can't think, which, being counted a disgrace, is the reason people are always angry with anything that frightens them as soon

as the surprise is over; and when at the turn of a battle the conquerors give no quarter, and are very cruel, it is a sign their enemies fought well, and had put them first into great fears.

That resolution depends upon this tone of the spirits, appears likewise from the effects of strong liquors, the fiery particles whereof crowding into the brain, strengthen the spirits; their operation imitates that of anger, which I said before was an ebullition of the spirits. It is for this reason that most people when they are in drink, are sooner touched and more prone to anger than at other times, and some raving mad without any provocation at all. It is likewise observed, that brandy makes men more quarrelsome at the same pitch of drunkenness than wine; because the spirits of distilled waters have abundance of fiery particles mixed with them, which the other has not. The contexture of spirits is so weak in some, that though they have pride enough, no art can ever make them fight or overcome their fears; but this is a defect in the principle of the *Fluids*, as other deformities are faults of the *Solids*. These pusillanimous people are never thoroughly provoked to anger, where there is any danger, and drinking ever makes them bolder, but seldom so resolute as to attack any, unless they be women or children, or such who they know dare not resist. This constitution is often influenced by health and sickness, and impaired by great losses of blood; sometimes it is corrected by diet; and it is this which the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* means when he says; *Vanity, Shame, and above all Constitution, make up very often the Courage of Men and Virtue of Women.*

There is nothing that more improves the useful martial courage I treat of, and at the same time shows it to be artificial, than practice; for when men are disciplined, come to be acquainted with all the tools of death and engines of destruction, when the shouts, the outcries, the fire and smoke, the groans of wounded, and ghastly looks of dying men, with all the various scenes of mangled carcasses and bloody limbs tore off, begin to be familiar to them, their fears abate apace; not that they are now less afraid to die than before, but being used so often to see the same dangers, they apprehend the reality of them less than they did: as they

are deservedly valued for every siege they are at, and every battle they are in, it is impossible but the several actions they share in must continually become as many solid steps by which their pride mounts up, and thus their fear of shame which, as I said before, will always be proportioned to their pride, increasing as the apprehension of the danger decreases, it is no wonder that most of them learn to discover little or no fear: and some great generals are able to preserve a presence of mind, and counterfeit a calm serenity within the midst of all the noise, horror and confusion that attend a battle.

So silly a creature is man, as that, intoxicated with the fumes of vanity, he can feast on the thoughts of the praises that shall be paid his memory in future ages with so much ecstasy, as to neglect his present life, nay court and covet death, if he but imagines that it will add to the glory he had acquired before. There is no pitch of self-denial that a man of pride and constitution cannot reach, nor any passion so violent but he will sacrifice it to another which is superior to it; and here I cannot but admire at the simplicity of some good men, who when they hear of the joy and alacrity with which holy men in persecutions have suffered for their faith, imagine that such constancy must exceed all human force, unless it was supported by some miraculous assistance from heaven. As most people are unwilling to acknowledge all the frailties of their species, so they are unacquainted with the strength of our nature, and know not that some men of firm constitution may work themselves up into enthusiasm by no other help than the violence of their passions; yet it is certain, that there have been men who only assisted with pride and constitution to maintain the worst of causes, have undergone death and torments with as much cheerfulness as the best of men, animated with piety and devotion, ever did for the true religion.

To prove this assertion I could produce many instances; but one or two will be sufficient. *Jordanus Bruno* of *Nola*, who wrote that horrid piece of blasphemy called *Spaccio della Bestia Triumfante*, and the infamous *Vanini* were both executed for openly professing and teaching of *Atheism*: the latter might have been pardoned the moment before the

execution, if he would have retracted his doctrine; but rather than recant, he chose to be burnt to ashes. As he went to the stake, he was so far from showing any concern, that he held his hand out to a physician whom he happened to know, desiring him to judge of the calmness of his mind by the regularity of his pulse, and from thence taking an opportunity of making an impious comparison, uttered a sentence too execrable to be mentioned. To these we may join one *Mahomet Effendi*, who, as Sir *Paul Ricaut* tells us, was put to death at *Constantinople*, for having advanced some notions against the existence of a god. He likewise might have saved his life by confessing his error, and renouncing it for the future; but chose rather to persist in his blasphemies, saying, *though he had no reward to expect, the love of truth constrained him to suffer martyrdom in its defence.*

I have made this digression chiefly to show the strength of human nature, and what mere man may perform by pride and constitution alone. Man may certainly be as violently roused by his vanity, as a lion is by his anger; and not only this, avarice, revenge, ambition, and almost every passion, pity not excepted, when they are extraordinary, may by overcoming fear, serve him instead of valour, and be mistaken for it even by himself; as daily experience must teach everybody that will examine and look into the motives from which some men act. But that we may more clearly perceive what this pretended principle is really built upon, let us look into the management of military affairs, and we shall find that pride is nowhere so openly encouraged as there. As for clothes, the very lowest of the commission officers have them richer, or at least more gay and splendid, than are generally wore by other people of four or five times their income. Most of them, and especially those that have families, and can hardly subsist, would be very glad, all *Europe* over, to be less expensive that way; but it is a force put upon them to uphold their pride, which they don't think on.

But the ways and means to rouse man's pride, and catch him by it, are nowhere more grossly conspicuous than in the treatment which the common soldiers receive, whose vanity is to be worked upon (because there must be so many) at the

cheapest rate imaginable. Things we are accustomed to we don't mind, or else what mortal that never had seen a soldier could look without laughing upon a man accoutred with so much paltry gaudiness and affected finery? The coarsest manufacture that can be made of wool, dyed of a brick-dust colour, goes down with him, because it is in imitation of scarlet or crimson cloth, and to make him think himself as like his officer as it is possible with little or no cost; instead of silver or gold lace, his hat is trimmed with white or yellow worsted, which in others would deserve *Bedlam*; yet these fine allurements, and the noise made upon a calf's skin, have drawn in and been the destruction of more men in reality, than all the killing eyes and bewitching voices of women ever slew in jest. To-day the swincherd puts on his red coat, and believes everybody in earnest that calls him gentleman, and two days after serjeant *Kite* gives him a swinging wrap with his cane, for holding his musket an inch higher than he should do. As to the real dignity of the employment, in the two last wars, officers, when recruits were wanted, were allowed to lift fellows convicted of burglary and other capital crimes, which shows, that to be made a soldier is deemed to be a preferment next to hanging. A trooper is yet worse than a foot soldier; for when he is most at ease, he has the mortification of being groom to a horse that spends more money than himself. When a man reflects on all this, the usage they generally receive from their officers, their pay, and the care that is taken of them, when they are not wanted, must he not wonder how wretches can be so silly as to be proud of being called *Gentlemen Soldiers*? Yet if they were not, no art, discipline or money would be capable of making them so brave as thousands of them are.

If we will mind what effects man's bravery, without any other qualifications to sweeten him, would have out of an army, we shall find that they would be very pernicious to the civil society; for if man could conquer all his fears, you would hear of nothing but rapes, murders and violences of all sorts, and valiant men would be like giants in romances: politics therefore discovered in men a mixed-metal principle, which was a compound of justice, honesty and all the moral virtues joined to courage, and all that were possessed of it

turned knights-errant of course. They did abundance of good throughout the world, by taming monsters, delivering the distressed, and killing the oppressors: but the wings of all the dragons being clipped, the giants destroyed, and the damsels everywhere set at liberty, except some few in *Spain* and *Italy*, who remained still captivated by their monsters, the order of chivalry, to whom the standard of ancient honour belonged, has been laid aside some time. It was like their armours, very massive and heavy; the many virtues about it made it very troublesome, and as ages grow wiser and wiser, the principle of honour in the beginning of the last century, was melted over again, and brought to a new standard; they put in the same weight of courage, half the quantity of honesty, and a very little justice, but not a scrap of any other virtue, which has made it very easy and portable to what it was. However, such as it is there would be no living without it in a large nation; it is the tie of society, and though we are beholden to our frailties for the chief ingredient of it, there is no virtue, at least that I am acquainted with, that has been half so instrumental to the civilising of mankind, which in great societies would soon degenerate into cruel villains and treacherous slaves, were honour to be removed from among them.

As to the duelling part which belongs to it, I pity the unfortunate whose lot it is; but to say, that those who are guilty of it go by false rules, or mistake the notions of honour, is ridiculous; for either there is no honour at all or it teaches men to resent injuries, and accept of challenges. You may as well deny that it is the fashion what you see everybody wear, as to say that demanding and giving satisfaction is against the laws of true honour. Those that rail at duelling, don't consider the benefit the society receives from that fashion: if every ill-bred fellow might use what language he pleased, without being called to an account for it, all conversation would be spoiled. Some grave people tell us, that the *Greeks* and *Romans* were such valiant men, and yet knew nothing of duelling but in their country's quarrel: this is very true, but for that reason the kings and princes in *Homer* gave one another worse language than our porters and hackney coachmen would be able to bear without resentment.

Would you hinder duelling, pardon nobody that offends that way, and make the laws against it as severe as you can, but don't take away the thing itself, the custom of it. This will not only prevent the frequency of it, but likewise by rendering the most resolute and most powerful, cautious and circumspect in their behaviour, polish and brighten society in general. Nothing civilizes a man equally as his fear, and if not all (as my lord *Rochester* said) at least most men would be cowards if they durst. The dread of being called to an account keeps abundance in awe, and there are thousands of mannerly and well accomplished gentlemen in *Europe*, who would have been insolent and insupportable coxcombs without it; besides if it was out of fashion to ask satisfaction for injuries which the law cannot take hold of, there would be twenty times the mischief done there is now, or else you must have twenty times the constables and other officers to keep the peace. I confess that though it happens but seldom, it is a calamity to the people, and generally the families it falls upon; but there can be no perfect happiness in this world, and all felicity has an ally. The act itself is uncharitable, but when above thirty in a nation destroy themselves in one year, and not half that number are killed by others, I don't think the people can be said to love their neighbours worse than themselves. It is strange that a nation should grudge to see perhaps half-a-dozen men sacrificed in a twelvemonth to obtain so valuable a blessing, as the politeness of manners, the pleasure of conversation, and the happiness of company in general, that is often so willing to expose, and sometimes loses, as many thousands in a few hours without knowing whether it will do any good or not.

I would have nobody that reflects on the mean original of honour complain of being gulled and made a property by cunning politicians, but desire everybody to be satisfied, that the governors of societies and those in high stations are greater bubbles to pride than any of the rest. If some great men had not a superlative pride and everybody understood the enjoyment of life, who would be a Lord Chancellor of *England*, a Prime Minister of State in *France*, or what gives more fatigue, and not a sixth part of the profit of either, a Grand Pensionary of *Holland*? The reciprocal services which

all men pay to one another, are the foundation of the society. The great ones are not flattered with their high birth for nothing: it is to rouse their pride, and excite them to glorious actions, that we extol their race, whether it deserves it or not; and some men have been complimented with the greatness of their family, and the merit of their ancestors, when in the whole generation you could not find two but what were uxorious fools, silly bigots, noted poltroons or debauched whoremasters. The established pride that is inseparable from those that are possessed of titles already, makes them often strive as much not to seem unworthy of them, as the working ambition of others that are yet without, renders them industrious and indefatigable to deserve them. When a gentleman is made a baron or an earl, it is as great a check upon him in many respects, as a gown and cassock are to a young student that has been newly taken into orders.

The only thing of weight that can be said against modern honour is, that it is directly opposite to religion. The one bids you bear injuries with patience, the other tells you if you don't resent them, you are not fit to live. Religion commands you to leave all revenge to God, honour bids you trust your revenge to nobody but yourself, even where the law would do it for you: religion plainly forbids murder, honour openly justifies it: religion bids you not shed blood upon any account whatever: honour bids you fight for the least trifle: religion is built on humility, and honour upon pride: how to reconcile them must be left to wiser heads than mine.

The reason why there are so few men of real virtue, and so many of real honour, is, because all the recompence a man has of a virtuous action, is the pleasure of doing it, which most people reckon but poor pay; but the self-denial a man of honour submits to in one appetite, is immediately rewarded by the satisfaction he receives from another, and what he abates of his avarice, or any other passion is doubly repaid to his pride: besides, honour gives large grains of allowance, and virtue none. A man of honour must not cheat or tell a lie; he must punctually repay what he borrows at play, though the creditor has nothing to show for it; but he may drink, and swear, and owe money to all the

tradesmen in town, without taking notice of their dunning. A man of honour must be true to his prince and country, whilst he is in their service; but if he thinks himself not well used, he may quit it, and do them all the mischief he can. A man of honour must never change his religion for interest, but he may be as debauched as he pleases, and never practice any. He must make no attempts upon his friend's wife, daughter, sister, or anybody that is trusted to his care, but he may lie with all the world besides.

(S.) *No Limmer for his Art is famed,
Stone-cutters, Carvers are not named:*

PAGE 38. LINE 27

It is, without doubt, that among the consequences of a national honesty and frugality, it would be one not to build any new houses, or use new materials, as long as there were old ones enough to serve: by this three parts in four of *masons*, *carpenters*, *bricklayers*, *etc.* would want employment; and the building trade being once destroyed, what would become of *limning*, *carving*, and other arts that are ministering to luxury, and have been carefully forbid by those lawgivers that preferred a good and honest, to a great and wealthy society, and endeavoured to render their subjects rather virtuous than rich. By a law of *Lycurgus*, it was enacted, that the ceilings of the *Spartan* houses should only be wrought by the axe, and their gates and doors only smoothed by the saw; and this, says *Plutarch*, was not without mystery; for if *Epaminondas* could say with so good a grace, inviting some of his friends to his table; *Come, Gentlemen, be secure, Treason would never come to such a poor Dinner as this;* why might not this great lawgiver, in all probability, have thought, that such ill-favoured houses would never be capable of receiving luxury and superfluity?

It is reported, as the same author tells us, that King *Leotichidas*, the first of that name, was so little used to the sight of carved work, that being entertained at *Corinth* in a stately room, he was much surprised to see the timber and ceiling so finely wrought, and asked his host whether the trees grew so in his country.

The same want of employment would reach innumerable callings, and among the rest, that of the

*Weavers that join'd rich Silks with Plate,
And all the Trades subordinate.*

(as the fable has it) would be one of the first that should have reason to complain: for the price of land and houses being, by the removal of the vast numbers that had left the hive, sunk very low on the one side, and everybody abhorring all other ways of gain, but such as were strictly honest on the other, it is not probable that many without pride or prodigality should be able to wear cloth of gold and silver, or rich brocades. The consequence of which would be, that not only the *Weaver* but likewise the *Silver-spinner*, the *Flatter*, the *Wiredrawer*, the *Bar-man*, and the *Refiner*, would in a little time be affected with this frugality.

(T.)

*To live great,
Had made her Husband rob the State.*

PAGE 39. LINE 4

What our common rogues when they are going to be hanged chiefly complain of, as the cause of their untimely end, is next to the neglect of the Sabbath their having kept company with ill women, meaning whores; and I don't question, but that among the lesser villains many venture their necks to indulge and satisfy their low amours. But the words that have given occasion to this remark, may serve to hint to us, that among the great ones men are often put upon such dangerous projects, and forced into such pernicious measures by their wives, as the most subtle mistress never could have persuaded them to. I have shown already that the worst of women and most profligate of the sex did contribute to the consumption of superfluities, as well as the necessaries of life, and consequently were beneficial to many peaceable drudges, that work hard to maintain their families, and have no worse design than an honest livelihood. Let them be banished notwithstanding, says a good man: when every strumpet is gone and the land wholly freed from lewdness, God Almighty will pour such blessings

upon it as will vastly exceed the profits, that are now got by harlots. This perhaps would be true; but I can make it evident, that with or without prostitutes, nothing could make amends for the detriment trade would sustain if all those of that sex, who enjoy the happy state of matrimony, should act and behave themselves as a sober, wise man could wish them.

The variety of work that is performed, and the number of hands employed to gratify the fickleness and luxury of women is prodigious, and if only the married ones should hearken to reason and just remonstrances, think themselves sufficiently answered with the first refusal, and never ask a second time, what had been once denied them: if, I say, married women would do this, and then lay out no money but what their husbands knew and freely allowed of, the consumption of a thousand things they now make use of would be lessened by at least a fourth part. Let us go from house to house and observe the way of the world only among the middling people, creditable shopkeepers, that spend two or three hundred a year, and we shall find that the women, when they have half a score suits of clothes, two or three of them not the worse for wearing, will think it a sufficient plea for new ones, if they can say that they have never a gown or petticoat, but what they have been often seen in, and are known by especially at church; I don't speak now of profuse extravagant women, but such as are counted prudent and moderate in their desires.

If by this pattern we should in proportion judge of the highest ranks, where the richest clothes are but a trifle to their other expenses, and not forget the furniture of all sorts, equipages, jewels and buildings of persons of quality, we would find the fourth part I speak of a vast article in trade, and that the loss of it would be a greater calamity to such a nation as ours, than it is possible to conceive any other, a raging pestilence not excepted: for the death of half a million of people could not cause a tenth part of the disturbance to the kingdom, that the same number of poor unemployed would certainly create, if at once they were to be added to those that already one way or other are a burden to the society.

Some few men have a real passion for their wives, and are fond of them without reserve; others that don't care, and have little occasion for women, are yet seemingly uxorious, and love out of vanity; they take delight in a handsome wife, as a coxcomb does in a fine horse, not for the use he makes of it, but because it is his. The pleasure lies in the consciousness of an uncontrollable possession and what follows from it, the reflection on the mighty thoughts he imagines others to have of his happiness. The men of either sort may be very lavish to their wives, and often preventing their wishes crowd new clothes and other finery upon them faster than they can ask it, but the greatest part are wiser than to indulge the extravagancies of their wives so far, as to give them immediately everything they are pleased to fancy.

It is incredible what vast quantity of trinkets as well as apparel are purchased and used by women, which they could never have come at by any other means, than pinching their families, marketing, and other ways of cheating and pilfering from their husbands: others by ever teasing their spouses, tire them into compliance, and conquer even obstinate churls by perseverance and their assiduity of asking: a third sort are outrageous at a denial, and by down-right noise and scolding bully their tame fools out of anything they have a mind to; whilst thousands by the force of wheedling know how to overcome the best weighed reasons and the most positive reiterated refusals; the young and beautiful especially laugh at all remonstrances and denials, and few of them scruple to employ the most tender minutes of wedlock to promote a sordid interest. Here had I time I could inveigh with warmth against those base, those wicked women, who calmly play their arts and false deluding charms against our strength and prudence, and act the harlots with their husbands! Nay, she is worse than whore, who impiously profanes and prostitutes the sacred rites of love to vile, ignoble ends; that first excites to passion and invites to joys with seeming ardour, then racks our fondness for no other purpose than to extort a gift, whilst full of guile in counterfeited transports she watches for the moment when men can least deny.

I beg pardon for this start out of my way, and desire the

experienced reader duly to weigh what has been said as to the main purpose, and after that call to mind the temporal blessings, which men daily hear not only toasted and wished for, when people are merry and doing of nothing; but likewise gravely and solemnly prayed for in churches, and other religious assemblies, by clergymen of all sorts and sizes: and as soon as he shall have laid these things together, and, from what he has observed in the common affairs of life, reasoned upon them consequentially without prejudice, I dare flatter myself, that he will be obliged to own, that a considerable portion of what the prosperity of *London* and trade in general, and consequently the honour, strength, safety, and all the worldly interest of the nation, consist in, depends entirely on the deceit and vile stratagems of women; and that humility, content, meekness, obedience to reasonable husbands, frugality and all the virtues together, if they were possessed of them in the most eminent degree, could not possibly be a thousandth part so serviceable, to make an opulent, powerful, and what we call a flourishing kingdom, as their most hateful qualities.

I don't question, but many of my readers will be startled at this assertion, when they look on the consequences that may be drawn from it; and I shall be asked, whether people may not as well be virtuous in a populous, rich, wide, extended kingdom, as in a small, indigent state or principality, that is but poorly inhabited: and if that be impossible, whether it is not the duty of all sovereigns to reduce their subjects, as to wealth and numbers, as much as they can. If I allow they may, I own myself in the wrong; and if I affirm the other, my tenets will justly be called impious, or at least dangerous to all large societies. As it is not in this place of the book only, but a great many others, that such queries might be made even by a well-meaning reader, I shall here explain myself, and endeavour to solve those difficulties, which several passages might have raised in him, in order to demonstrate the consistency of my opinion to reason, and the strictest morality.

I lay down as a first principle, that in all societies great or small, it is the duty of every member of it to be good, that virtue ought to be encouraged, vice discountenanced, the

laws obeyed, and the transgressors punished. After this I affirm, that if we consult history both ancient and modern, and take a view of what has past in the world, we shall find that human nature since the fall of *Adam* has always been the same, and that the strength and frailties of it have ever been conspicuous in one part of the globe or other, without any regard to ages, climates, or religion. I never said nor imagined, that man could not be virtuous as well in a rich and mighty kingdom, as in the most pitiful commonwealth; but I own it is my sense that no society can be raised into such a rich and mighty kingdom, or so raised, subsist in their wealth and power for any considerable time without the vices of man.

This I imagine is sufficiently proved throughout the book; and as human nature still continues the same, as it has always been for so many thousand years, we have no great reason to suspect a future change in it, whilst the world endures. Now I cannot see what immorality there is in showing a man the origin and power of those passions, which so often, even unknowingly to himself, hurry him away from his reason; or that there is any impiety in putting him upon his guard against himself and the secret stratagems of self-love, and teaching him the difference between such actions as proceed from a victory over the passions, and those that are only the result of a conquest which one passion obtains over another; that is, between real, and counterfeited virtue. It is an admirable saying of a worthy divine, *that though many discoveries have been made in the world of self-love, there is yet abundance of terra incognita left behind.* What hurt do I do to man if I make him more known to himself than he was before? But we are all so desperately in love with flattery, that we can never relish a truth that is mortifying, and I don't believe that the immortality of the soul, a truth broached long before christianity, would have ever found such a general reception in human capacities as it has, had it not been a pleasing one, that extolled and was a compliment to the whole species, the meanest and most miserable not excepted.

Everyone loves to hear the thing well spoke of, that he has a share in, even bailiffs, gaolkeepers, and the hangman

himself would have you think well of their functions: nay thieves and housebreakers have a greater regard to those of their fraternity than they have for honest people, and I sincerely believe, that it is chiefly self-love, that has gained this little treatise, as it was before this impression, so many enemies; everyone looks upon it as an affront done to himself, because it detracts from the dignity, and lessens the fine notions he had conceived of mankind, the most worshipful company he belongs to. When I say that societies cannot be raised to wealth and power, and the top of earthly glory without vices, I don't think that by so saying I bid men be vicious any more, than I bid them be quarrelsome or covetous, when I affirm that the profession of the law could not be maintained in such numbers and splendour, if there was not abundance of too selfish and litigious people.

But as nothing would more clearly demonstrate the falsity of my notions, than that the generality of the people should fall in with them, so I don't expect the approbation of the multitude. I write not to many, nor seek for any well-wishers, but among the few that can think abstractly, and have their minds elevated above the vulgar. If I have shown the way to worldly greatness I have always without hesitation preferred the road that leads to virtue.

Would you banish fraud and luxury, prevent profaneness and irreligion, and make the generality of the people charitable, good and virtuous, break down the printing-presses, melt the founts and burn all the books in the island, except those at the universities, where they remain unmolested, and suffer no volume in private hands but a Bible: knock down foreign trade, prohibit all commerce with strangers, and permit no ships to go to sea, that ever will return, beyond fisher-boats. Restore to the clergy, the king and the barons their ancient privileges, prerogatives and possessions: build new churches, and convert all the coin you can come at into sacred utensils: erect monasteries and almshouses in abundance, and let no parish be without a charity-school. Enact sumptuary laws, and let your youth be inured to hardship: inspire them with all the nice and most refined notions of honour and shame, of friendship and of heroism, and introduce among them a great variety of imaginary rewards:

then let the clergy preach abstinence and self-denial to others, and take what liberty they please for themselves; let them bear the greatest sway in the management of state affairs, and no man be made lord treasurer but a bishop.

By such pious endeavours, and wholesome regulations, the scene would soon be altered; the greatest part of the covetous, the discontented, the restless and ambitious villains would leave the land, vast swarms of cheating knaves would abandon the city, and be dispersed throughout the country: artificers would learn to hold the plough, merchants turn farmers, and the sinful overgrown *Jerusalem*, without famine, war, pestilence, or compulsion, be emptied in the most easy manner, and ever after cease to be dreadful to her sovereigns. The happy reformed kingdom would by this means be crowded in no part of it, and everything necessary for the sustenance of man be cheap and abound: on the contrary, the root of so many thousand evils, money would be scarce, if not almost useless, where every man should enjoy the fruits of his own labour, and our own dear manufacture unmixed be promiscuously wore by the lord and the peasant. It is impossible, that such a change of circumstances should not influence the manners of a nation, and render them temperate, honest, and sincere, and from the next generation we might reasonably expect a more healthy and robust offspring than the present; an harmless, innocent and well-meaning people, that would never dispute the doctrine of passive obedience, nor any other orthodox principles, but be submissive to superiors, and unanimous in religious worship.

Here I fancy myself interrupted by an *Epicure*, who not to want a restorative diet in case of necessity, is never without live ortelans, and I am told, that goodness and probity are to be had at a cheaper rate than the ruin of a nation, and the destruction of all the comforts of life; that liberty and property may be maintained without wickedness or fraud, and men be good subjects without being slaves, and religious though they refused to be priest-rid: that to be frugal and saving is a duty incumbent only on those, whose circumstances require it, but that a man of a good estate does his country a service by living up to the income of it:

that as to himself he is so much master of his appetites that he can abstain from anything upon occasion: that where true *Hermitage* was not to be had he could content himself with plain *Bordeaux*, if it had a good body; that many a morning instead of St. *Lawrence* he has made shift with *Fronteniac*, and after dinner given *Cyprus* wine, and even *Madeira*, when he has had a large company, and thought it extravagant to treat with *Tokay*; but that all voluntary mortifications are superstitious, only belonging to blind zealots and enthusiasts. He will quote my Lord *Shaftesbury* against me, and tell me that people may be virtuous and sociable without self-denial, that it is an affront to virtue to make it inaccessible, that I make a bugbear of it to frighten men from it as a thing impracticable; but that for his part he can praise God, and at the same time enjoy his creatures with a good conscience; neither will he forget anything to his purpose of what I have said Page 102. He will ask me at last, whether the legislature, the wisdom of the nation itself, whilst they endeavour as much as is possible to discourage profaneness and immorality and promote the glory of God, do not openly profess at the same time to have nothing more at heart than the ease and welfare of the subject, the wealth, strength, honour and what else is called the true interest of the country; and moreover, whether the most devout and most learned of our prelates in their greatest concern for our conversion, when they beseech the Deity to turn their own as well as our hearts from the world and all carnal desires, do not in the same prayer as loudly solicit him to pour all earthly blessings and temporal felicity on the kingdom they belong to.

These are the apologies, the excuses and common pleas, not only of those, who are notoriously vicious, but the generality of mankind, when you touch the copyhold of their inclinations, and trying the real value they have for spirituals would actually strip them of what their minds are wholly bent upon. Ashamed of the many frailties they feel within, all men endeavour to hide themselves, their ugly nakedness, from each other, and wrapping up the true motives of their hearts in the specious cloak of sociableness and their concern for the public good, they are in hopes of concealing

their filthy appetites and the deformity of their desires; whilst they are conscious within of the fondness for their darling lusts, and their incapacity barefaced to tread the arduous, rugged path of virtue.

As to the two last questions, I own they are very puzzling. To what the *Epicure* asks I am obliged to answer in the affirmative; and unless I would (which God forbid!) arraign the sincerity of kings, bishops and the whole legislative power, the objection stands good against me. All I can say for myself is, that in the connexion of the facts there is a mystery past human understanding; and to convince the reader, that this is no evasion, I shall illustrate the incomprehensibility of it in the following parable.

In old heathen times there was, they say, a whimsical country, where the people talked much of religion, and the greatest part as to outward appearance seemed really devout: the chief moral evil among them was thirst, and to quench it a damnable sin; yet they unanimously agreed that everyone was born thrifty more or less: small beer in moderation was allowed to all, and he was counted an hypocrite, a cynic, or a madman, who pretended that one could live altogether without it; yet those, who owned they loved it, and drank it to excess, were counted wicked. All this while the beer itself was reckoned a blessing from heaven, and there was no harm in the use of it; all the enormity lay in the abuse, the motive of the heart, that made them drink it. He that took the least drop of it to quench his thirst, committed a heinous crime, whilst others drank large quantities without any guilt, so they did it indifferently, and for no other reason than to mend their complexion.

They brewed for other countries as well as their own, and for the small beer they sent abroad, they received large returns of Westphaly ham's, neats-tongues, hung-beef, and Bolonia-sausages; red herrings, pickled sturgeon, caviare, anchovies and everything that was proper to make their liquor go down with pleasure. Those, who kept great stores of small beer by them without making use of it, were generally envied, and at the same time very odious to the public, and nobody was easy that had not enough of it come to his own share. The greatest calamity they thought could befall

them, was to keep their hops and barley upon their hands, and the more they yearly consumed of them, the more they reckoned the country to flourish.

The government had made very wise regulations concerning the returns that were made for their exports, encouraged very much the importation of salt and pepper, and laid heavy duties on everything that was not well seasoned, and might anyways obstruct the sale of their own hops and barley. Those at the helm, when they acted in public, showed themselves on all accounts exempt and wholly divested from thirst, made several laws to prevent the growth of it, and punish the wicked who openly dared to quench it. If you examined them in their private persons, and pried narrowly into their lives and conversations, they seemed to be more fond, or at least drank larger draughts of small beer than others, but always under pretence that the mending of complexions required greater quantities of liquor in them, than it did in those they ruled over; and that what they had chiefly at heart, without any regard to themselves, was to procure great plenty of small beer among the subjects in general, and a great demand for their hops and barley.

As nobody was debarred from small beer, the clergy made use of it as well as the laity, and some of them very plentifully; yet all of them desired to be thought less thirsty by their function than others, and never would own that they drank any but to mend their complexions. In their religious assemblies they were more sincere; for as soon as they came there, they all openly confessed, the clergy as well as the laity, from the highest to the lowest, that they were thirsty, that mending their complexions was what they minded the least, and that all their hearts were set upon small beer and quenching their thirst, whatever they might pretend to the contrary. What was remarkable is, that to have laid hold of those truths to anyone's prejudice, and made use of those confessions afterwards out of their temples, would have been counted very impertinent, and everybody thought it an heinous affront to be called *thirsty*, though you had seen him drink small beer by whole gallons. The chief topics of their preachers was the great evil of thirst, and the folly there was

in quenching it. They exhorted their hearers to resist the temptations of it, inveighed against small beer, and often told them it was poison, if they drank it with pleasure or any other design than to mend their complexions.

In their acknowledgments to the gods they thanked them for the plenty of comfortable small beer they had received from them, notwithstanding they had so little deserved it, and continually quenched their thirst with it; whereas they were so thoroughly satisfied, that it was given them for a better use. Having begged pardon for those offences, they desired the gods to lessen their thirst, and give them strength to resist the importunities of it; yet, in the midst of their sorest repentance, and most humble supplications, they never forgot small beer, and prayed that they might continue to have it in great plenty, with a solemn promise, that how neglectful soever they might hitherto have been in this point, they would for the future not drink a drop of it with any other design than to mend their complexions.

These were standing petitions put together to last; and having continued to be made use of without any alterations for several hundred years together; it was thought by some, that the gods, who understood futurity, and knew that the same promise they heard in *June* would be made to them the *January* following, did not rely much more on those vows, than we do on those waggish inscriptions by which men offer us their goods, to-day for money, and to-morrow for nothing. They often began their prayers very mystically, and spoke many things in a spiritual sense; yet, they never were so abstract from the world in them, as to end one without beseeching the gods to bless and prosper the brewing trade in all its branches, and, for the good of the whole, more and more to increase the consumption of hops and barley.

(V.) *Content, the Bane of Industry.*

PAGE 39. LINE 25

I have been told by many, that the bane of industry is laziness, and not content; therefore to prove my assertion, which seems a paradox to some, I shall treat of laziness and content separately, and afterwards speak of industry, that

the reader may judge which it is of the two former that is most opposite to the latter.

Laziness is an aversion to business, generally attended with an unreasonable desire of remaining unactive, and everybody is lazy, who without being hindered by any other warrantable employment, refuses or puts off any business which he ought to do for himself or others. We seldom call anybody lazy, but such as we reckon inferior to us, and of whom we expect some service. Children don't think their parents lazy, nor servants their masters, and if a gentleman indulges his ease and sloth so abominably, that he won't put on his own shoes, though he is young and slender, nobody shall call him lazy for it, if he can keep but a footman, or somebody else to do it for him.

Mr. *Dryden* has given us a very good idea of superlative slothfulness in the person of a luxurious King of *Egypt*. His Majesty having bestowed some considerable gifts on several of his favourites, is attended by some of his chief ministers with a parchment which he was to sign to confirm those grants. First, he walks a few turns to and fro with a heavy uneasiness in his looks, then sets himself down like a man that is tired, and at last with abundance of reluctance to what he was going about, he takes up the pen, and falls a complaining very seriously of the length of the word *Ptolemy*, and expresses a great deal of concern that he had not some short monosyllable to his name, which he thought would save him a world of trouble.

We often reproach others with laziness, because we are guilty of it ourselves. Some days ago as two young women sat knotting together, says one to the other, there comes a wicked cold through that door, you are the nearest to it, sister, pray shut it. The other, who was the youngest, vouchsafed indeed to cast an eye towards the door, but sat still and said nothing; the eldest spoke again two or three times, and at last the other making her no answer, nor offering to stir, she got up in a pet and shut the door herself; coming back to sit down again, she gave the younger a very hard look, and said, *lord, sister Betty, I would not be so lazy as you are for all the world*; which she spoke so earnestly, that it brought a colour in her face. The youngest should have risen I own,

but if the eldest had not overvalued her labour, she would have shut the door herself, as soon as the cold was offensive to her, without making any words of it. She was not above a step farther from the door than her sister, and as to age, there was not eleven months' difference between them, and they were both under twenty. I thought it a hard matter to determine which was the laziest of the two.

There are a thousand wretches that are always working the marrow out of their bones for next to nothing, because they are unthinking and ignorant of what the pains they take are worth; whilst others who are cunning and understand the true value of their work, refuse to be employed at under rates, not because they are of an unactive temper, but because they won't beat down the price of their labour. A country gentleman sees at the backside of the *Exchange* a porter walking to and fro with his hands in his pockets. Pray, says he, friend, will you step for me with this letter as far as *Bow Church*, and I'll give you a penny. *I'll go with all my heart*, says the other, *but I must have twopence, master*; which the gentleman refusing to give, the fellow turned his back, and told him, he'd rather play for nothing than work for nothing. The gentleman thought it an unaccountable piece of laziness in a porter, rather to saunter up and down for nothing, than to be earning a penny with as little trouble. Some hours after he happened to be with some friends at a tavern in *Threadneedle Street*, where one of them calling to mind that he had forgot to send for a bill of exchange that was to go away with the post that night, was in great perplexity, and immediately wanted somebody to go for him to *Hackney* with all the expedition imaginable. It was after ten, in the middle of winter, a very rainy night, and all the porters thereabouts were gone to bed. The gentleman grew very uneasy, and said whatever it cost him that somebody he must send; at last one of the drawers seeing him so very pressing, told him that he knew a porter, who would rise, if it was a job worth his while. *Worth his while*, said the gentleman very eagerly, *don't doubt of that, good lad, if you know of anybody, let him make what haste he can, and I'll give him a crown if he be back by twelve o'clock*. Upon this the drawer took the errand, left the room, and in less than a quarter of an hour

came back with the welcome news that the message would be dispatched with all expedition. The company in the meantime diverted themselves as they had done before; but when it began to be towards twelve, the watches were pulled out, and the porter's return was all the discourse. Some were of opinion he might yet come before the clock had struck; others thought it impossible, and now it wanted but three minutes of twelve when in comes the nimble messenger smoking hot, with his clothes as wet as dung with the rain, and his head all over in a bath of sweat. He had nothing dry about him but the inside of his pocketbook, out of which he took the bill he had been for, and by the drawer's direction, presented it to the gentleman it belonged to; who being very well pleased with the dispatch he had made, gave him the crown he had promised, whilst another filled him a bumper, and the whole company commended his diligence. As the fellow came nearer the light, to take up the wine, the country gentleman I mentioned at first, to his great admiration, knew him to be the same porter that had refused to earn his penny, and whom he thought the laziest mortal alive.

This story teaches us, that we ought not to confound those who remain unemployed for want of an opportunity of exerting themselves to the best advantage, with such as for want of spirit, hug themselves in their sloth, and will rather starve than stir. Without this caution, we must pronounce all the world more or less lazy, according to their estimation of the reward they are to purchase with their labour, and then the most industrious may be called lazy.

Content I call that calm serenity of the mind, which men enjoy whilst they think themselves happy, and rest satisfied with the station they are in: it implies a favourable construction of our present circumstances, and a peaceful tranquillity, which men are strangers to as long as they are solicitous about mending their condition. This is a virtue of which the applause is very precarious and uncertain: for according as men's circumstances vary, they will either be blamed or commended for being possessed of it.

A single man that works hard at a laborious trade, has a hundred a year left him by a relation: this change of fortune makes him soon weary of working, and not having industry

enough to put himself forward in the world, he resolves to do nothing at all, and live upon his income. As long as he lives within compass, pays for what he has, and offends nobody, he shall be called an honest, quiet man. The victualler, his landlady, the tailor and others divide what he has between them, and the society is every year the better for his revenue; whereas, if he should follow his own or any other trade, he must hinder others, and somebody would have the less for what he should get; and therefore, though he should be the idlest fellow in the world, lie in bed fifteen hours in four-and-twenty, and do nothing but sauntering up and down all the rest of the time, nobody would discommend him, and his unactive spirit is honoured with the name of content.

But if the same man marries, gets three or four children, and still continues of the same easy temper, rests satisfied with what he has, and without endeavouring to get a penny, indulges his former sloth: first, his relations, afterwards all his acquaintance will be alarmed at his negligence: they foresee that his income will not be sufficient to bring up so many children handsomely, and are afraid some of them may, if not a burden, become a disgrace to them. When these fears have been for some time whispered about from one to another, his uncle *Gripe* takes him to task, and accosts him in the following cant; *What, Nephew, no business yet! Fie upon't! I can't imagine how you do to spend your time; if you won't work at your own Trade, there are fifty ways that a man may pick up a penny by: You have a hundred a year, 'tis true, but your charges increase every year, and what must you do when your children are grown up? I have a better estate than you myself, and yet you don't see me leave off my business; nay, I declare it, might I have the world I could not lead the life you do. 'Tis no business of mine, I own, but everybody cries, 'tis a shame a young man as you are, that has his limbs and his health should not turn his hand to something or other.* If these admonitions do not reform him in a little time, and he continues half a year longer without employment, he will become a discourse to the whole neighbourhood, and for the same qualifications that once got him the name of a quiet, contented man, he shall be called the worst of husbands and the laziest fellow upon earth: from whence

it is manifest, that when we pronounce actions good or evil, we only regard the hurt or benefit the society receives from them, and not the person who commits them. (See page 47.)

Diligence and industry are often used promiscuously, to signify the same thing, but there is a great difference between them. A poor wretch may want neither diligence nor ingenuity, be a saving, painstaking man, and yet without striving to mend his circumstances remain contented with the station he lives in; but industry implies besides the other qualities a thirst after gain, and an indefatigable desire of meliorating our condition. When men think either the customary profits of their calling, or else the share of business they have too small, they have two ways to deserve the name of industrious, and they must be either ingenious enough to find out uncommon and yet warrantable methods to increase their business or their profit, or else supply that defect by a multiplicity of occupations. If a tradesman takes care to provide his shop, and gives due attendance to those that come to it, he is a diligent man in his business, but if, besides that, he takes particular pains to sell to the same advantage a better commodity than the rest of his neighbours, or if by his obsequiousness, or some other good quality, getting into a large acquaintance, he uses all possible endeavours of drawing customers to his house, he then may be called industrious. A cobbler, though he is not employed half of his time, if he neglects no business, and makes dispatch when he has any, is a diligent man; but if he runs errands when he has no work, or makes but shoe-pins, and serves as a watchman of nights, he deserves the name of industrious.

If what has been said in this remark be duly weighed, we shall find either that laziness and content are very near kin, or if there be a great difference between them, that the latter is more contrary to industry than the former.

(X.) *To make a great an honest hive.*

PAGE 41. LINE 2

This perhaps might be done where people are contented to be poor and hardy; but if they would likewise enjoy their

ease and the comforts of the world, and be at once an opulent, potent, and flourishing as well as a warlike nation, it is utterly impossible. I have heard people speak of the mighty figure the *Spartans* made above all the commonwealths of *Greece*, notwithstanding their uncommon frugality and other exemplary virtues. But certainly there never was a nation whose greatness was more empty than theirs: the splendour they lived in was inferior to that of a theatre, and the only thing they could be proud of, was, that they enjoyed nothing. They were indeed both feared and esteemed abroad: they were so famed for valour and skill in martial affairs, that their neighbours did not only court their friendship and assistance in their wars, but were satisfied and thought themselves sure of the victory, if they could but get a *Spartan* General to command their armies. But then their discipline was so rigid, and their manner of living so austere and void of all comfort, that the most temperate man among us would refuse to submit to the harshness of such uncouth laws. There was a perfect equality among them: gold and silver coin were cried down; their current money was made of iron, to render it of a great bulk and little worth: to lay up twenty or thirty pounds, required a pretty large chamber, and to remove it nothing less than a yoke of oxen. Another remedy, they had against luxury, was, that they were obliged to eat in common of the same meat, and they so little allowed anybody to dine or sup by himself at home, that *Agis*, one of their kings, having vanquished the *Athenians*, and sending for his commons at his return home (because he desired privately to eat with his queen) was refused by the *Polemarchi*.

In training up their youth, their chief care, says *Plutarch*, was to make them good subjects, to fit them to endure the fatigues of long and tedious marches, and never to return without victory from the field. When they were twelve years old, they lodged in little bands, upon beds made of the rushes, which grew by the banks of the river *Eurotas*; and because their points were sharp, they were to break them off with their hands without a knife: if it were a hard winter, they mingled some thistledown with their rushes to keep them warm (see *Plutarch* in the life of *Lycurgus*). From all

these circumstances it is plain, that no nation on earth was less effeminate; but being debarred from all the comforts of life, they could have nothing for their pains but the glory of being a warlike people inured to toils and hardships, which was a happiness that few people would have cared for upon the same terms: and though they had been masters of the world, as long as they enjoyed no more of it, *Englishmen* would hardly have envied them their greatness. What men want nowadays has sufficiently been shown in *Remark (O.)*, where I have treated of real pleasures.

(Y.) *T' enjoy the World's Conveniencies.*

PAGE 41. LINE 3

That the words decency and conveniency were very ambiguous, and not to be understood, unless we were acquainted with the quality and circumstances of the persons that made use of them, has been hinted already in *Remark (L.)*. The goldsmith, mercer, or any other of the most creditable shopkeepers, that has three or four thousand pounds to set up with, must have two dishes of meat every day, and something extraordinary for *Sundays*. His wife must have a damask bed against her lying in, and two or three rooms very well furnished: the following summer she must have a house, or at least very good lodgings in the country. A man that has a being out of town, must have a horse: his footman must have another. If he has a tolerable trade, he expects in eight or ten years time to keep his coach, which notwithstanding he hopes that after he has slaved (as he calls it) for two or three-and-twenty years, he shall be worth at least a thousand a year for his eldest son to inherit, and two or three thousand pounds for each of his other children to begin the world with; and when men of such circumstances pray for their daily bread, and mean nothing more extravagant by it, they are counted pretty modest people. Call this pride, luxury, superfluity, or what you please, it is nothing but what ought to be in the capital of a flourishing nation: those of inferior condition must content themselves with less costly conveniences, as others of higher rank will be sure to make theirs more expensive. Some people call it but decency to be

served in plate, and reckon a coach-and-six among the necessary comforts of life; and if a peer has not above three or four thousand a year, his lordship is counted poor.

Since the first edition of this book, several have attacked me with demonstrations of the certain ruin, which excessive luxury must bring upon all nations, who yet were soon answered, when I showed them the limits within which I had confined it; and therefore that no reader for the future may misconstrue me on this head, I shall point at the cautions I have given, and the provisos I have made in the former as well as this present impression, and which if not overlooked, must prevent all rational censure, and obviate several objections that otherwise might be made against me. I have laid down as maxims never to be departed from, that the poor should be kept strictly to work, and that it was prudence to relieve their wants, but folly to cure them; that agriculture and fishery should be promoted in all their branches in order to render provisions, and consequently labour cheap. I have named Ignorance as a necessary ingredient in the mixture of society: from all which it is manifest that I could never have imagined, that luxury was to be made general through every part of a kingdom. I have likewise required that property should be well secured, justice impartially administered, and in everything the interest of the nation taken care of: but what I have insisted on the most and repeated more than once is the great regard that is to be had to the balance of trade, and the care the legislature ought to take that the yearly imports never exceed the exports; and where this is observed, and the other things I spoke of are not neglected, I still continue to assert that no foreign luxury can undo a country: the height of it is never seen but in nations that are vastly populous, and there only in the upper part of it, and the greater that is the larger still in proportion must be the lowest, the basis that supports all, the multitude of working poor.

Those who would too nearly imitate others of superior fortune must thank themselves if they are ruined. This is nothing against luxury; for whoever can subsist and lives above his income is a fool. Some persons of quality may

keep three or four coaches-and-six, and at the same time lay up money for their children; whilst a young shopkeeper is undone for keeping one sorry horse. It is impossible there should be a rich nation without prodigals, yet I never knew a city so full of spendthrifts, but there were covetous people enough to answer their number. As an old merchant breaks for having been extravagant or careless a great while, so a young beginner falling into the same business gets an estate by being saving or more industrious before he is forty years old. Besides that the frailties of men often work by contraries: some narrow souls can never thrive because they are too stingy, whilst longer heads amass great wealth by spending their money freely, and seeming to despise it. But the vicissitudes of fortune are necessary, and the most lamentable are no more detrimental to society than the death of the individual members of it. Christenings are a proper balance to burials. Those who immediately lose by the misfortunes of others are very sorry, complain and make a noise; but the others who get by them, as there always are such, hold their tongues, because it is odious to be thought the better for the losses and calamities of our neighbour. The various up and downs compose a wheel that, always turning round, gives motion to the whole machine. Philosophers, that dare extend their thoughts beyond the narrow compass of what is immediately before them, look on the alternate changes in the civil society no otherwise than they do on the risings and fallings of the lungs, the latter of which are as much a part of respiration in the more perfect animals as the first; so that the fickle breath of never stable fortune is to the body politic, the same as floating air is to a living creature.

Avarice then and prodigality are equally necessary to the society. That in some countries men are more generally lavish than in others proceeds from the difference of circumstances that dispose to either vice, and arise from the condition of the social body as well as the temperament of the natural. I beg pardon of the attentive reader, if here in behalf of short memories I repeat some things the substance of which they have already seen in *Remark (Q.)*. More money than land, heavy taxes and scarcity of provisions, industry,

laboriousness, an active and stirring spirit, ill-nature and a saturnine temper; old age, wisdom, trade, riches acquired by our own labour, and liberty and property well secured, are all things that dispose to avarice. On the contrary, indolence, content, good-nature, a jovial temper, youth, folly, arbitrary power, money easily got, plenty of provisions and the uncertainty of possessions are circumstances that render men prone to prodigality: where there is the most of the first the prevailing vice will be avarice, and prodigality where the other turn the scale; but a national frugality there never was nor never will be without a national necessity.

Sumptuary laws may be of use to an indigent country, after great calamities of war, pestilence, or famine, when work has stood still, and the labour of the poor been interrupted; but to introduce them into an opulent kingdom is the wrong way to consult the interest of it. I shall end my *Remarks* on the grumbling hive with assuring the champions of national frugality that it would be impossible for the *Persians* and other eastern people to purchase the vast quantities of fine *English* cloth they consume, should we load our women with less cargoes of *Asiatic* silks.

A
S E A R C H
I N T O T H E
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O F
S O C I E T Y

THE generality of moralists and philosophers have hitherto agreed that there could be no virtue without self-denial, but a late author, who is now much read by men of sense, is of a contrary opinion, and imagines that men without any trouble or violence upon themselves may be naturally virtuous. He seems to require and expects goodness in his species, as we do a sweet taste in grapes and China oranges, of which, if any of them are sour, we boldly pronounce that they are not come to that perfection their nature is capable of. This noble writer (for it is the Lord Shaftesbury I mean in his *Characteristics*) fancies, that as Man is made for society, so he ought to be born with a kind affection to the whole of which he is a part, and a propensity to seek the welfare of it. In pursuance of this supposition, he calls every action performed with regard to the public good, virtuous; and all selfishness, wholly excluding such a regard, vice. In respect to our species he looks upon virtue and vice as permanent realities that must ever be the same in all countries and all ages, and imagines that a man of sound understanding by following the rules of good sense may not only find out that *pulchrum* and *honestum* both in morality and the works of art

and nature, but likewise govern himself by his reason with as much ease and readiness as a good rider manages a well taught horse by the bridle.

The attentive reader, who perused the foregoing part of this book, will soon perceive that two systems cannot be more opposite than his lordship's and mine. His notions, I confess, are generous and refined: they are a high compliment to human-kind, and capable by the help of a little enthusiasm of inspiring us with the most noble sentiments concerning the dignity of our exalted nature. What pity it is that they are not true! I would not advance thus much if I had not already demonstrated in almost every page of this treatise, that the solidity of them is inconsistent with our daily experience. But to leave not the least shadow of an objection that might be made unanswered, I design to expatiate on some things which hitherto I have but slightly touched upon, in order to convince the reader, not only that the good and amiable qualities of Man are not those that make him beyond other animals a sociable creature; but moreover that it would be utterly impossible, either to raise any multitudes into a populous, rich and flourishing nation, or when so raised, to keep and maintain them in that condition without the assistance of what we call evil, both natural and moral.

The better to perform what I have undertaken, I shall previously examine into the reality of the *pulchrum* and *honestum*, the *τὸ καλὸν* that the ancients have talked of so much: the meaning of this is to discuss whether there be a real worth and excellency in things, a pre-eminence of one above another, which everybody will always agree to that well understands them; or that there are few things, if any, that have the same esteem paid them, and which the same judgment is past upon in all countries and all ages. When we first set out in quest of this intrinsic worth, and find one thing better than another and a third better than that, and so on, we begin to entertain great hopes of success; but when we meet with several things that are all very good or all very bad, we are puzzled and agree not always with ourselves, much less with others. There are different faults as well as beauties, that as modes and fashions alter and men vary in

their tastes and humours will be differently admired or disapproved of.

Judges of painting will never disagree in opinion when a fine picture is compared to the daubing of a novice; but how strangely have they differed as to the works of eminent masters! There are parties among connoisseurs, and few of them agree in their esteem as to ages and countries, and the best pictures bear not always the best prices: a noted original will be ever worth more than any copy that can be made of it by an unknown hand, though it should be better. The value that is set on paintings depends not only on the name of the master and the time of his age he drew them in, but likewise in a great measure on the scarcity of his works, and what is still more unreasonable, the quality of the persons in whose possession they are, as well as the length of time they have been in great families; and if the Cartoons now at Hampton Court were done by a less famous hand than that of *Raphael*, and had a private person for their owner, who would be forced to sell them, they would never yield the tenth part of the money which with all their gross faults they are now esteemed to be worth.

Notwithstanding all this, I will readily own that the judgment to be made of painting might become of universal certainty, or at least less alterable and precarious than almost anything else: the reason is plain, there is a standard to go by that always remains the same. Painting is an imitation of nature, a copying of things which men have everywhere before them. My good-humoured reader I hope will forgive me, if thinking on this glorious invention I make a reflection a little out of season, though very much conducive to my main design; which is, that valuable as the art is I speak of, we are beholden to an imperfection in the chief of our senses for all the pleasures and ravishing delight we receive from this happy deceit. I shall explain myself. Air and space are no objects of sight, but as soon as we can see with the least attention, we observe that the bulk of the things we see is lessened by degrees, as they are further remote from us, and nothing but experience gained from these observations can teach us to make any tolerable guesses at the distance of things. If one born blind should remain so till

twenty, and then be suddenly blessed with sight, he would be strangely puzzled as to the difference of distances, and hardly able immediately by his eyes alone to determine which was nearest to him, a post almost within the reach of his stick, or a steeple that should be half a mile off. Let us look as narrowly as we can upon a hole in a wall that has nothing but the open air behind it, and we shall not be able to see otherwise, but that the sky fills up the vacuity, and is as near us as the back part of the stones that circumscribe the space where they are wanting. This circumstance, not to call it a defect, in our sense of seeing, makes us liable to be imposed upon, and everything, bar motion, may by art be represented to us on a flat in the same manner as we see them in life and nature. If a man had never seen this art put into practice, a looking-glass might soon convince him that such a thing was possible, and I can't help thinking but that the reflections from very smooth and well-polished bodies made upon our eyes, must have given the first handle to the inventions of drawings and painting.

In the works of nature, worth and excellency are as uncertain: and even in human creatures what is beautiful in one country is not so in another. How whimsical is the florist in his choice! Sometimes the tulip, sometimes the auricula, and at other times the carnation shall engross his esteem, and every year a new flower in his judgment beats all the old ones, though it is much inferior to them both in colour and shape. Three hundred years ago men were shaved as closely as they are now: since that they have wore beards, and cut them in a vast variety of forms, that were all as becoming when fashionable as now they would be ridiculous. How mean and comically a man looks that is otherwise well dressed in a narrow-brimmed hat when everybody wears broad ones, and again, how monstrous is a very great hat, when the other extreme has been in fashion for a considerable time. Experience has taught us that these modes seldom last above ten or twelve years, and a man of threescore must have observed five or six revolutions of them at least, yet the beginnings of these changes, though we have seen several, seem always uncouth and are offensive afresh whenever they return. What mortal can decide which is the handsomest

abstract from the mode in being, to wear great buttons or small ones? The many ways of laying out a garden judiciously are almost innumerable, and what is called beautiful in them varies according to the different tastes of nations and ages. In grass plats, knots and parterres a great diversity of forms is generally agreeable; but a round may be as pleasing to the eye as a square: an oval cannot be more suitable to one place than it is possible for a triangle to be to another; and the pre-eminence an octagon has over an hexagon is no greater in figures than at hazard eight has above six among the chances.

Churches, ever since Christians have been able to build them, resemble the form of a cross, with the upper end pointing toward the East, and an architect, where there is room, and it can be conveniently done, who should neglect it, would be thought to have committed an unpardonable fault: but it would be foolish to expect this of a Turkish mosque or a pagan temple. Among the many beneficial laws that have been made these hundred years, it is not easy to name one of greater utility, and at the same time more exempt from all inconveniences, than that which has regulated the dresses of the dead. Those who were old enough to take notice of things when that Act was made, and are yet alive, must remember the general clamour that was made against it. At first nothing could be more shocking to thousands of people than that they were to be buried in woollen, and the only thing that made that law supportable was, that there was room left for people of some fashion to indulge their weakness without extravagancy, considering the other expenses of funerals where mourning is given to several, and rings to a great many. The benefit that accrues to the nation from it is so visible that nothing ever could be said in reason to condemn it, which in few years made the horror conceived against it lessen every day. I observed then that young people who had seen but few in their coffins did the soonest strike in with the innovation; but that those who, when the Act was made, had buried many friends and relations remained averse to it the longest, and I remember many that never could be reconciled to it to their dying day. By this time burying in linen being almost forgot, it is the

general opinion that nothing could be more decent than woollen and the present manner of dressing a corpse: which shows that our liking or disliking of things chiefly depends on mode and custom, and the precept and example of our betters and such whom one way or other we think to be superior to us.

In morals there is no greater certainty. Plurality of wives is odious among Christians, and all the wit and learning of a great genius in defence of it has been rejected with contempt: but polygamy is not shocking to a Mahometan. What men have learned from their infancy enslaves them, and the force of custom warps nature, and at the same time imitates her in such a manner that it is often difficult to know which of the two we are influenced by. In the East formerly, sisters married brothers, and it was meritorious for a man to marry his mother. Such alliances are abominable, but it is certain that, whatever horror we conceive at the thoughts of them, there is nothing in nature repugnant against them, but what is built upon mode and custom. A religious Mahometan that has never tasted any spirituous liquor, and has often seen people drunk, may receive as great an aversion against wine as another with us of the least morality and education may have against lying with his sister, and both imagine that their antipathy proceeds from nature. Which is the best religion? is a question that has caused more mischief than all other questions together. Ask it at *Peking*, at *Constantinople* and at *Rome*, and you will receive three distinct answers extremely different from one another, yet all of them equally positive and peremptory. Christians are well assured of the falsity of the pagan and Mahometan superstitions: as to this point there is a perfect union and concord among them, but enquire of the several sects they are divided into; which is the true Church of Christ? And all of them will tell you it is theirs, and to convince you, go together by the ears.

It is manifest then that the hunting after this *pulchrum* and *honestum* is not much better than a wild goose chase that is but little to be depended upon: but this is not the greatest fault I find with it. The imaginary notions that men may be virtuous without self-denial are a vast inlet to hypocrisy, which being once made habitual, we must not only deceive

others, but likewise become altogether unknown to ourselves, and in an instance I am going to give, it will appear, how for want of duly examining himself this might happen to a person of quality of parts and erudition, one every way resembling the author of the *Characteristics* himself.

A man that has been brought up in ease and affluence, if he is of a quiet, indolent nature, learns to shun everything that is troublesome, and chooses to curb his passions, more because of the inconveniences that arise from the eager pursuit after pleasure, and the yielding to all the demands of our inclinations, than any dislike he has to sensual enjoyments; and it is possible, that a person educated under a great philosopher, who was a mild and good-natured as well as able tutor, may in such happy circumstances have a better opinion of his inward state than it really deserves, and believe himself virtuous, because his passions lie dormant. He may form fine notions of the social virtues, and the contempt of death, write well of them in his closet, and talk eloquently of them in company, but you shall never catch him fighting for his country, or labouring to retrieve any national losses. A man that deals in metaphysics may easily throw himself into an enthusiasm, and really believe that he does not fear death whilst it remains out of sight. But should he be asked, why, having this intrepidity either from nature or acquired by philosophy, he did not follow arms when his country was involved in war; or when he saw the nation daily robbed by those at the helm, and the affairs of the Exchequer perplexed, why he did not go to court and make use of all his friends and interest to be a Lord Treasurer, that by his integrity and wise management he might restore the public credit; it is probable he would answer that he loved retirement, had no other ambition than to be a good man, and never aspired to have any share in the government, or that he hated all flattery and slavish attendance, the insincerity of courts and bustle of the world. I am willing to believe him, but may not a man of an indolent temper and inactive spirit say, and be sincere in, all this, and at the same time indulge his appetites without being able to subdue them, though his duty summons him to it. Virtue consists in action, and whoever is possessed of this social love and kind affec-

tion to his species, and by his birth or quality can claim any post in the public management, ought not to sit still when he can be serviceable, but exert himself to the utmost for the good of his fellow subjects. Had this noble person been of a warlike genius or a boisterous temper, he would have chose another part in the drama of life, and preached a quite contrary doctrine: for we are ever pushing our reason which way soever we feel passion to draw it, and self-love pleads to all human creatures for their different views, still furnishing every individual with arguments to justify their inclinations.

That boasted middle way, and the calm virtues recommended in the *Characteristics* are good for nothing but to breed drones, and might qualify a man for the stupid enjoyments of a monastic life, or at best a country Justice of Peace, but they would never fit him for labour and assiduity, or stir him up to great achievements and perilous undertakings. Man's natural love of ease and idleness and proneness to indulge his sensual pleasures, are not to be cured by precept: his strong habits and inclinations can only be subdued by passions of greater violence. Preach and demonstrate to a coward the unreasonableness of his fears and you'll not make him valiant, more than you can make him taller by bidding him to be ten foot high, whereas the secret to raise courage, as I have made it public in *Remark (R.)*, is almost infallible.

The fear of death is the strongest when we are in our greatest vigour, and our appetite is keen; when we are sharp sighted, quick of hearing, and every part performs its office. The reason is plain, because then life is most delicious and ourselves most capable of enjoying it. How comes it then that a man of honour should so easily accept of a challenge though at thirty and in perfect health? It is his pride that conquers his fear: for when his pride is not concerned this fear will appear most glaringly. If he is not used to the sea let him but be in a storm, or, if he never was ill before, have but a sore throat or a slight fever, and he will show a thousand anxieties, and in them the inestimable value he sets on life. Had Man been naturally humble and proof against flattery the politician could never have had his ends, or known what to have made of him. Without vices the excellency of the species would have ever remained undiscovered,

and every worthy that has made himself famous in the world is a strong evidence against this amiable system.

If the courage of the great *Macedonian* came up to distraction when he fought alone against a whole garrison, his madness was not less when he fancied himself to be a god, or at least doubted whether he was or not; and as soon as we make this reflection, we discover both the passion, and the extravagancy of it, that buoyed up his spirits in the most imminent dangers, and carried him through all the difficulties and fatigues he underwent.

There never was in the world a brighter example of an able and complete magistrate than *Cicero*: when I think on his care and vigilance, the real hazards he slighted and the pains he took for the safety of *Rome*; his wisdom and sagacity in detecting and disappointing the stratagems of the boldest and most subtle conspirators, and at the same time on his love to literature, arts, and sciences, his capacity in metaphysics, the justness of his reasonings, the force of his eloquence, the politeness of his style, and the genteel spirit that runs through his writings; when I think, I say, on all these things together, I am struck with amazement, and the least I can say of him is that he was a prodigious man. But when I have set the many good qualities he had in the best light, it is as evident to me on the other side, that had his vanity been inferior to his greatest excellency, the good sense and knowledge of the world he was so eminently possessed of could never have let him be such a fulsome as well as noisy trumpeter as he was of his own praises, or suffered him rather than not proclaim his own merit, to make a verse that a schoolboy would have been laughed at for. O! *Fortunatam*, etc.

How strict and severe was the morality of rigid *Cato*, how steady and unaffected the virtue of that grand asserter of Roman liberty! but though the equivalent this Stoic enjoyed, for all the self-denial and austerity he practised, remained long concealed, and his peculiar modesty hid from the world, and perhaps himself, a vast while the frailty of his heart that forced him into heroism, yet it was brought to light in the last scene of his life, and by his suicide it plainly appeared, that he was governed by a tyrannical power superior to the love of his country, and that the implacable hatred and

superlative envy he bore to the glory, the real greatness and personal merit of *Cæsar* had for a long time swayed all his actions under the most noble pretences. Had not this violent motive overruled his consummate prudence he might not only have saved himself, but likewise most of his friends that were ruined by the loss of him, and would in all probability, if he could have stooped to it, been the second man in *Rome*. But he knew the boundless mind and unlimited generosity of the victor: it was his clemency he feared, and therefore chose death because it was less terrible to his pride than the thought of giving his mortal foe so tempting an opportunity of showing the magnanimity of his soul, as *Cæsar* would have found in forgiving such an inveterate enemy as *Cato*, and offering him his friendship; and which, it is thought by the judicious, that penetrating as well as ambitious conqueror would not have slipped if the other had dared to live.

Another argument to prove the kind disposition and real affection we naturally have for our species, is our love of company and the aversion men that are in their senses generally have to solitude beyond other creatures. There is great stress laid upon this in the *Characteristics*, and set off in very good language to the best advantage. The next day after I read it first, I heard abundance of people cry 'Fresh herrings,' which, with the reflection on the vast shoals of that and other fish that are caught together, made me very merry, though I was alone: but as I was entertaining myself with this contemplation, came an impertinent, idle fellow, whom I had the misfortune to be known by, and asked me how I did, though I was and daresay looked as healthy and as well as ever I was or did in my life. What I answered him I forgot, but remember that I could not get rid of him in a good while, and felt all the uneasiness my friend *Horace* complains of from a persecution of the like nature.

I would have no sagacious critic pronounce me a man-hater from this short story; whoever does is very much mistaken. I am a great lover of company, and if the reader is not quite tired with mine, before I show the weakness and ridicule of that piece of flattery made to our species, and which I was just now speaking of, I will give him a description of the man I would choose for conversation, with a

promise that before he has finished what at first he might only take for a digression foreign to my purpose, he shall find the use of it.

By early and artful instruction he should be thoroughly imbued with the notions of honour and shame, and have contracted an habitual aversion to everything that has the least tendency to impudence, rudeness or inhumanity. He should be well versed in the Latin tongue and not ignorant of the Greek, and moreover understand one or two of the modern languages besides his own. He should be acquainted with the fashions and customs of the ancients, but thoroughly skilled in the history of his own country and the manners of the age he lives in. He should besides literature have studied some useful science or other, seen some foreign courts and universities, and made the true use of travelling. He should at times take delight in dancing, fencing, riding the great horse, and know something of hunting and other country sports, without being attached to any, and he should treat them all as either exercises for health, or diversions that should never interfere with business, or the attaining to more valuable qualifications. He should have a smatch of geometry and astronomy as well as anatomy and the economy of human bodies. To understand music so as to perform, is an accomplishment, but there is abundance to be said against it, and instead of it I would have him know so much of drawing as is required to take a landscape, or explain one's meaning of any form or model we would describe, but never to touch a pencil. He should be very early used to the company of modest women, and never be a fortnight without conversing with the ladies.

Gross vices, as irreligion, whoring, gaming, drinking and quarrelling I won't mention; even the meanest education guards us against them; I would always recommend to him the practice of virtue, but I am for no voluntary ignorance, in a gentleman, of anything that is done in court or city. It is impossible a man should be perfect, and therefore there are faults I would connive at, if I could not prevent them, and if between the years of nineteen and three-and-twenty, youthful heat should sometimes get the better of his chastity, so it was done with caution; should he on some extraordin-

ary occasion, overcome by the pressing solicitations of jovial friends, drink more than was consistent with strict sobriety, so he did it very seldom and found it not to interfere with his health or temper, or if by the height of his mettle and great provocation in a just cause, he had been drawn into a quarrel, which true wisdom and a less strict adherence to the rules of honour might have declined or prevented, so it never befel him above once; if, I say, he should have happened to be guilty of these things, and he would never speak, much less brag of them himself, they might be pardoned or at least overlooked at the age I named, if he left off then and continued discreet for ever after. The very disasters of youth have sometimes frightened gentlemen into a more steady prudence than in all probability they would ever have been masters of without them. To keep him from turpitude and things that are openly scandalous, there is nothing better than to procure him free access in one or two noble families where his frequent attendance is counted a duty: and whilst by that means you preserve his pride, he is kept in a continual dread of shame.

A man of a tolerable fortune, pretty near accomplished as I have required him to be, that still improves himself and sees the world till he is thirty, cannot be disagreeable to converse with at least whilst he continues in health and prosperity, and has nothing to spoil his temper. When such a one either by chance or appointment, meets with three or four of his equals, and all agree to pass away a few hours together, the whole is what I call good company. There is nothing said in it that is not either instructive or diverting to a man of sense. It is possible they may not always be of the same opinion, but there can be no contest between any but who shall yield first to the other he differs from. One only speaks at a time, and no louder than to be plainly understood by him who sits the farthest off. The greatest pleasure aimed at by every one of them is to have the satisfaction of pleasing others, which they all practically know may as effectually be done by hearkening with attention and an approving countenance, as if they said very good things themselves.

Most people of any taste would like such a conversation,

and justly prefer it to being alone, when they knew not how to spend their time; but if they could employ themselves in something from which they expected either a more solid or a more lasting satisfaction, they would deny themselves this pleasure, and follow what was of greater consequence to them. But would not a man, though he had seen no mortal in a fortnight, remain alone as much longer, rather than get into company of noisy fellows that take delight in contradiction, and place a glory in picking a quarrel? Would not one that has books, read for ever, or set himself to write upon some subject or other, rather than be every night with party-men who count the island to be good for nothing whilst their adversaries are suffered to live upon it? Would not a man be by himself a month, and go to bed before seven o'clock rather than mix with foxhunters, who having all day long tried in vain to break their necks, join at night in a second attempt upon their lives by drinking, and to express their mirth are louder in senseless sounds within doors than their barking and less troublesome companions are only without? I have no great value for a man who would not rather tire himself with walking, or if he was shut up, scatter pins about the room in order to pick them up again, than keep company for six hours with half a score common sailors the day their ship was paid off.

I will grant nevertheless, that the greatest part of mankind rather than be alone any considerable time, would submit to the things I named: but I cannot see why this love of company, this strong desire after society should be construed so much in our favour, and alleged as a mark of some intrinsic worth in man not to be found in other animals. For to prove from it the goodness of our nature and a generous love in man, extended beyond himself on the rest of his species, by virtue of which he was a sociable creature, this eagerness after company, and aversion of being alone ought to have been most conspicuous and most violent in the best of their kind, the men of the greatest genius, parts and accomplishments, and those who are the least subject to vice; the contrary of which is true. The weakest minds, who can the least govern their passions, guilty consciences that abhor reflection, and the worthless, who are incapable of

producing anything of their own that is useful, are the greatest enemies to solitude, and will take up with any company rather than be without; whereas the men of sense and of knowledge, that can think and contemplate on things, and such as are but little disturbed by their passions, can bear to be by themselves the longest without reluctance; and, to avoid noise, folly, and impertinence, will run away from twenty companies; and, rather than meet with anything disagreeable to their good taste, will prefer their closet or a garden, nay, a common or a desert to the society of some men.

But let us suppose the love of company so inseparable from our species, that no man could endure to be alone one moment, what conclusions could be drawn from this? Does not man love company as he does everything else for his own sake? No friendships or civilities are lasting that are not reciprocal. In all your weekly and daily meetings for diversion as well as annual feasts, and the most solemn carousals, every member that assists at them has his own ends, and some frequent a club which they would never go to unless they were the top of it. I have known a man who was the oracle of the company, be very constant, and as uneasy at anything that hindered him from coming at the hour, leave his society altogether as soon as another was added that could match, and disputed superiority with him. There are people who are incapable of holding an argument, and yet malicious enough to take delight in hearing others wrangle, and though they never concern themselves in the controversy, would think a company insipid where they could not have that diversion. A good house, rich furniture, a fine garden, horses, dogs, ancestors, relations, beauty, strength, excellency in anything whatever, vices as well as virtues may all be accessory to make men long for society, in hopes that what they value themselves upon will at one time or other become the theme of the discourse, and give an inward satisfaction to them. Even the most polite people in the world, and such as I spoke of at first, give no pleasure to others that is not repaid to their self-love, and does not at last centre in themselves, let them wind it and turn it as they will. But the plainest demonstration that in all clubs and societies of conversable people everybody has the greatest

consideration for himself is, that the disinterested, who rather overpays than wrangles; the good-humoured, that is never waspish nor soon offended; the easy and indolent, that hates disputes and never talks for triumph, is everywhere the darling of the company: whereas the man of sense and knowledge, that will not be imposed upon or talked out of his reason, the man of genius and spirit, that can say sharp and witty things, though he never lashes but what deserves it, the man of honour, who neither gives nor takes an affront, may be esteemed, but is seldom so well beloved as a weaker man less accomplished.

As in these instances the friendly qualities arise from our contriving perpetually our own satisfaction, so on other occasions they proceed from the natural timidity of man, and the solicitous care he takes of himself. Two Londoners, whose business oblige them not to have any commerce together, may know, see and pass by one another every day upon the Exchange, with not much greater civility than bulls would: let them meet at *Bristol* they will pull off their hats, and on the least opportunity enter into conversation, and be glad of one another's company. When *French*, *English* and *Dutch* meet in *China* or any other pagan country, being all *Europeans*, they look upon one another as countrymen, and if no passion interferences, will feel a natural propensity to love one another. Nay, two men that are at enmity, if they are forced to travel together, will often lay by their animosities, be affable and converse in a friendly manner, especially if the road be unsafe, and they are both strangers in the place they are to go to. These things by superficial judges are attributed to man's sociableness, his natural propensity to friendship and love of company, but whoever will duly examine things and look into man more narrowly, will find that on all these occasions we only endeavour to strengthen our interest, and are moved by the causes already alleged.

What I have endeavoured hitherto, has been to prove that the *pulchrum* and *honestum*, excellency, and real worth of things are most commonly precarious and alterable as modes and customs vary; that consequently the inferences drawn from their certainty are insignificant, and that the generous notions concerning the natural goodness of man are hurtful

as they tend to mislead and are merely chimerical: the truth of this latter I have illustrated by the most obvious examples in history. I have spoke of our love of company and aversion to solitude, examined thoroughly the various motives of them, and made it appear that they all centre in self-love. I intend now to investigate into the nature of society, and diving into the very rise of it, make it evident, that not the good and amiable, but the bad and hateful qualities of man, his imperfections and the want of excellencies which other creatures are endued with, are the first causes that made man sociable beyond other animals the moment after he lost paradise; and that if he had remained in his primitive innocence, and continued to enjoy the blessings that attended it, there is no shadow of probability that he ever would have become that sociable creature he is now.

How necessary our appetites and passions are for the welfare of all trades and handicrafts has been sufficiently proved throughout the book, and that they are our bad qualities, or at least produce them, nobody denies. It remains then that I should set forth the variety of obstacles that hinder and perplex man in the labour he is constantly employed in, the procuring of what he wants; and which in other words is called the business of self-preservation: whilst at the same time I demonstrate that the sociableness of man arises only from these two things, viz. the multiplicity of his desires, and the continual opposition he meets with in his endeavours to gratify them.

The obstacles I speak of relate either to our own frame, or the globe we inhabit, I mean the condition of it since it has been cursed. I have often endeavoured to contemplate separately on the two things I named last, but could never keep them asunder; they always interfere and mix with one another; and at last make up together a frightful chaos of evil. All the elements are our enemies, water drowns and fire consumes those who unskilfully approach them. The earth in a thousand places produces plants and other vegetables that are hurtful to man, whilst she feeds and cherishes a variety of creatures that are noxious to him; and suffers a legion of poisons to dwell within her: but the most unkind

of all the elements is that which we cannot live one moment without. It is impossible to repeat all the injuries we receive from the wind and weather, and though the greatest part of mankind have ever been employed in defending their species from the inclemency of the air, yet no art or labour have hitherto been able to find a security against the wild rage of some meteors.

Hurricanes it is true happen but seldom, and few men are swallowed up by earthquakes, or devoured by lions, but whilst we escape those gigantic mischiefs we are persecuted by trifles. What a vast variety of insects are tormenting to us; what multitudes of them insult and make game of us with impunity! The most despicable scruple not to trample and graze upon us as cattle do upon a field: which yet is often borne with, if moderately they use their fortune, but here again our clemency becomes a vice, and so encroaching are their cruelty and contempt of us on our pity, that they make laystalls of our heads, and devour our young ones if we are not daily vigilant in pursuing and destroying them.

There is nothing good in all the universe to the best designing man, if either through mistake or ignorance he commits the least failing in the use of it; there is no innocence or integrity that can protect a man from a thousand mischiefs that surround him: on the contrary everything is evil, which art and experience have not taught us to turn into a blessing. Therefore how diligent in harvest time is the husbandman in getting in his crop and sheltering it from rain, without which he could never have enjoyed it! As seasons differ with the climates experience has taught us differently to make use of them, and in one part of the globe we may see the farmer sow whilst he is reaping in the other, from all which we may learn how vastly this earth must have been altered since the fall of our first parents. For should we trace Man from his beautiful, his divine original, not proud of wisdom acquired by haughty precept or tedious experience, but endued with consummate knowledge the moment he was formed; I mean the state of innocence, in which no animal or vegetable upon earth, nor mineral under ground was noxious to him, and himself secure from the injuries of the air as well as all other harms, was contented with the neces-

saries of life, which the globe he inhabited furnished him with without his assistance. When yet not conscious of guilt, he found himself in every place to be the well obeyed, unrivalled lord of all, and unaffected with his greatness, was wholly wrapt up in sublime meditations on the infinity of his Creator, who daily did vouchsafe intelligibly to speak to him, and visit without mischief.

In such a Golden Age no reason or probability can be alleged why mankind ever should have raised themselves into such large societies as there have been in the world, as long as we can give any tolerable account of it. Where a man has everything he desires, and nothing to vex or disturb him, there is nothing can be added to his happiness, and it is impossible to name a trade, art, science, dignity or employment that would not be superfluous in such a blessed state. If we pursue this thought we shall easily perceive that no societies could have sprung from the amiable virtues and loving qualities of man, but on the contrary, that all of them must have had their origin from his wants, his imperfections and the variety of his appetites: we shall find likewise that the more their pride and vanity are displayed, and all their desires enlarged, the more capable they must be of being raised into large and vastly numerous societies.

Was the air always as inoffensive to our naked bodies, and as pleasant as to our thinking it is to the generality of birds in fair weather, and Man had not been affected with pride, luxury and hypocrisy as well as lust, I cannot see what could have put us upon the invention of clothes and houses. I shall say nothing of jewels, of plate, painting, sculpture, fine furniture, and all that rigid moralists have called unnecessary and superfluous: but if we were not soon tired with walking afoot, and were as nimble as some other animals; if men were naturally laborious, and none unreasonable in seeking and indulging their ease, and likewise free from other vices, and the ground was everywhere even solid and clean, who would have thought of coaches or ventured on a horse's back? What occasion has the dolphin for a ship, or what carriage would an eagle ask to travel in?

I hope the reader knows that by society I understand a body politic, in which Man either subdued by superior force

or by persuasion drawn from his savage state, is become a disciplined creature, that can find his own ends in labouring for others, and where under one head or other form of government each member is rendered subservient to the whole, and all of them by cunning management are made to act as one. For if by society we only mean a number of people, that without rule or government should keep together out of a natural affection to their species or love of company, as a herd of cows or a flock of sheep, then there is not in the world a more unfit creature for society than man; an hundred of them that should be all equals, under no subjection, or fear of any superior upon earth, could never live together awake two hours without quarrelling, and the more knowledge, strength, wit, courage and resolution there was among them, the worse it would be.

It is probable that in the wild state of nature parents would keep a superiority over their children, at least while they were in strength, and that even afterwards the remembrance of what the others had experienced might produce in them something between love and fear, which we call reverence: it is probable likewise that the second generation following the example of the first, a man with a little cunning would always be able, as long as he lived and had his senses, to maintain a superior sway over all his own offspring and descendants how numerous soever they might grow. But the old stock once dead, the sons would quarrel, and there could be no peace long, before there had been war. Eldership in brothers is of no great force, and the pre-eminence that is given to it only invented as a shift to live in peace. Man as he is a fearful animal, naturally not rapacious, loves peace and quiet, and he would never fight if nobody offended him and he could have what he fights for without it. To this fearful disposition and the aversion he has to his being disturbed, are owing all the various projects and forms of government. Monarchy without doubt was the first. Aristocracy and democracy were two different methods of mending the inconveniences of the first, and a mixture of these three an improvement on all the rest.

But be we savages or politicians it is impossible that man,

mere fallen man, should act with any other view but to please himself whilst he has the use of his organs, and the greatest extravagancy either of love or despair can have no other centre. There is no difference between will and pleasure in one sense, and every motion made in spite of them must be unnatural and convulsive. Since then action is so confined, and we are always forced to do what we please, and at the same time our thoughts are free and uncontrolled, it is impossible we could be sociable creatures without hypocrisy. The proof of this is plain, since we cannot prevent the ideas that are continually arising within us, all civil commerce would be lost, if by art and prudent dissimulation we had not learned to hide and stifle them; and if all we think was to be laid open to others in the same manner as it is to ourselves, it is impossible that, endued with speech, we could be sufferable to one another. I am persuaded that every reader feels the truth of what I say; and I tell my antagonist that his conscience flies in his face, whilst his tongue is preparing to refute me. In all civil societies men are taught insensibly to be hypocrites from their cradle, nobody dares to own that he gets by public calamities, or even by the loss of private persons. The sexton would be stoned should he wish openly for the death of the parishioners, though everybody knew that he had nothing else to live upon.

To me it is a great pleasure, when I look on the affairs of human life, to behold into what various, and often strangely opposite forms the hope of gain and thoughts of lucre shape men according to the different employments they are of, and stations they are in. How gay and merry does every face appear at a well-ordered ball, and what a solemn sadness is observed at the masquerade of a funeral! But the undertaker is as much pleased with his gains as the dancing master: both are equally tired in their occupations, and the mirth of the one is as much forced as the gravity of the other is affected. Those who have never minded the conversation of a spruce mercer and a young lady his customer that comes to his shop, have neglected a scene of life that is very entertaining. I beg of my serious reader that he would for a while abate a little of his gravity, and suffer me to examine

these people separately, as to their inside and the different motives they act from.

His business is to sell as much silk as he can at a price by which he shall get what he proposes to be reasonable according to the customary profits of the trade. As to the lady, what she would be at is to please her fancy, and buy cheaper by a groat or sixpence per yard than the things she wants are commonly sold at. From the impression the gallantry of our sex has made upon her, she imagines (if she be not very deformed), that she has a fine mien and easy behaviour, and a peculiar sweetness of voice; that she is handsome, and if not beautiful at least more agreeable than most young women she knows. As she has no pretensions to purchase the same things with less money than other people, but what are built on her good qualities, so she sets herself off to the best advantage her wit and discretion will let her. The thoughts of love are here out of the case; so on the one hand she has no room for playing the tyrant, and giving herself angry and peevish airs, and on the other more liberty of speaking kindly, and being affable than she can have almost on any other occasion. She knows that abundance of well-bred people come to his shop, and endeavours to render herself as amiable as virtue and the rules of decency allow of. Coming with such a resolution of behaviour she shall not meet with anything to ruffle her temper.

Before her coach is yet quite stopped, she is approached by a gentleman-like man, that has everything clean and fashionable about him, who in low obeisance pays her homage, and as soon as her pleasure is known that she has a mind to come in, hands her into the shop, where immediately he slips from her and through a by-way, that remains visible only for half a moment, with great address entrenches himself behind the counter: here facing her, with a profound reverence and modish phrase he begs the favour of knowing her commands. Let her say and dislike what she pleases, she can never be directly contradicted: she deals with a man in whom consummate patience is one of the mysteries of his trade, and whatever trouble she creates, she is sure to hear nothing but the most obliging language, and has always before her a cheerful countenance,

where joy and respect seem to be blended with good humour, and altogether make up an artificial serenity more engaging than untaught nature is able to produce.

When two persons are so well met, the conversation must be very agreeable, as well as extremely mannerly, though they talk about trifles. Whilst she remains irresolute what to take, he seems to be the same in advising her; and is very cautious how to direct her choice; but when once she has made it and is fixed, he immediately becomes positive, that it is the best of the sort, extols her fancy, and the more he looks upon it the more he wonders he should not before have discovered the pre-eminence of it over anything he has in his shop. By precept, example and great application he has learned unobserved to slide into the inmost recesses of the soul, sound the capacity of his customers, and find out their blind side unknown to them: by all which he is instructed in fifty other stratagems to make her over-value her own judgment as well as the commodity she would purchase. The greatest advantage he has over her, lies in the most material part of the commerce between them, the debate about the price, which he knows to a farthing, and she is wholly ignorant of: therefore he nowhere more egregiously imposes on her understanding; and though here he has the liberty of telling what lies he pleases, as to the prime cost and the money he has refused, yet he trusts not to them only; but attacking her vanity makes her believe the most incredible things in the world, concerning his own weakness and her superior abilities. He had taken a resolution, he says, never to part with that piece under such a price, but she has the power of talking him out of his goods beyond anybody he ever sold to: he protests that he loses by his silk, but seeing that she has a fancy for it, and is resolved to give no more, rather than disoblige a lady he has such an uncommon value for, he will let her have it, and only begs that another time she will not stand so hard with him. In the meantime the buyer, who knows that she is no fool and has a voluble tongue, is easily persuaded that she has a very winning way of talking, and thinking it sufficient for the sake of good breeding to disown her merit, and in some witty repartee retort the compliment, he makes her swallow very contentedly the

substance of everything he tells her. The upshot is, that with the satisfaction of having saved ninepence per yard, she has bought her silk exactly at the same price as anybody else might have done, and often gives sixpence more than, rather than not have sold it, he would have taken.

It is possible that this lady for want of being sufficiently flattered, for a fault she is pleased to find in his behaviour, or perhaps the tying of his neckcloth, or some other dislike as substantial, may be lost, and her custom bestowed on some other of the fraternity. But where many of them live in a cluster, it is not always easily determined which shop to go to, and the reasons some of the fair sex have for their choice are often very whimsical and kept as a great secret. We never follow our inclinations with more freedom than where they cannot be traced, and it is unreasonable for others to suspect them. A virtuous woman has preferred one house to all the rest, because she had seen a handsome fellow in it, and another of no bad character for having received greater civility before it than had been paid her anywhere else, when she had no thoughts of buying and was going to *Paul's Church*: for among the fashionable mercers the fair dealer must keep before his own door, and to draw in random customers make use of no other freedom or importunities than an obsequious air, with a submissive posture, and perhaps a bow to every well-dressed female that offers to look towards his shop.

What I have said last makes me think on another way of inviting customers the most distant in the world from what I have been speaking of, I mean that which is practised by the watermen, especially on those whom by their mien and garb they know to be peasants. It is not unpleasant to see half a dozen people surround a man they never saw in their lives before, and two of them that can get the nearest, clapping each an arm over his neck, hug him in as loving and familiar a manner as if he was their brother newly come home from an *East India* voyage; a third lays hold of his hand, another of his sleeve, his coat, the buttons of it, or anything he can come at, whilst a fifth or a sixth, who has scampered twice round him already without being able to get at him, plants himself directly before the man in hold

and within three inches of his nose, contradicting his rivals with an open-mouthed cry, shows him a dreadful set of large teeth and a small remainder of chewed bread and cheese, which the countryman's arrival had hindered from being swallowed.

At all this no offence is taken, and the peasant justly thinks they are making much of him; therefore, far from opposing them, he patiently suffers himself to be pushed or pulled which way the strength that surrounds him shall direct. He has not the delicacy to find fault with a man's breath, who has just blown out his pipe, or a greasy head of hair that is rubbing against his chops: dirt and sweat he has been used to from his cradle, and it is no disturbance to him to hear half a score of people, some of them at his ear and the furthest not five foot from him, bawl out as if he was a hundred yards off: he is conscious that he makes no less noise when he is merry himself, and is secretly pleased with their boisterous usages. The hauling and pulling him about he construes the way it is intended; it is a courtship he can feel and understand: he can't help wishing them well for the esteem they seem to have for him: he loves to be taken notice of, and admires the Londoners for being so pressing in the offers of their service to him, for the value of threepence or less; whereas in the country at the shop he uses, he can have nothing but he must first tell them what he wants, and, though he lays out three or four shillings at a time, has hardly a word spoken to him unless it be in answer to a question himself is forced to ask first. This alacrity in his behalf moves his gratitude, and unwilling to disoblige any, from his heart he knows not whom to choose. I have seen a man think all this, or something like it, as plainly as I could see the nose in his face; and at the same time move along very contentedly under a load of watermen, and with a smiling countenance carry seven or eight stone more than his own weight, to the waterside.

If the little mirth I have shown in the drawing of these two images from low life misbecomes me I am sorry for it, but I promise not to be guilty of that fault any more, and will now without loss of time proceed with my argument in artless, dull simplicity, and demonstrate the gross error of

those who imagine that the social virtues and the amiable qualities that are praiseworthy in us, are equally beneficial to the public as they are to the individual persons that are possessed of them, and that the means of thriving and whatever conduces to the welfare and real happiness of private families must have the same effect upon the whole society. This I confess I have laboured for all along, and I flatter myself not unsuccessfully: but I hope nobody will like a problem the worse for seeing the truth of it proved more ways than one.

It is certain that the fewer desires a man has and the less he covets, the more easy he is to himself; the more active he is to supply his own wants and the less he requires to be waited upon, the more he will be beloved and the less trouble he is in a family; the more he loves peace and concord the more charity he has for his neighbour, and the more he shines in real virtue, there is no doubt but that in proportion he is acceptable to God and Man. But let us be just, what benefit can these things be of, or what earthly good can they do, to promote the wealth, the glory and worldly greatness of nations? It is the sensual courtier that sets no limits to his luxury; the fickle strumpet that invents new fashions every week; the haughty duchess that in equipage, entertainments and all her behaviour would imitate a princess; the profuse rake and lavish heir, that scatter about their money without wit or judgment, buy everything they see, and either destroy or give it away the next day; the covetous and perjured villain that squeezed an immense treasure from the tears of widows and orphans and left the prodigals the money to spend. It is these that are the prey and proper food of a full-grown leviathan; or in other words, such is the calamitous condition of human affairs that we stand in need of the plagues and monsters I named to have all the variety of labour performed, which the skill of men is capable of inventing in order to procure an honest livelihood to the vast multitudes of working poor, that are required to make a large society: and it is folly to imagine that great and wealthy nations can subsist, and be at once powerful and polite without.

I protest against popery as much as ever *Luther* or *Calvin*

did, or Queen *Elizabeth* herself, but I believe from my heart, that the Reformation has scarce been more instrumental in rendering the kingdoms and states that have embraced it flourishing beyond other nations than the silly and capricious invention of hooped and quilted petticoats. But if this should be denied me by the enemies of priestly power, at least I am sure that, bar the brave men who have fought for and against that layman's blessing, it has from its first beginning to this day not employed so many hands, honest, industrious, labouring hands, as the abominable improvement on female luxury I named has done in few years. Religion is one thing and trade is another. He that gives most trouble to thousands of his neighbours, and invents the most operose manufactures is right or wrong the greatest friend to the society.

What a bustle is there to be made in several parts of the world, before a fine scarlet or crimson cloth can be produced, what multiplicity of trades and artificers must be employed! Not only such as are obvious, as woolcombers, spinners, the weaver, the cloth-worker, the scourer, the dyer, the setter, the drawer and the packer; but others that are more remote and might seem foreign to it; as the millwright, the pewterer and the chemist, which yet are all necessary, as well as a great number of other handicrafts to have the tools, utensils and other implements belonging to the trades already named: but all these things are done at home, and may be performed without extraordinary fatigue or danger; the most frightful prospect is left behind, when we reflect on the toil and hazard that are to be undergone abroad, the vast seas we are to go over, the different climates we are to endure, and the several nations we must be obliged to for their assistance. *Spain* alone, it is true, might furnish us with wool to make the finest cloth; but what skill and pains, what experience and ingenuity are required to dye it of those beautiful colours! How widely are the drugs and other ingredients dispersed through the universe that are to meet in one kettle. Alum, indeed, we have of our own; argol we might have from the *Rhine*, and vitriol from *Hungary*; all this is in *Europe*; but then for saltpetre in quantity we are forced to go as far as the *East Indies*. Cochineal, unknown to the ancients, is not much nearer to us, though in a quite differ-

ent part of the earth: we buy it, it is true, from the *Spaniards*; but not being their product they are forced to fetch it for us from the remotest corner of the New World in the *West Indies*. Whilst so many sailors are broiling in the sun and sweltered with heat in the East and West of us, another set of them are freezing in the North to fetch potashes from *Russia*.

When we are thoroughly acquainted with all the variety of toil and labour, the hardships and calamities that must be undergone to compass the end I speak of, and we consider the vast risks and perils that are run in those voyages, and that few of them are ever made but at the expense, not only of the health and welfare, but even the lives of many: when we are acquainted with, I say, and duly consider the things I named, it is scarce possible to conceive a tyrant so inhuman and void of shame, that beholding things in the same view, he should exact such terrible services from his innocent slaves; and at the same time dare to own that he did it for no other reason than the satisfaction a man receives from having a garment made of scarlet or crimson cloth. But to what height of luxury must a nation be arrived, where not only the king's officers, but likewise his guards, even the private soldiers should have such impudent desires!

But if we turn the prospect, and look on all those labours as so many voluntary actions, belonging to different callings and occupations, that men are brought up to for a livelihood, and in which every one works for himself, how much soever he may seem to labour for others: if we consider, that even the sailors who undergo the greatest hardships, as soon as one voyage is ended, even after a shipwreck, are looking out and soliciting for employment in another: if we consider, I say, and look on these things in another view, we shall find that the labour of the poor is so far from being a burden and an imposition upon them, that to have employment is a blessing, which in their addresses to heaven they pray for, and to procure it for the generality of them is the greatest care of every legislature.

As children and even infants are the apes of others, so all youth have an ardent desire of being men and women, and become often ridiculous by their impatient endeavours to appear what everybody sees they are not; all large societies

are not a little indebted to this folly for the perpetuity or at least long continuance of trades once established. What pains will young people take, and what violence will they not commit upon themselves to attain to insignificant and often blameable qualifications, which for want of judgment and experience they admire in others, that are superior to them in age! This fondness of imitation makes them accustom themselves by degrees to the use of things that were irksome, if not intolerable to them at first; till they know not how to leave them, and are often very sorry for having inconsiderately increased the necessaries of life without any necessity. What estates have been got by tea and coffee! What a vast traffic is drove, what a variety of labour is performed in the world to the maintenance of thousands of families that altogether depend on two silly if not odious customs; the taking of snuff and smoking of tobacco; both which it is certain do infinitely more hurt than good to those that are addicted to them! I shall go further and demonstrate the usefulness of private losses and misfortunes to the public, and the folly of our wishes, when we pretend to be most wise and serious. The Fire of London was a great calamity, but if the carpenters, bricklayers, smiths and all, not only that are employed in building but likewise those that made and dealt in the same manufactures and other merchandises that were burnt, and other trades again that got by them when they were in full employ, were to vote against those who lost by the fire; the rejoicings would equal if not exceed the complaints. In recruiting what is lost and destroyed by fire, storms, sea-fights, sieges, battles, a considerable part of trade consists; the truth of which and whatever I have said of the nature of society will plainly appear from what follows.

It would be a difficult task to enumerate all the advantages and different benefits that accrue to a nation on account of shipping and navigation; but if we only take into consideration the ships themselves and every vessel great and small that is made use of for water carriage, from the least wherry to a first rate man-of-war; the timber and hands that are employed in the building of them, and consider the pitch, tar, rosin, grease, the masts, yards, sails and

rigging; the variety of smiths' work, the cables, oars and everything else belonging to them, we shall find, that to furnish only such a nation as ours with all these necessaries makes up a considerable part of the traffic of *Europe*, without speaking of the stores and ammunition of all sorts, that are consumed in them, or the mariners, watermen and others with their families, that are maintained by them.

But should we, on the other hand, take a view of the manifold mischiefs and variety of evils, moral as well as natural, that befall nations on the score of seafaring and their commerce with strangers, the prospect would be very frightful; and could we suppose a large populous island, that should be wholly unacquainted with ships and sea affairs, but otherwise a wise and well-governed people, and that some angel or their genius should lay before them a scheme or draught, where they might see, on the one side all the riches and real advantages that would be acquired by navigation in a thousand years, and on the other, the wealth and lives that would be lost, and all the other calamities that would be unavoidably sustained on account of it, during the same time, I am confident they would look upon ships with horror and detestation, and that their prudent rulers would severely forbid the making and inventing all buildings or machines to go to sea with, of what shape or denomination soever, and prohibit all such abominable contrivances on great penalties, if not the pain of death.

But to let alone the necessary consequence of foreign trade, the corruption of manners, as well as plagues, poxes, and other diseases, that are brought to us by shipping, should we only cast our eyes on what is either to be imputed to the wind and weather, the treachery of the seas, the ice of the north, the vermin of the south, the darkness of nights, and unwholesomeness of climates, or else occasioned by the want of good provisions and the faults of mariners, the unskilfulness of some and the neglect and drunkenness of others; and should we consider the losses of men and treasure swallowed up in the deep, the tears and necessities of widows and orphans made by the sea, the ruin of merchants and the consequences, the continual anxieties that parents and wives are in for the safety of their children and husbands,

and not forget the many pangs and heartaches that are felt throughout a trading nation by owners and insurers at every blast of wind: should we cast our eyes, I say, on these things, consider with due attention and give them the weight they deserve, would it not be amazing, how a nation of thinking people should talk of their ships and navigation as a peculiar blessing to them, and placing an uncommon felicity in having an infinity of vessels dispersed through the wide world, and always some going to and others coming from every part of the universe?

But let us once in our consideration on these things confine ourselves to what the ships suffer only, the vessels themselves with their rigging and appurtenances, without thinking on the freight they carry or the hands that work them, and we shall find that the damage sustained that way only is very considerable, and must one year with another amount to vast sums: the ships that are foundered at sea, split against rocks and swallowed up by sands, some by the fierceness of tempests altogether, others by that and the want of pilots, experience and knowledge of the coasts: the masts that are blown down or forced to be cut and thrown overboard, the yards, sails and cordage of different sizes that are destroyed by storms, and the anchors that are lost: add to these the necessary repairs of leaks sprung and other hurts received from the rage of winds, and the violence of the waves: many ships are set on fire by carelessness, and the effects of strong liquors, which none are more addicted to than sailors: sometimes unhealthy climates, at others the badness of provision breed fatal distempers that sweep away the greatest part of the crew, and not a few ships are lost for want of hands.

These are all calamities inseparable from navigation, and seem to be great impediments that clog the wheels of foreign commerce. How happy would a merchant think himself, if his ships should always have fine weather, and the wind he wished for, and every mariner he employed, from the highest to the lowest, be a knowing experienced sailor, and a careful, sober, good man! Was such a felicity to be had for prayers, what owner of ships is there or dealer in *Europe*, nay, the whole world, who would not be all day long teasing heaven

to obtain such a blessing for himself, without regard what detriment it would do to others? Such a petition would certainly be a very unconscionable one, yet where is the man, who imagines not that he has a right to make it? And therefore, as everyone pretends to an equal claim to those favours, let us without reflecting on the impossibility of its being true, suppose all their prayers effectual and their wishes answered, and afterwards examine into the result of such a happiness.

Ships would last as long as timber houses to the full, because they are as strongly built, and the latter are liable to suffer by high winds and other storms, which the first by our supposition are not to be: so that, before there would be any real occasion for new ships, the master builders now in being and everybody under them, that is set to work about them, would all die a natural death, if they were not starved or come to some untimely end: for in the first place, all ships having prosperous gales, and never waiting for the wind, they would make very quick voyages both out and home: secondly, no merchandises would be damaged by the sea, or by stress of weather thrown overboard, but the entire lading would always come safe ashore; and hence it would follow, that three parts in four of the merchantmen already made would be superfluous for the present, and the stock of ships that are now in the world serve a vast many years. Masts and yards would last as long as the vessels themselves, and we should not need to trouble *Norway* on that score a great while yet. The sails and rigging indeed, of the few ships made use of would wear out, but not a quarter part so fast as now they do, for they often suffer more in one hour's storm, than in ten days' fair weather.

Anchors and cables there would be seldom any occasion for, and one of each would last a ship time out of mind: this article alone would yield many a tedious holiday to the anchor-smiths and the rope-yards. This general want of consumption would have such an influence on the timber-merchants and all that import iron, sail-cloth, hemp, pitch, tar, etc., that four parts in five of what, in the beginning of this reflection on sea affairs, I said made a considerable branch of the traffic of *Europe*, would be entirely lost.

I have only touched hitherto on the consequences of this blessing in relation to shipping, but it would be detrimental to all other branches of trade besides, and destructive to the poor of every country, that exports anything of their own growth or manufacture. The goods and merchandises that every year go to the deep, that are spoiled at sea by salt water, by heat, by vermin, destroyed by fire, or lost to the merchant by other accidents, all owing to storms or tedious voyages, or else the neglect or rapacity of sailors; such goods, I say, and merchandises are a considerable part of what every year is sent abroad throughout the world, and must have employed great multitudes of poor before they could come on board. A hundred bales of cloth that are burnt or sunk in the *Mediterranean*, are as beneficial to the poor in *England*, as if they had safely arrived at *Smyrna* or *Aleppo*, and every yard of them had been retailed in the Grand Signor's dominions.

The merchant may break, and by him the clothier, the dyer, the packer and other tradesmen, the middling people may suffer, but the poor that were set to work about them can never lose. Day labourers commonly receive their earnings once a week, and all the working people, that were employed either in any of the various branches of the manufacture itself, or the several land and water carriages it requires to be brought to perfection from the sheep's back to the vessel it was entered in, were paid, at least much the greatest part of them, before the parcel came on board. Should any of my readers draw conclusions *in infinitum* from my assertions that goods sunk or burnt are as beneficial to the poor as if they had been well sold and put to their proper uses, I would count him a caviller and not worth answering: should it always rain and the sun never shine, the fruits of the earth would soon be rotten and destroyed; and yet it is no paradox to affirm, that, to have grass or corn, rain is as necessary as the sunshine.

In what manner this blessing of fair winds and fine weather would affect the mariners themselves and the breed of sailors may be easily conjectured from what has been said already. As there would hardly one ship in four be made use of, so the vessels themselves being always exempt from

storms, fewer hands would be required to work them, and consequently five in six of the seamen we have might be spared, which in this nation, most employments of the poor being overstocked, would be but an untoward article. As soon as those superfluous seamen would be extinct, it would be impossible to man such large fleets as we could at present: but I do not look upon this as a detriment, or the least inconvenience: for the reduction of mariners as to numbers being general throughout the world, all the consequence would be, that in case of war the maritime powers would be obliged to fight with fewer ships, which would be an happiness instead of an evil: and would you carry this felicity to the highest pitch of perfection, it is but to add one desirable blessing more, and no nation shall ever fight at all. The blessing I hint at is, what all good Christians are bound to pray for, viz. that all princes and states would be true to their oaths and promises, and just to one another, as well as their own subjects; that they might have a greater regard for the dictates of conscience and religion than those of state politics and worldly wisdom, and prefer the spiritual welfare of others to their own carnal desires, and the honesty, the safety, the peace and tranquillity of the nations they govern to their own love of glory, spirit of revenge, avarice and ambition.

The last paragraph will to many seem a digression, that makes little for my purpose: but what I mean by it is to demonstrate that goodness, integrity and a peaceful disposition in rulers and governors of nations are not the proper qualifications to aggrandise them and increase their numbers any more than the uninterrupted series of success that every private person would be blest with, if he could, and which I have shown would be injurious and destructive to a large society, that should place a felicity in worldly greatness, and being envied by their neighbours, and value themselves upon their honour and their strength.

No man needs to guard himself against blessings, but calamities require hands to avert them. The amiable qualities of man put none of the species upon stirring: his honesty, his love of company, his goodness, content and frugality are so many comforts to an indolent society, and the more real

and unaffected they are the more they keep everything at rest and peace, and the more they will everywhere prevent trouble and motion itself. The same almost may be said of the gifts and munificence of heaven, and all the bounties and benefits of nature: this is certain that the more extensive they are, and the greater plenty we have of them, the more we save our labour. But the necessities, the vices and imperfections of man, together with the various inclemencies of the air and other elements, contain in them the seeds of all arts, industry and labour: it is the extremities of heat and cold, the inconstancy and badness of seasons, the violence and uncertainty of winds, the vast power and treachery of water, the rage and untractableness of fire, and the stubbornness and sterility of the earth that rack our invention, how we shall either avoid the mischiefs they may produce, or correct the malignity of them and turn their several forces to our own advantage a thousand different ways; whilst we are employed in supplying the infinite variety of our wants, which will ever be multiplied as our knowledge is enlarged, and our desires increase. Hunger, thirst and nakedness are the first tyrants that force us to stir: afterwards our pride, sloth, sensuality and fickleness are the great patrons that promote all arts and sciences, trades, handicrafts and callings; whilst the great taskmasters, necessity, avarice, envy and ambition, each in the class that belongs to him, keep the members of the society to their labour, and make them all submit, most of them cheerfully, to the drudgery of their station; kings and princes not excepted.

The greater the variety of trade and manufactures, the more operose they are, and the more they are divided in many branches the greater numbers may be contained in a society without being in one another's way, and the more easily they may be rendered a rich, potent and flourishing people. Few virtues employ any hands, and therefore they may render a small nation good, but they can never make a great one. To be strong and laborious, patient in difficulties, and assiduous in all business are commendable qualities; but as they do their own work so they are their own reward, and neither art nor industry have ever paid their compliments to them; whereas the excellency of human thought and contri-

vance has been and is yet nowhere more conspicuous than in the variety of tools and instruments of workmen and artificers, and the multiplicity of engines, that were all invented either to assist the weakness of man, to correct his many imperfections, to gratify his laziness, or obviate his impatience.

It is in morality as it is in nature, there is nothing so perfectly good in creatures that it cannot be hurtful to any one of the society, nor anything so entirely evil, but it may prove beneficial to some part or other of the creation: so that things are only good and evil in reference to something else, and according to the light and position they are placed in. What pleases us is good in that regard, and by this rule every man wishes well for himself to the best of his capacity, with little respect to his neighbour. There never was any rain yet, though in a very dry season when public prayers had been made for it, but somebody or other who wanted to go abroad wished it might be fair weather only for that day. When the corn stands thick in the spring, and the generality of the country rejoice at the pleasing object, the rich farmer who kept his last year's crop for a better market, pines at the sight and inwardly grieves at the prospect of a plentiful harvest. Nay, we shall often hear your idle people openly wish for the possessions of others, and not to be injurious forsooth, add this wise proviso, that it should be without detriment to the owners: but I am afraid they often do it without any such restriction in their hearts.

It is a happiness that the prayers as well as wishes of most people are insignificant and good for nothing; or else the only thing that could keep mankind fit for society, and the world from falling into confusion, would be the impossibility, that all the petitions made to heaven should be granted. A dutiful pretty young gentleman newly come from his travels lies at the *Briel* waiting with impatience for an easterly wind to waft him over to *England*, where a dying father, who wants to embrace and give him his blessing before he yields his breath, lies hoaning after him, melted with grief and tenderness: in the meanwhile a *British* minister, who is to take care of the Protestant interest in *Germany*, is riding post to *Harwich*, and in violent haste to be at *Ratisbon*

before the diet breaks up. At the same time a rich fleet lies ready for the *Mediterranean*, and a fine squadron is bound for the *Baltic*. All these things may probably happen at once, at least there is no difficulty in supposing they should. If these people are not atheists, or very great reprobates, they will all have some good thoughts before they go to sleep, and consequently about bedtime they must all differently pray for a fair wind and a prosperous voyage. I don't say, but it is their duty, and it is possible they may be all heard, but I am sure they can't be all served at the same time.

After this I flatter myself to have demonstrated that, neither the friendly qualities and kind affections that are natural to man, nor the real virtues he is capable of acquiring by reason and self-denial, are the foundation of society; but that what we call evil in this world, moral as well as natural, is the grand principle that makes us sociable creatures, the solid basis, the life and support of all trades and employments without exception: that there we must look for the true origin of all arts and sciences, and that the moment evil ceases the society must be spoiled if not totally dissolved.

I could add a thousand things to enforce and further illustrate this truth with abundance of pleasure; but for fear of being troublesome I shall make an end, though I confess, that I have not been half so solicitous to gain the approbation of others, as I have studied to please myself in this amusement; yet if ever I hear, that by following this diversion I have given any to the intelligent reader, it will always add to the satisfaction I have received in the performance. In the hope my vanity forms of this, I leave him with regret, and conclude with repeating the seeming paradox, the substance of which is advanced in the title page; that private vices by the dexterous management of a skilful politician may be turned into public benefits.

THE END

THE
First Dialogue
BETWEEN
*Horatio, Cleomenes, and Fulvia*¹

Cleo. Always in haste, Horatio?

Hor. I must beg of you to excuse me, I am obliged to go.

Cleo. Whether you have other engagements than you used to have, or whether your temper is changed, I can't tell, but something has made an alteration in you, of which I cannot comprehend the cause. There is no man in the world whose friendship I value more than I do yours, or whose company I like better, yet I can never have it. I profess I have thought sometimes, that you have avoided me on purpose.

Hor. I am sorry, Cleomenes, I should have been wanting in civility to you. I come every week constantly to pay my respects to you, and if ever I fail I always send to inquire after your health.

Cleo. No man out-does Horatio in civility; but I thought something more was due to our affections and long acquaintance, besides compliments and ceremony. Of late I have never been to wait upon you, but you are gone abroad, or I find you engaged; and when I have the honour to see you here, your stay is only momentary. Pray pardon my rudeness for once; what is it that hinders you now from keeping me company for an hour or two? My cousin talks of going out, and I shall be all alone.

Hor. I know better than to rob you of such an opportunity for speculation.

¹ This is the first of six *Dialogues*, first published in 1729 under the title of *The Fable of the Bees*, Part II

Cleo. Speculation! On what, pray?

Hor. That vileness of our species in the refined way of thinking you have of late been so fond of, I call it the scheme of deformity, the partisans of which study chiefly to make everything in our nature appear as ugly and contemptible as it is possible, and take uncommon pains to persuade men that they are devils.

Cleo. If that be all, I shall soon convince you.

Hor. No conviction to me, I beseech you. I am determined and fully persuaded, that there is good in the world as well as evil; and that the words, honesty, benevolence, and humanity, and even charity, are not empty sounds only, but that there are such things in spite of *The Fable of the Bees*; and I am resolved to believe, that, notwithstanding the degeneracy of mankind, and the wickedness of the age, there are men now living, who are actually possessed of those virtues.

Cleo. But you don't know what I am going to say: I am . . .

Hor. That may be, but I will not hear one word; all you can say is lost upon me, and if you will not give me leave to speak out, I am gone this moment. That cursed book has bewitched you, and made you deny the existence of those very virtues that had gained you the esteem of your friends. You know this is not my usual language; I hate to say harsh things: but what regard can or ought one to have for an author that treats everybody *de haut en bas*, makes a jest of virtue and honour, calls Alexander the Great a madman, and spares kings and princes no more than any one would the most abject of the people? The business of his philosophy is just the reverse to that of the Heralds' Office; for as there they are always contriving and finding out high and illustrious pedigrees for low and obscure people, so your author is ever searching after, and inventing mean contemptible origins for worthy and honourable actions. I am your very humble servant.

Cleo. Stay. I am of your opinion; what I offered to convince you of was, how entirely I am recovered of the folly which you have so justly exposed. I have left that error.

Hor. Are you in earnest?

Cleo. No man more. There is no greater stickler for the

social virtues than myself, and I much question, whether there is any of Lord Shaftesbury's admirers that will go my lengths!

Hor. I shall be glad to see you go my lengths first, and as many more as you please. You cannot conceive, Cleomenes, how it has grieved me, when I have seen how many enemies you made yourself by that extravagant way of arguing. If you are but serious, whence comes this change?

Cleo. In the first place I grew weary of having everybody against me: and in the second, there is more room for invention in the other system. Poets and orators in the social system have fine opportunities of exerting themselves.

Hor. I very much suspect the recovery you boast of. Are you convinced, that the other system was false, which you might have learned from seeing everybody against you?

Cleo. False to be sure; but what you allege is no proof of it: for if the greatest part of mankind were not against that scheme of deformity, as you justly call it, insincerity could not be so general as the scheme itself supposes it to be. But since my eyes have been opened I have found out that truth and probability are the silliest things in the world; they are of no manner of use, especially among the people *de bon goût*.

Hor. I thought what a convert you were. But what new madness has seized you now?

Cleo. No madness at all. I say and will maintain it to the world, that truth, in the sublime, is very impertinent; and that in the arts and sciences, fit for men of taste to look into, a master cannot commit a more unpardonable fault, than sticking to, or being influenced by truth, where it interferes with what is agreeable.

Hor. Homely truths indeed. . . .

Cleo. Look upon that Dutch piece of the nativity: what charming colouring there is! What a fine pencil, and how just are the outlines for a piece so curiously finished! But what a fool the fellow was to draw hay and straw and cattle, and a rack as well as a manger: it is a wonder he did not put the *Bambino* into the manger.

Ful. The *Bambino*? That is the child, I suppose; why, it should be in the manger; should it not? Does not the history tell us, that the child was laid in the manger? I have no skill

in painting, but I can see whether things are drawn to the life or not; sure nothing can be more like the head of an ox than that there. A picture then pleases me best when the art in such a manner deceives my eye, that without making any allowances, I can imagine I see the things in reality which the painter has endeavoured to represent. I have always thought it an admirable piece; sure nothing in the world can be more like nature.

Cleo. Like nature! So much the worse: indeed, cousin, it is easily seen that you have no skill in painting. It is not nature, but agreeable nature, *la belle nature*, that is to be represented; all things that are abject, low, pitiful and mean are carefully to be avoided, and kept out of sight; because to men of the true taste they are as offensive as things that are shocking, and really nasty.

Ful. At that rate, the Virgin Mary's condition, and our Saviour's birth, are never to be painted.

Cleo. That's your mistake; the subject itself is noble. Let us go but in the next room and I'll show you the difference. . . . Look upon that picture, which is the same history. There's fine architecture, there's a colonnade; can anything be thought of more magnificent? How skilfully is that ass removed, and how little you see of the ox; pray mind the obscurity they are both placed in: it hangs in a strong light, or else one might look ten times upon the picture without observing them. Behold these pillars of the Corinthian order, how lofty they are, and what an effect they have, what a noble space, what an area here is! How nobly everything concurs to express the majestic grandeur of the subject, and strikes the soul with awe and admiration at the same time!

Ful. Pray, cousin, has good sense ever any share in the judgment which your men of true taste form about pictures?

Hor. Madam!

Ful. I beg pardon, sir, if I have offended: but to me it seems strange to hear such commendation given to a painter for turning the stable of a country inn into a palace of extraordinary magnificence. This is a great deal worse than Swift's Metamorphosis of Philemon and Baucis; for there some show of resemblance is kept in the changes.

Hor. In a country stable, madam, there is nothing but

filth and nastiness, or vile, abject things not fit to be seen, at least not capable of entertaining persons of quality.

Ful. The Dutch picture in the next room has nothing that is offensive: but an Augean stable, even before Hercules had cleaned it, would be less shocking to me than those fluted pillars; for nobody can please my eye that affronts my understanding. When I desire a man to paint a considerable history, which everybody knows to have been transacted at a country inn, does he not strangely impose upon me, because he understands architecture, to draw me a room that might have served for a great hall or banqueting house to any Roman emperor? Besides that the poor and abject state in which our Saviour chose to appear at his coming into the world, is the most material circumstance of the history: it contains an excellent moral against vain pomp, and is the strongest persuasive to humility, which in the Italian are more than lost.

Hor. Indeed, madam, experience is against you; and it is certain, that even among the vulgar the representations of mean and abject things, and such as they are familiar with, have not that effect, and either breed contempt, or are insignificant: whereas vast piles, stately buildings, roofs of uncommon height, surprising ornaments, and all the architecture of the grand taste, are the fittest to raise devotion and inspire men with veneration and a religious awe for the places that have these excellencies to boast of. Is there ever a meeting house or barn to be compared to a fine cathedral, for this purpose?

Ful. I believe there is a mechanical way of raising devotion in silly superstitious creatures: but an attentive contemplation on the works of God, I am sure—

Cleo. Pray, cousin, say no more in defence of your low taste. The painter has nothing to do with the truth of the history; his business is to express the dignity of the subject, and in compliment to his judges never to forget the excellency of our species. All his art and good sense must be employed in raising that to the highest pitch. Great masters don't paint for the common people, but for persons of refined understanding. What you complain of is the effect of the good manners and complaisance of the painter. When he

had drawn the infant and the Madonna, he thought the least glimpse of the ox and the ass would be sufficient to acquaint you with the history. They who want more fescuing and a broader explanation he don't desire his picture should ever be shown to; for the rest, he entertains you with nothing but what is noble and worthy your attention. You see he is an architect, and completely skilled in perspective, and he shows you how finely he can round a pillar, and that both the depth and the height of space may be drawn on a flat, with all the other wonders he performs by his skill in that inconceivable mystery of light and shadows.

Ful. Why then is it pretended that painting is an imitation of nature?

Cleo. At first setting out a scholar is to copy things exactly as he sees them; but from a great master, when he is left to his own invention, it is expected he should take the perfections of nature, and not paint it as it is, but as we would wish it to be. Zeuxis, to draw a goddess, took five beautiful women, from which he culled what was most graceful in each.

Ful. Still, every grace he painted was taken from nature.

Cleo. That's true; but he left nature her rubbish, and imitated nothing but what was excellent, which made the assemblage superior to anything in nature. Demetrius was taxed for being too natural; Dionysius was also blamed for drawing men like us. Nearer our times, Michael Angelo was esteemed too natural, and Lysippus of old upbraided the common sort of sculptors for making men such as they were found in nature.

Ful. Are these things real?

Cleo. You may read it yourself in Graham's Preface to *The Art of Painting*: the book is above in the library.

Hor. These things may seem strange to you, madam, but they are of immense use to the public. The higher we can carry the excellency of our species, the more those beautiful images will fill noble minds with worthy and suitable ideas of their own dignity, that will seldom fail of spurring them on to virtue and heroic actions. There is a grandeur to be expressed in things that far surpasses the beauties of simple nature. You take delight in operas, madam, I don't question; you must have minded the noble manner and stateli-

ness beyond nature, which everything there is executed with. What gentle touches, what slight and yet majestic motions are made use of to express the most boisterous passions! As the subject is always lofty, so no posture is to be chosen but what is serious and significant as well as comely and agreeable; should the actions there be represented as they are in common life, they would ruin the sublime, and at once rob you of all your pleasure.

Ful. I never expected anything natural at an opera; but as persons of distinction resort thither, and everybody comes dressed, it is a sort of employment, and I seldom miss a night, because it is the fashion to go: besides, the royal family, and the monarch himself, generally honouring them with their presence, it is almost become a duty to attend them, as much as it is to go to court. What diverts me there is the company, the lights, the music, the scenes, and other decorations: but as I understand but very few words of Italian, so what is most admired in the recitative is lost upon me, which makes the acting part to me rather ridiculous than—

Hor. Ridiculous, madam! for heaven's sake—

Ful. I beg pardon, sir, for the expression. I never laughed at an opera in my life; but I confess, as to the entertainment itself, that a good play is infinitely more diverting to me, and I prefer anything that informs my understanding beyond all the recreations which either my eyes or my ears can be regaled with.

Hor. I am sorry to hear a lady of your good sense make such a choice. Have you no taste for music, madam?

Ful. I named that as part of my diversion.

Cleo. My cousin plays very well upon the harpsichord herself.

Ful. I love to hear good music; but it does not throw me into those raptures I hear others speak of.

Hor. Nothing certainly can elevate the mind beyond a fine concert. It seems to disengage the soul from the body, and lift it up to heaven. It is in this situation that we are most capable of receiving extraordinary impressions. When the instruments cease, our temper is subdued and beautiful action joins with the skilful voice in setting before us in a

transcendent light the heroic labours we are come to admire, and which the word opera imports. The powerful harmony between the engaging sounds and speaking gestures invades the heart, and forcibly inspires us with those noble sentiments, which to entertain the most expressive words can only attempt to persuade us. Few comedies are tolerable, and in the best of them, if the levity of the expressions does not corrupt, the meanness of the subject must debase the manners; at least to persons of quality. In tragedies the style is more sublime, and the subjects generally great; but all violent passions, and even the representations of them, ruffle and discompose the mind. Besides, when men endeavour to express things strongly, and they are acted to the life, it often happens that the images do mischief, because they are too moving, and that the action is faulty for being too natural; and experience teaches us that in unguarded minds, by those pathetic performances, flames are often raised that are prejudicial to virtue. The playhouses themselves are far from being inviting, much less the companies, at least the greatest part of them that frequent them, some of which are almost of the lowest rank of all. The disgusts that persons of the least elegance receive from these people are many; besides the ill scents and unseemly sights one meets with of careless rakes and impudent wenches, that, having paid their money, reckon themselves to be all upon the level with everybody there; the oaths, scurrilities and vile jests one is often obliged to hear, without resenting them; and the odd mixture of high and low that are all partaking of the same diversion, without regard to dress or quality, are all very offensive; and it cannot but be very disagreeable to polite people to be in the same crowd with a variety of persons, some of them below mediocrity, that pay no deference to one another. At the opera everything charms and concurs to make happiness complete. The sweetness of voice in the first place, and the solemn composure of the action, serve to mitigate and allay every passion; it is the gentleness of them and the calm serenity of the mind, that make us amiable, and bring us the nearest to the perfection of angels; whereas the violence of the passions, in which the corruption of the heart chiefly consists, dethrones our reason, and renders us most like unto savages.

It is incredible, how prone we are to imitation, and how strangely, unknown to ourselves, we are shaped and fashioned after the models and examples that are often set before us. No anger nor jealousy are ever to be seen at an opera that distort the features, no flames that are noxious, nor is any love represented in them that is not pure and next to seraphic; and it is impossible for the remembrance to carry anything away from them, that can sully the imagination. Secondly, the company is of another sort: the place itself is a security to peace, as well as every one's honour, and it is impossible to name another, where blooming innocence and irresistible beauty stand in so little need of guardians. Here we are sure never to meet with petulance or ill manners, and to be free from immodest ribaldry, libertine wit, and detestable satire. If you will mind on the one hand, the richness and splendour of dress, and the quality of the persons that appear in them, the variety of colours, and the lustre of the fair in a spacious theatre, well illuminated and adorned; and on the other, the grave deportment of the assembly, and the consciousness that appears in every countenance, of the respect they owe to each other, you will be forced to confess, that upon earth there cannot be a pastime more agreeable. Believe me, madam, there is no place where both sexes have such opportunities of imbibing exalted sentiments, and raising themselves above the vulgar, as they have at the opera; and there is no other sort of diversion or assembly from the frequenting of which young persons of quality can have equal hopes of forming their manners, and contracting a strong and lasting habit of virtue.

Ful. You have said more in commendation of operas, Horatio, than I ever heard or thought of before; and I think everybody who loves that diversion is highly obliged to you. The *grand goût*, I believe, is a great help in panegyric, especially, where it is an incivility strictly to examine and over-curiously to look into matters.

Cleo. What say you now, Fulvia, of nature and good sense, are they not quite beat out of doors?

Ful. I have heard nothing yet, to make me out of conceit with good sense; though what you insinuated of nature, as

if it was not to be imitated in painting, is an opinion, I must confess, which hitherto I more admire at, than I can approve of it.

Hor. I would never recommend anything, madam, that is repugnant to good sense: but Cleomenes must have some design in overacting the part he pretends to have chosen. What he said about painting is very true, whether he spoke it in jest or in earnest; but he talks so diametrically opposite to the opinion which he is known everywhere to defend of late, that I don't know what to make of him.

Ful. I am convinced of the narrowness of my own understanding, and am going to visit some persons with whom I shall be more upon the level.

Hor. You'll give me leave to wait upon you to your coach, madam. . . . Pray, Cleomenes, what is it you have got in your head?

Cleo. Nothing at all. I told you before, that I was so entirely recovered from my folly, that few people went my lengths. What jealousy you entertain of me I don't know; but I find myself much improved in the social system. Formerly I thought that chief ministers, and all those at the helm of affairs, acted from principles of avarice and ambition; that in all the pains they took, and even in the slaveries they underwent for the public good, they had their private ends, and that they were supported in the fatigue by secret enjoyments they were unwilling to own. It is not a month ago, that I imagined that the inward care and real solicitude of all great men centred within themselves; and that to enrich themselves, acquire titles of honour, and raise their families on the one hand, and to have opportunities on the other of displaying a judicious fancy in all the elegant comforts of life, and establishing, without the least trouble of self-denial, the reputation of being wise, humane and munificent, were the things, which, besides the satisfaction there is in superiority and the pleasure of governing, all candidates to high offices and great posts proposed to themselves, from the places they sued for; I was so narrow-minded that I could not conceive how a man would ever voluntarily submit to be a slave but to serve himself. But I have abandoned that ill-natured way of judging: I plainly

perceive the public good in all the designs of politicians, the social virtues shine in every action, and I find that the national interest is the compass that all statesmen steer by.

Hor. That's more than I can prove; but certainly there have been such men, there have been patriots, that without selfish views have taken incredible pains for their country's welfare. Nay, there are men now that would do the same, if they were employed: and we have had princes that have neglected their ease and pleasure, and sacrificed their quiet, to promote the prosperity and increase the wealth and honour of the kingdom, and had nothing so much at heart as the happiness of their subjects.

Cleo. No disaffection, I beg of you. The difference between past and present times, and persons in and out of places, is perhaps clearer to you than it is to me; but it is many years ago, you know, that it has been agreed between us never to enter into party disputes. What I desire your attention to is my reformation, which you seem to doubt of, and the great change that is wrought in me. The religion of most kings and other high potentates, I formerly had but a slender opinion of, but now I measure their piety by what they say of it themselves to their subjects.

Hor. That's very kindly done.

Cleo. By thinking meanly of things, I once had strange blundering notions concerning foreign wars. I thought that many of them arose from trifling causes, magnified by politicians for their own ends; that the most ruinous misunderstandings between states and kingdoms might spring from the hidden malice, folly, or caprice of one man; that many of them had been owing to the private quarrels, piques, resentments, and the haughtiness of the chief ministers of the respective nations, that were the sufferers; and that what is called personal hatred between princes seldom was more at first than either an open or secret animosity which the two great favourites of those courts had against one another. But now I have learned to derive those things from higher causes. I am reconciled likewise to the luxury of the voluptuous, which I used to be offended at, because now I am convinced that the money of most rich men is laid out with the social design of promoting arts and

sciences, and that in the most expensive undertakings their principal aim is the employment of the poor.

Hor. These are lengths indeed.

Cleo. I have a strong aversion to satire, and detest it every whit as much as you do. The most instructive writings to understand the world, and penetrate into the heart of man, I take to be addresses, epitaphs, dedications, and above all the preambles to patents, of which I am making a large collection.

Hor. A very useful undertaking!

Cleo. But to remove all your doubts of my conversion, I'll show you some easy rules I have laid down for young beginners.

Hor. What to do?

Cleo. To judge of men's actions by the lovely system of Lord Shaftesbury, in a manner diametrically opposite to that of *The Fable of the Bees*.

Hor. I don't understand you.

Cleo. You will presently. I have called them rules, but they are rather examples from which the rules are to be gathered; as for instance, if we see an industrious poor woman, who has pinched her belly, and gone in rags for a considerable time to save forty shillings, part with her money to put out her son at six years of age to a chimney sweeper, to judge of her charitably according to the system of the social virtues we must imagine, that though she never paid for the sweeping of a chimney in her life, she knows by experience that for want of this necessary cleanliness the broth has often been spoiled, and many a chimney has been set on fire, and therefore to do good in her generation, as far as she is able, she gives up her all, both offspring and estate, to assist in preventing the several mischiefs that are often occasioned by great quantities of soot disregarded; and, free from selfishness, sacrifices her only son to the most wretched employment for the public welfare.

Hor. You don't vie, I see, with Lord Shaftesbury, for loftiness of subjects.

Cleo. When in a starry night with amazement we behold the glory of the firmament, nothing is more obvious than that the whole, the beautiful all, must be the workmanship

of one great architect of power and wisdom stupendous; and it is as evident, that everything in the universe is a constituent part of one entire fabric.

Hor. Would you make a jest of this too?

Cleo. Far from it: they are awful truths, of which I am as much convinced as I am of my own existence; but I was going to name the consequences, which Lord Shaftesbury draws from them, in order to demonstrate to you, that I am a convert and a punctual observer of his lordship's instructions, and that in my judgment on the poor woman's conduct there is nothing that is not entirely agreeable to the generous way of thinking set forth and recommended in *The Characteristics*.

Hor. Is it possible a man should read such a book, and make no better use of it! I desire you would name the consequences you speak of.

Cleo. As that infinity of luminous bodies, however different in magnitude, velocity, and the figures they describe in their courses, concur all of them to make up the universe, so this little spot we inhabit is likewise a compound of air, water, fire, minerals, vegetables and living creatures, which, though vastly differing from one another in their nature, do altogether make up the body of this terraqueous globe.

Hor. This is very right, and in the same manner as our whole species is composed of many nations of different religions, forms of government, interests and manners that divide and share the earth between them, so the civil society in every nation consists in great multitudes of both sexes, that widely differing from each other in age, constitution, strength, temper, wisdom and possessions, all help to make up one body politic.

Cleo. The same exactly which I would have said. Now, pray, sir, is not the great end of men's forming themselves into such societies, mutual happiness? I mean, do not all individual persons, from being thus combined, propose to themselves a more comfortable condition of life than human creatures, if they were to live like other wild animals, without tie or dependence, could enjoy in a free and savage state?

Hor. This certainly is not only the end, but the end which

is everywhere attained to by government and society, in some degree or other.

Cleo. Hence it must follow that it is always wrong for me to pursue gain or pleasure, by means that are visibly detrimental to the civil society, and that creatures, who can do this, must be narrow-souled, short-sighted, selfish people; whereas wise men never look upon themselves as individual persons, without considering the whole, of which they are but trifling parts in respect to bulk, and are incapable of receiving any satisfaction from things that interfere with the public welfare. This being undeniably true, ought not all private advantage to give way to this general interest; and ought it not to be every one's endeavour to increase this common stock of happiness; and, in order to it, do what he can to render himself a serviceable and useful member of that whole body which he belongs to?

Hor. What of all this?

Cleo. Has not my poor woman, in what I have related of her, acted in conformity to this social system?

Hor. Can any one in his senses imagine, that an indigent thoughtless wretch, without sense or education, should ever act from such generous principles?

Cleo. Poor I told you the woman was, and I won't insist upon her education; but as for her being thoughtless and void of sense, you'll give me leave to say, that it is an aspersion, for which you have no manner of foundation; and from the account I have given of her nothing can be gathered but that she was a considerate, virtuous, wise woman, in poverty.

Hor. I suppose you would persuade me that you are in earnest.

Cleo. I am much more so than you imagine: and say once more, that in the example I have given, I have trod exactly in my Lord Shaftesbury's steps, and closely followed the social system. If I have committed any error, show it me.

Hor. Did that author ever meddle with anything so low and pitiful?

Cleo. There can be nothing mean in noble actions, whoever the persons are that perform them: but if the vulgar are to be all excluded from the social virtues, what rule or in-

struction shall the labouring poor, which are by far the greatest part of the nation, have left them to walk by, when *The Characteristics* have made a jest of all revealed religion, especially the Christian? But if you despise the poor and illiterate, I can in the same method judge of men in higher stations. Let the enemies to the social system behold the venerable counsellor, now grown eminent for his wealth, that at his great age continues sweltering at the bar to plead the doubtful cause, and regardless of his dinner, shortens his own life in endeavouring to secure the possessions of others. How conspicuous is the benevolence of the physician to his kind, who, from morning till night visiting the sick, keeps several sets of horses to be more serviceable to many, and still grudges himself the time for the necessary functions of life! In the same manner the indefatigable clergyman, who with his ministry supplies a very large parish already, solicits with zeal to be as useful and beneficent to another, though fifty of his order yet unemployed offer their service for the same purpose.

Hor. I perceive your drift. From the strained panegyrics you labour at, you would form arguments *ad absurdum*. The banter is ingenious enough, and at proper times might serve to raise a laugh; but then you must own likewise, that those studied encomiums will not bear to be seriously examined into. When we consider that the great business as well as perpetual solicitude of the poor are to supply their immediate wants, and keep themselves from starving, and that their children are a burden to them, which they groan under, and desire to be delivered from by all possible means, that are not clashing with the low, involuntary affection which nature forces them to have for their offspring: when, I say, we consider this, the virtues of your industrious woman make no great figure. The public spirit likewise, and the generous principles, your sagacity has found out in the three faculties to which men are brought up for a livelihood, seem to be very far fetched. Fame, wealth, and greatness, everybody knows are the things that all lawyers and physicians aim at, that are any ways considerable. That many of them entirely devote themselves to their practice with incredible patience and assiduity every age can witness; but whatever labour or

fatigue they submit to, the motives of their actions are as conspicuous as their callings themselves.

Cleo. Are they not beneficial to mankind, and of use to the public?

Hor. I don't deny that; we often receive inestimable benefits from them, and the good ones in either profession are not only useful, but very necessary to the society. But though there are several that sacrifice their whole lives, and all the comforts of them, to their business, there is not one of them that would take a quarter of the pains he now is at, if without taking any he could acquire the same money, reputation, and other advantages that may accrue to him from the esteem or gratitude of those whom he has been serviceable to; and I don't believe there is an eminent man among them that would not own this, if the question was put to him. Therefore when ambition and the love of money are the avowed principles men act from, it is very silly to ascribe virtues to them, which they themselves pretend to lay no manner of claim to. But your encomium upon the parson is the merriest jest of all. I have heard many excuses made, and some of them very frivolous, for the covetousness of priests; but what you have picked out in their praise is more extraordinary than anything I ever met with; and the most partial advocate and admirer of the clergy never yet discovered before yourself a great virtue in their hunting after pluralities, when they were well provided for themselves, and many others for want of employ were ready to starve.

Cleo. But if there be any reality in the social system, it would be better for the public if men in all professions were to act from those generous principles; and you'll allow that the society would be the gainers, if the generality in the three faculties would mind others more and themselves less than they do now.

Hor. I don't know that; and considering what slavery some lawyers, as well as physicians, undergo, I much question whether it would be possible for them to exert themselves in the same manner, though they would, if the constant baits and refreshments of large fees did not help to support human nature by continually stimulating this darling passion.

Cleo. Indeed, Horatio, this is a stronger argument against the social system, and more injurious to it, than anything that has been said by the author whom you have exclaimed against with so much bitterness.

Hor. I deny that. I don't conclude from the selfishness in some, that there is no virtue in others.

Cleo. Nor he neither, and you very much wrong him if you assert that he ever did.

Hor. I refuse to commend what is not praiseworthy; but as bad as mankind are, virtue has an existence as well as vice, though it is more scarce.

Cleo. What you said last, nobody ever contradicted; but I don't know what you would be at. Does not the Lord Shaftesbury endeavour to do good, and promote the social virtues, and am I not doing the very same? Suppose me to be in the wrong in the favourable constructions I have made of things, still, it is to be wished for at least, that men had a greater regard to the public welfare, less fondness for their private interest, and more charity for their neighbours, than the generality of them have.

Hor. To be wished for perhaps it may be, but what probability is there that this ever will come to pass?

Cleo. And unless that can come to pass, it is the idlest thing in the world to discourse upon, and demonstrate the excellency of virtue. What signifies it to set forth the beauty of it, unless it was possible that men should fall in love with it?

Hor. If virtue was never recommended men might grow worse than they are.

Cleo. Then by the same reason, if it was recommended more, men might grow better than they are. But I see perfectly well the reason of these shifts and evasions you make use of against your opinion. You find yourself under a necessity of allowing my panegyricks, as you call them, to be just; or finding the same fault with most of my Lord Shaftesbury's; and you would do neither if you could help it. From men's preferring company to solitude, his lordship pretends to prove the love and natural affection we have for our own species. If this was examined into with the same strictness as you have done everything I have said in behalf of the three faculties, I believe that the solidity of the consequences

would be pretty equal in both. But I stick to my text, and stand up for the social virtues. The noble author of that system had a most charitable opinion of his species, and extolled the dignity of it in an extraordinary manner, and why my imitation of him should be called a banter, I see no reason. He certainly wrote with a good design, and endeavoured to inspire his readers with refined notions, and a public spirit abstract from religion. The world enjoys the fruits of his labours, but the advantage that is justly expected from his writings can never be universally felt, before that public spirit, which he recommended, comes down to the meanest tradesmen, whom you would endeavour to exclude from the generous sentiments and noble principles that are already so visible in many. I am now thinking on two sorts of people that stand very much in need of, and yet hardly ever meet with, one another. This misfortune must have caused such a chasm in the band of society, that no depth of thought or happiness of contrivance could have filled up the vacuity, if a most tender regard for the commonwealth, and the height of benevolence did not influence and oblige others, mere strangers to those people, and commonly men of small education, to assist them with their good offices, and stop up the gap. Many ingenious workmen in obscure dwellings would be starved in spite of industry, only for want of knowing where to sell the product of their labour, if there were not others to dispose of it for them. And again, the rich and extravagant are daily furnished with an infinite variety of superfluous knicknacks and elaborate trifles, every one of them invented to gratify either a needless curiosity, or else wantonness and folly; and which they would never have thought of, much less wanted, had they never seen or known where to buy them. What a blessing, then, to the public is the social toy-man, who lays out a considerable estate to gratify the desires of these two different classes of people? He procures food and raiment for the deserving poor, and searches with great diligence after the most skilful artificers, that no man shall be able to produce better workmanship than himself: with studied civilities and a serene countenance he entertains the greatest strangers; and, often speaking to them first, kindly offers to guess at

their wants. He confines not his attendance to a few stated hours, but waits their leisure all day long in an open shop where he bears the summer's heat and winter's cold with equal cheerfulness. What a beautiful prospect is here of natural affection to our kind! For if he acts from that principle, who only furnishes us with necessaries of life, certainly he shows a more superlative love and indulgence to his species, who will not suffer the most whimsical of it to be an hour destitute of what he shall fancy, even things the most unnecessary.

Hor. You have made the most of it indeed, but are you not tired yet with these fooleries yourself?

Cleo. What fault do you find with these kind constructions? Do they detract from the dignity of our species?

Hor. I admire your invention, and thus much I will own, that by overacting the part in that extravagant manner, you have set the social system in a more disadvantageous light than ever I had considered it before. But the best things, you know, may be ridiculed.

Cleo. Whether I know that, or not, Lord Shaftesbury has flatly denied it; and takes joke and banter to be the best and surest touchstone to prove the worth of things. It is his opinion, that no ridicule can be fastened upon what is really great and good; his lordship has made use of that test to try the scriptures and the Christian religion by, and exposed them because it seems they could not stand it.

Hor. He has exposed superstition and the miserable notions the vulgar were taught to have of God; but no man ever had more sublime ideas of the Supreme Being and the universe than himself.

Cleo. You are convinced, that what I charge him with is true.

Hor. I don't pretend to defend every syllable that noble lord has wrote. His style is engaging, his language polite, his reasoning strong; many of his thoughts are beautifully expressed, and his images, for the greatest part, inimitably fine. I may be pleased with an author, without obliging myself to answer every cavil that shall be made against him. As to what you call your imitation of him, I have no taste in burlesque: but the laugh you would raise might be turned

upon you with less trouble than you seem to have taken. Pray, when you consider the hard and dirty labours that are performed to supply the mob with the vast quantities of strong beer they swill, don't you discover social virtue in a drayman?

Cleo. Yes, and in a drayhorse, too; at least as well as I can in some great men, who yet would be very angry should we refuse to believe, that the most selfish actions of theirs, if the society received but the least benefit from them, were chiefly owing to principles of virtue, and a generous regard to the public. Do you believe that in the choice of a pope the greatest dependence of the cardinals, and what they principally rely upon, is the influence of the Holy Ghost?

Hor. No more than I do transubstantiation.

Cleo. But if you had been brought up a Roman Catholic, you would believe both.

Hor. I don't know that.

Cleo. You would, if you was sincere in your religion, as thousands of them are, that are no more destitute of reason and good sense than you or I.

Hor. I have nothing to say as to that: there are many things incomprehensible, that yet are certainly true. These are properly the objects of faith; and therefore when matters are above my capacity, and really surpass my understanding, I am silent, and submit with great humility. But I will swallow nothing which I plainly apprehend to be contrary to my reason, and is directly clashing with my senses.

Cleo. If you believe a providence, what demonstration can you have, that God does not direct men in an affair of higher importance to all Christendom than any other you can name?

Hor. This is an ensnaring, and a very unfair question. Providence superintends and governs everything without exception. To defend my negative and give a reason for my unbelief, it is sufficient if I prove that all the instruments and the means they make use of in those elections are visibly human and mundane, and many of them unwarrantable and wicked.

Cleo. Not all the means; because every day they have prayers, and solemnly invoke the Divine assistance.

Hor. But what stress they lay upon it may be easily

gathered from the rest of their behaviour. The court of Rome is without dispute the greatest academy of refined politics, and the best school to learn the art of caballing: there ordinary cunning and known stratagems are counted rusticity, and designs are pursued through all the mazes of human subtlety. Genius there must give way to finesse, as strength does to art in wrestling; and a certain skill some men have in concealing their capacities from others, is of far greater use with them, than real knowledge or the soundest understanding. In the sacred college, where everything is *auro venale*, truth and justice bear the lowest price. Cardinal Palavicini and other Jesuits that have been the staunch advocates of the papal authority, have owned with ostentation the *Politia Religiosa della Chiesa*, and not hid from us the virtues and accomplishments that were only valuable among the *Purpurati*, in whose judgment over-reaching at any rate is the highest honour, and to be outwitted, though by the basest artifice, the greatest shame. In conclaves more especially, nothing is carried on without tricks and intrigue, and in them the heart of man is so deep and so dark an abyss that the finest air of dissimulation is sometimes found to have been insincere, and men often deceive one another by counterfeiting hypocrisy. And is it credible that holiness, religion, or the least concern for spirituals, should have any share in the plots, machinations, brigues and contrivances of a society, of which each member, besides the gratification of his own passions, has nothing at heart but the interest of his party, right or wrong, and to distress every faction that opposes it?

Cleo. These sentiments confirm to me what I have often heard, that renegades are the most cruel enemies.

Hor. Was ever I a Roman Catholic?

Cleo. I mean from the social system, of which you have been the most strenuous asserter; and now no man can judge of actions more severely, and indeed less charitably, than yourself, especially of the poor cardinals. I little thought, if once I quitted the scheme of deformity, to have found an adversary in you. But we have both changed sides, it seems.

Hor. Much alike, I believe.

Cleo. Nay, what could anybody think to hear me making the kindest interpretations of things that can be imagined, and yourself doing quite the reverse?

Hor. What ignorant people, that knew neither of us, might have done, I don't know; but it has been very manifest from our discourse, that you have maintained your cause by endeavouring to show the absurdity of the contrary side; and that I have defended mine by letting you see, that we were not such fools as you would represent us to be. I had taken a resolution never to engage with you on this topic, but you see I have broke it. I hate to be thought uncivil; it was mere complaisance drew me in; though I am not sorry that we talked of it so much as we did, because I found your opinion less dangerous than I imagined. You have owned the existence of virtue, and that there are men who act from it as a principle, both which I thought you denied: but I would not have you flatter yourself, that you deceived me by hanging out false colours.

Cleo. I did not lay on the disguise so thick, as not to have you see through it, nor would I ever have discoursed upon this subject with anybody, who could have been so easily imposed upon. I know you to be a man of very good sense and sound judgment; and it is for that very reason I so heartily wish you would suffer me to explain myself, and demonstrate to you how small the difference is between us, which you imagine to be so considerable. There is not a man in the world, in whose opinion I would less pass for an ill man than in yours; but I am so scrupulously fearful of offending you, that I never dared to touch upon some points, unless you had given me leave. Yield something to our friendship, and condescend for once to read *The Fable of the Bees* for my sake. It's a handsome volume: you love books: I have one extremely well bound. Do, let me, suffer me to make you a present of it.

Hor. I am no bigot, Cleomenes; but I am a man of honour, and you know of strict honour. I cannot endure to hear that ridiculed, and the least attempt of it chafes my blood. Honour is the strongest and noblest tie of society by far, and therefore, believe me, can never be innocently sported with. It is a thing so solid and awful, as well as serious, that it can

at no time become the object of mirth or diversion; and it is impossible for any pleasantry to be so ingenious, or any jest so witty, that I could bear with it on that head. Perhaps I am singular in this, and, if you will, in the wrong. Be that as it will, all I can say is, *Je n'entends pas raillerie la-dessus*; and therefore no *Fable of the Bees* for me, if we are to remain friends. I have heard enough of that.

Cleo. Pray, Horatio, can there be honour without justice?

Hor. No. Who affirms there can?

Cleo. Have you not owned, that you have thought worse of me, than now you find me to deserve? No men, nor their works, ought to be condemned upon hearsays, and bare surmises, much less upon the accusations of their enemies, without being examined into.

Hor. There you are in the right. I heartily beg your pardon, and to atone for the wrong I have done you, say what you please, I'll hear it with patience, be it never so shocking; but I beg of you to be serious.

Cleo. I have nothing to say to you that is distasteful, much less shocking; all I desire is to convince you, that I am neither so ill-natured nor uncharitable, in my opinion of mankind, as you take me to be; and that the notions I entertain of the worth of things will not differ much from yours, when both come to be looked into. Do but consider what we have been doing. I have endeavoured to set everything in the handsomest light I could think of; you say, to ridicule the social system; I own it; now reflect on your own conduct, which has been to show the folly of my strained panegyrics, and replace things in that natural view which all just, knowing men would certainly behold them in. This is very well done: but it is contrary to the scheme you pretended to maintain; and if you judge of all actions in the same manner, there's an end of the social system; or at least it will be evident, that it is a theory never to be put into practice. You argue for the generality of men, that they are possessed of these virtues, but when we come to particulars you can find none; I have tried you everywhere. You are as little satisfied with persons of the highest rank, as you are with them of the lowest, and you count it ridiculous to think better of the middling people. Is this otherwise than standing up for the

goodness of a design, at the same time you confess that it never was, or ever can be executed? What sort of people are they, and where must we look for them, whom you will own to act from those principles of virtue?

Hor. Are there not in all countries men of birth and ample fortune, that would not accept of places, though they were offered, that are generous and beneficent, and mind nothing but what is great and noble?

Cleo. Yes, but examine their conduct, look into their lives, and scan their actions with as little indulgence as you did those of the cardinals, or the lawyers and physicians, and then see what figure their virtues will make beyond those of the poor industrious woman. There is, generally speaking, less truth in panegyricks than there is in satires. When all our senses are soothed, when we have no distemper of body or mind to disturb us, and meet with nothing that is disagreeable, we are pleased with our being. It is in this situation that we are most apt to mistake outward appearances for realities, and judge of things more favourably than they deserve. Remember, Horatio, how feelingly you spoke half an hour ago in commendation of operas. Your soul seemed to be lifted up whilst you were thinking on the many charms you find in them. I have nothing to say against the elegancy of the diversion, or the politeness of those that frequent them; but I am afraid you lost yourself in the contemplation of the lovely idea, when you asserted that they were the most proper means to contract a strong and lasting habit of virtue. Do you think that among the same number of people there is more real virtue at an opera, than there is at a bear-garden?

Hor. What a comparison!

Cleo. I am very serious.

Hor. The noise of dogs, and bulls, and bears, make a fine harmony!

Cleo. It is impossible you should mistake me; and you know very well, that it is not the different pleasures of those two places I would compare together. The things you mentioned are the least to be complained of. The continual sounds of oaths and imprecations, the frequent repetitions of the word lie, and other more filthy expressions, the loudness and dissonance of many strained and untuneful voices, are a

perfect torment to a delicate ear. The frowsiness of the place, and the ill scents of different kinds, are a perpetual nuisance; but in all mob-meetings. . . .

Hor. L'odorat souffre beaucoup.

Cleo. The entertainment in general is abominable, and all the senses suffer. I allow all this. The greasy heads, some of them bloody, the jarring looks, and threatening, wild, and horrid aspects, that one meets with in those ever restless assemblies, must be very shocking to the sight, and so indeed is everything else that can be seen among a rude and ragged multitude that are covered with dirt, and have in none of their pastimes one action that is inoffensive: but after all, vice and what is criminal are not to be confounded with roughness and want of manners, no more than politeness and an artful behaviour ought to be with virtue or religion. To tell a premeditated falsehood in order to do mischief is a greater sin than to give a man the lie who speaks an untruth; and it is possible, that a person may suffer greater damage and more injury to his ruin from slander in the low whisper of a secret enemy, than he could have received from all the dreadful swearing and cursing the most noisy antagonist could pelt him with. Incontinence, and adultery itself, persons of quality are not more free from all over Christendom than the meaner people. But if there are some vices which the vulgar are more guilty of than the better sort, there are others the reverse. Envy, detraction, and the spirit of revenge, are more raging and mischievous in courts than they are in cottages. Excess of vanity and hurtful ambition are unknown among the poor; they are seldom tainted with avarice, with irreligion never; and they have much less opportunity of robbing the public than their betters. There are few persons of distinction whom you are not acquainted with. I desire you would seriously reflect on the lives of as many as you can think of, and next opera night on the virtues of the assembly.

Hor. You make me laugh. There is a good deal in what you say; and I am persuaded, all is not gold that glisters. Would you add any more?

Cleo. Since you have given me leave to talk, and you are such a patient hearer, I would not slip the opportunity of

laying before you some things of high concern, that perhaps you never considered in the light which you shall own yourself they ought to be seen in.

Hor. I am sorry to leave you; but I have really business that must be done to-night. It is about my lawsuit, and I have stayed beyond my time already. But if you will come and eat a bit of mutton with me to-morrow, I'll see nobody but yourself, and we'll converse as long as you please.

Cleo. With all my heart. I'll not fail to wait on you.

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